

LIFE



ALASKA HOLIDAY

JANUARY 3, 1944

10

CENTS

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



TANK CORPS

Illustration as described by the sergeant

Maybe this Roman bath was built for a conquering Caesar. Well, today it's being used by Joe Doughboy. Whoever built it, "ye ole swimmin' hole" is giving the boys a Roman holiday, American style. "Holy mackerel," said one Yank from Michigan, "it's medicinal!" "Yeah," said a little fellow from Brooklyn, "it's good for what ails ya!"

And when "what ails ya" is Mediterranean heat and fight-fatigue and pestering flies, a swim is welcome! Welcome, too, is the brisk rub-down with a good towel. And our men are grateful for the same durable towels you accept as a matter of course. Many of them are Cannons — the hardy, efficient Cannons you're so proud to use in your own home.

If you find fewer in the stores these days, it's because our men — needing them more — are getting more! So let's make those we have last longer — for *their* sake as well as our own!



Cannon Towels
CANNON SHEETS CANNON HOSIERY

Millions of Cannon Towels

are now going to the Armed Forces. So you may find a smaller selection in the stores — fewer styles and a limited variety of colors. But the durable Cannon quality, the hardy quality that will see you through, remains the same. After the war, Cannon will again present the newest styles in the most charming colors.

★ FOR VICTORY ★
BUY U. S. WAR BONDS!



HOW TO MAKE YOUR TOWELS LAST LONGER AND STAY "DURABLE FOR THE DURATION"

Launder before they become too soiled

Fluff-dry terry towels — never iron

If loops are snagged — cut off, never pull

Mend selvage and other breaks immediately

Buy good-quality towels — always the best economy

Who else seconds the motion
that **SHAVING CREAM** can't
make shaving a pleasure?

**Men are flocking to try
our no-hokum lather because
our ads appeal to their intelligence**

It is obvious that the question of *which shaving cream you use* is not of world-shattering importance. And just as obvious, that we'd like you to become a regular buyer of our product.

But instead of starting our story with an unsupported promise of pleasure, we prefer the premise that the only fun connected with shaving is having the job over and done with.

Of course we have to blow our own horn to sell our Listerine Shaving Cream, but we do not want to clog the mouthpiece with phony suds. So we don't claim that using Listerine Shaving Cream is like pouring balm on troubled whiskers. We don't pretend that our cream contains mysterious ingredients to air-condition your face. We don't offer a single electron in a tubeful.

We do say for Listerine Shaving Cream that it is a *sensible* shaving aid. In every fraction of an inch of this quality cream, there is lots and lots of good, rich lather which makes big billows of moisture-laden lather. This *helps* it wilt wiry whiskers, *helps* reduce the sting and nuisance of shaving.

If after trying Listerine Shaving Cream, you think that you did not get your full money's worth, we will gladly refund your money. Or double your money, if that appeals to you more—because a dissatisfied customer never does a product any good.

If our reasonable claims for a quality product appeal to you, why not meet Listerine Shaving Cream face to face? Ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

35¢ TUBE LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S

month after month after month



P.S. TO THE LADIES: For a great shampoo try friend husband's Listerine Shaving Cream...just a little makes clouds of foamy, cleansing lather.



REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM
Out of this tube come swell shaves
for men who prefer no-brush cream



"Here's a use you never thought of"

We quote part of a personal letter to us from an old friend—now a Navy Chaplain on the high seas:

"I have what I call a 'G. Q. Belt.' It is a regulation bluejacket's belt on which I have a knife, a flashlight, gloves and so forth, which I wear to General Quarters. It is for emergencies and abandoning ship. I wanted to carry a prayer-book on it, so I had the sailmaker make me a little canvas pocket for it. Then I took it down to the cobbler for him to put a fastener on it.

"Here is one of the war services United-Carr never thought of," I said to myself.

"But, sure enough, when I looked on the under side of the fastener it said UNITED-CARR."

* * *

Many U. S. ships carry special kits of United-Carr fasteners, complete with handy applicators. These have dozens of practical uses in all parts of the ship, including, now, making fast the Chaplain's prayer-book.

United-Carr Fastener Corp., Cambridge 42, Mass.

DOT FASTENERS

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

RATIONING

Sirs:

The splendid article on "Rationing and Price Control" (LIFE, Dec. 13) by Chester Bowles is the most enlightening and comprehensive explanation of the purpose, and the necessity, of the rationing system that I have seen. You have rendered a real service to your readers and to your country.

J. B. FARRIS

Lincoln, Neb.

LUCIEN LABAUDT

Sirs:

You will be shocked to learn that Lucien Labaudt, LIFE war artist, was killed in a plane crash the night of Dec. 12 en route to China. Everyone of us here was deeply hit, as Lucien was one of the nicest guys we ever knew.

He left here immensely enthusiastic about his forthcoming China work. He has been doing excellent work, all of which was reported destroyed with him.

Labaudt arrived in India in mid-November. His voyage from the United States had taken two months, in which he had worked hard and caught much of the feeling and drama of the deep-laden ship and her tough crew.

After a few days in the port where he disembarked he came to New Delhi. Here he waited for transportation and prepared himself for the months ahead in China. Every day found him sketching and drawing the rich Indian scene about him. He became terrifically interested in it, but only regarded it as the hors d'oeuvre to the great banquet to follow.

Living arrangements in New Delhi are far from luxurious and Labaudt's were no exception. He bunked with an average of three other transient correspondents in what was formerly the bed- and sitting-room suite in the Hotel Marina. Lucien's

emotion, "There is the one place I have always tried to go—there I shall do my best work."

Sunday, shortly after midday, with 11 others he climbed aboard the four-motored plane on its way up to the front areas. This was his first airplane flight and his last. At dusk, the plane crashed while coming in to land at the airfield in the Assam area. All aboard were killed. Labaudt and the others were buried with military honors in the Army cemetery nearby. Nothing remains of his personal effects, equipment or his work.

MILLARD SHEETS
LIFE Artist Correspondent
WILLIAM VANDIVERT
LIFE Photographer

New Delhi, India

● Lucien Labaudt was 63 when he died. Born in Paris, he spent his early life as a dress designer, finally moving to San Francisco in 1911. There he emerged as one of the West Coast's finest painters. Perhaps his most familiar work is the fresco, *Powell Street*, in San Francisco's Coit Memorial Tower.

In addition to his painting he was a profound student of the science of color, teaching this subject at the California School of Fine Arts. He was also a director of the California School of Design and a member of West Coast artists' groups. He is survived by his wife Marcelle.

The Army asked him to undertake the China assignment as part of its war-art project. When, last summer, Congress ordered that project abandoned, LIFE gladly took over Artist Labaudt and his assignment as part of its own war-painting project.—ED.



LIFE ARTIST-CORRESPONDENT LABAUDT BEFORE LEAVING FOR CHINA

baggage, his scattered paints and paper, his sketches and oddments filled half the bedroom and overflowed into the small front room.

It was Lucien's warm personality and conversational enthusiasm that swiftly elevated him to the stature of a great character. Conversations with him were grandly graphic. His hands continually drew the subject he was discussing.

With an excitement generally reserved for youth, he had looked forward to the China trip. He had carefully prepared each detail, eliminating some things, adding others. His earnest enthusiasm and depth of feeling about his projected work on the background of the war in China and the life of the people were an inspiration to us around him. He had said in conversation a few days ago, leaning forward seriously, "This is the great painting opportunity of my life. This should be the climax of my career as an artist. China—ah. . . ." With his hand he drew his

PACIFIC PLANS

Sirs:

In your editorial of Dec. 13 you say, ". . . Britain does not even promise the return of Hong Kong to China." Any reference book will tell you that the island of Hong Kong, before its development by the British, was a desolate, unhealthy swamp, inhabited by a handful of fever-ridden natives. The British built a fine modern city there, in which hundreds of thousands of Chinese found homes, work and health.

When Japan is defeated, what is it you suggest be "returned"? There was never a city of Hong Kong in the Chinese Empire or the Chinese Republic.

I do not by any means seek to justify all imperialistic acts in the East. But there are two sides to the story and Americans listen to and repeat but one.

S. BANWELL

Toronto, Canada

ANCIENT BRANDY

Sirs:

There is something queer about that bottle of 160-year-old prize brandy (LIFE, Dec. 13). Napoleon was only an undistinguished Corsican adolescent in 1783.

F. M. CONLON

San Antonio, Texas.

Sirs:

BONAPARTE BECAME EMPEROR NAPOLEON I OF FRANCE IN 1804 WHICH WOULD MAKE YOUR BRANDY BOTTLE A \$1,000 PHONY.

JEROME ZERBE

San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

I suppose the explanation is that 1783 was the vintage year, but the brandy was not bottled until about 20 years later.



VINTAGE 1783

when Napoleon was at the height of his power and popularity. Not being a brandy connoisseur, I wouldn't want to spend that kind of money without further assurance from some authority.

ELLERY R. PURDY

Rutland, Vt.

● The exact date of bottling is uncertain but the vintage year of 1783 is correct. Until about the time of the last war the name Napoleon was loosely applied to almost any fine old French brandy and this bottle, far from a phony, probably contains the oldest brandy in the world.—ED.

WHITE PUPS

Sirs:

I was charmed with the story of Beauty's all-white puppy in the issue of Dec. 13. However, she is not the only descendant of the famous Brucie who has white pups. I have the pedigree for my all-white cocker



bitch for 16 generations and My Own Brucie shows up in it three times. My dog has been having white pups for two years, bearing three perfect whites and two buff each time. Here she is with her last litter.
CAPTAIN WILLIAM J. CARAWAY
Leland, Minn.

Your Long Distance call may have gone to New Guinea

Telephone lines are the life-lines of an army. Bell System men and materials are helping to keep those lines unbroken on many battlefronts.

So if a Long Distance call gets delayed once in a while, you know there's a good reason.

The additional equipment that could be used here is serving the soldiers over there.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



U. S. Army Signal Corps installing switchboard in New Guinea

**WAR NEEDS
THE WIRES**

If the Long Distance circuit you want is busy—and your call isn't really urgent—it will help if you will cancel it.

If it must go through, we'll appreciate your co-operation when the operator says: "Please limit your call to 5 minutes."



This One



261G-OH9-LFTD

LIFE'S REPORTS

CONSERVATIVES AND COMMUNISTS IN DENMARK JOIN FORCES TO SABOTAGE NAZIS

by JOHN SCOTT



STOCKY JOHN MOELLER HEADS DANISH UNDERGROUND

At 11:52 one Friday forenoon the Frederiksberg police headquarters' phone rang and a man's voice said quietly, "At noon the Soeren Wistoft Plant will be blown up." Police dispatched armored cars and ambulances to the large machine-building plant, but when they were still two blocks away a terrific explosion rocked the streets and the rubble rocketed skyward, continuing to fall for many seconds.

Exactly at 11:52, 20 revolver-armed men had entered the factory, which was busily turning out machines for Germany, and shouted warnings to workers in all departments to go into air-raid shelters. Though two buildings were completely destroyed, not one worker was killed.

The Germans, enraged at this as well as many other recent Danish acts of sabotage, swung into their usual pattern of action—shooting. First, the German court martial sentenced to death for espionage and sabotage young Axel Peterson, ninth of his countrymen to be executed by the Germans. Next, at Dagmarhus in Copenhagen, the Germans examined three Danish patriots—a schoolteacher, a student and a factory worker. On the way back to Vestre Faengsel they "attempted to jump from the police car" and were shot to death by German guards. Finally, the Germans threatened Denmark with the same tactics they have long used in France, Norway and elsewhere—mass execution of innocent hostages. But the sabotage continues.

The Germans took Denmark April 9, 1940 at the cost of 13 Danish lives and one admitted German killed. The King capitulated. The occupation divided itself into three stages: 1) "Cold Shoulder Period"—Stauning government until May 1942, Buhl government until November 1942; 2) "Protest Period"—Erik Scavenius government until August 29, 1943; 3) "Active Period" of lawlessness—ever since.

The first period was characterized by the Germans trying to be nice while the Danish Government made concessions, most important of which were the signing of the anti-Comintern

Pact and the sending of about 1,800 volunteers of the "Free Danish Corps" to the eastern front. Near Lake Ilmen they were cut to pieces. The main anti-German voice during this period was Conservative Minister of Trade John Christmas Moeller, who first spoke openly against the Germans, then participated in the organization of the skeleton underground which put out the first Danish illegal paper, *De Frie Danske*. But Moeller was forced to flee across the Channel with his family, in a small sailing vessel. In England he became president of the Danish Council.

By November 1942, the Germans had grown impatient with Danish non-cooperation and cold-shouldering and sent Dr. Werne Best as commissioner. Best selected Erik Scavenius, who had often made concessions to Berlin, to head a new government. During the nine months of the Scavenius administration, the war turned against Germany—El Alamein, Stalingrad, Tunisia. The Germans undertook to loot Denmark legally by financial manipulations with considerable success. The Danes, under protest, were forced to slaughter their livestock for the German Army. German occupation troops became nasty. Partly because of this and partly because the people considered the Scavenius government a sellout, and therefore no longer felt obliged to obey the King's order to his people not to commit hostile acts, sabotage began in earnest. Factories, ships and railroads began to suffer seriously, production dropped, and the Germans were infuriated.

One humorous event punctuated the grim monotony of the Scavenius government. The Danish Nazis, who were headed by their führer, Fritz Clausen, got a brain wave. Believing they had suddenly become popular, they persuaded Best to approve general elections. On March 23, 1943 the election resulted in an overwhelming defeat for the Nazis. (Communists were permitted no candidates at all.) The Germans, disgusted, cut off the funds of the Danish Nazis and Clausen departed in disgrace to the eastern front.

In August, after Sweden denied Germany further military-transit rights, Danish railroads became most important to the Germans for shipment of supplies and munitions to Norway. Danish saboteurs made the most of the situation, concentrating on the Jutland railways. As the Germans struck blindly around them at evasive saboteurs, riots occurred throughout Denmark. The Germans' position was made more difficult by Danish police who steadfastly insisted on observing Danish laws in apprehending saboteurs. Thus frustrated, on Aug. 29 the Germans demanded that the Danish Government impose a curfew and martial law and hand over saboteurs to German justice and, consequently, death. This the Scavenius government answered by resigning, whereupon German troops occupied key positions in the country, interned the King and took over the military administration of the country.

Since Aug. 29 there has been no government

in Denmark. The Germans have begun open plundering of the country's resources, while the Danes engage in increasing sabotage and open fighting.

In London, meanwhile, John Christmas Moeller arrived at an agreement with the RAF that spared Danish towns so long as Danish patriots blew up factories regularly and effectively. This agreement gave tremendous impetus to the sabotage movement.

Moeller, a short, stocky Dane with unruly graying hair, will be a figure to reckon with in postwar Denmark. The Danes in London continue to support the underground Danish Liberation Council originally formed by Moeller. The Liberation Council is composed of Moeller's own young Conservatives, plus a small but well-organized and disciplined Danish Communist Party. This strange united-front affair of young Conservatives and Communists has a general staff of engineers and technicians who have developed sabotage to a fine point. Moeller's collaboration with and leadership of Danish Communists has prevented in Denmark that swing of all young active elements to outright Communism which has been noticeable in Poland and Norway. True, in doing this, Moeller has made some enemies among conservative industrialists and others who still feel that the Communists are Europe's main danger.

But such conservatives are in the minority in Denmark. Meanwhile the united-front underground council is already working out problems for postwar Denmark and has issued a program calling for general elections and for punishment, according to local laws, of war criminals and collaborators. And, even as they stepped-up sabotage and planned their postwar trials, one of the war's biggest criminals, Hitler's chief trouble shooter, Marshal Rommel, last fortnight paid a visit to Denmark—to inspect the 175,000 German troops and the 35,000 impressed Danish laborers now manning and working overtime on the German fortifications of the Danish coast.



EVEN NAZIS ARE DISGUSTED WITH QUISLING CLAUSEN

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MANHATTAN BRIDGE STARS

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . A PHOTOGRAPHER MAKES STARS OUT OF CITY LIGHTS

Andreas Feininger, a LIFE photographer who is best known for his big, poetic pictures of cities, is a persistent experimenter in new photographic tricks. Lately his interest has been taken up with the problem of city lights at night. Until the pictures

shown here were made, the best night photography showed lights as bright, sharp disks. The eye, however, does not see lights as disks, but as fuzzy bright spots surrounded by radiance. In an attempt to capture this illusion on film, Feininger used a filter of ordi-

nary window screen in front of his camera lens, which distorted lights into these starlike shapes. By using one screen he achieved the four-pointed effect shown at the bottom of this page. The eight-pointed lights were made by using two screens turned out of register.

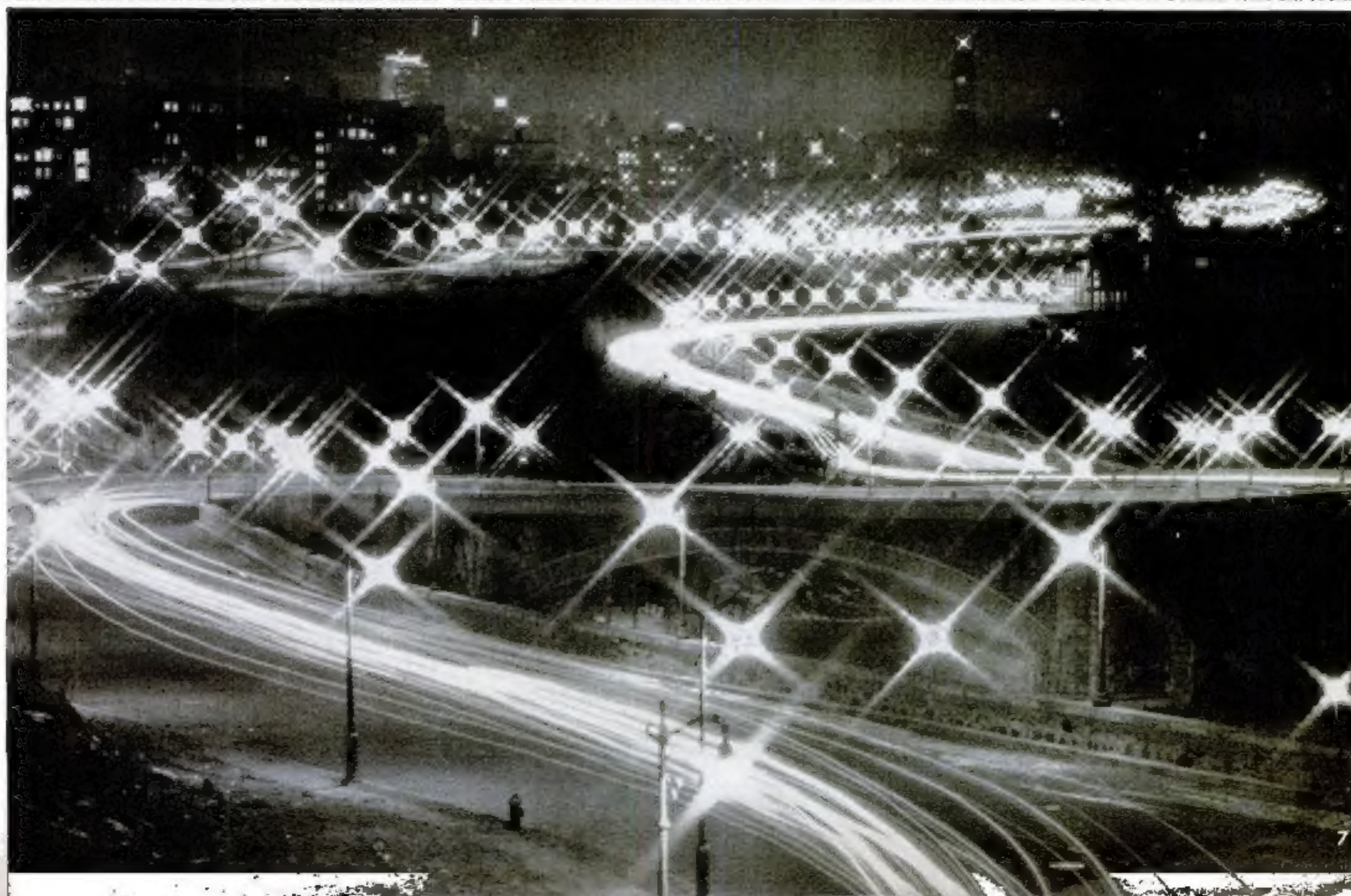


George Washington Bridge, which crosses Hudson from upper Manhattan, photographed through window-screen filter. On opposite page, same method applied to Manhattan Bridge.



A constellation of starlike lights at an el station in downtown New York. Andreas Feininger made these eight-pointed shapes by using two superimposed screens in front of camera lens.

SINGLE SCREEN FILTER PRODUCES FOUR-POINTED STARS. BRIGHT STREAKS IN PICTURE WERE MADE BY HEADLIGHTS OF AUTOMOBILES WHICH PASSED DURING TIME EXPOSURE



Lost, *LITTLE BOY?*



TONY VENTURA

NO...YOU'RE NOT LOST

All about you are decent, kindly people eager to help you. They'll kneel down to your level and smile and talk pleasant nonsense. They'll feed you if you're hungry and carry you if you're tired.

You can be of any race or any faith. They won't care, laddie. They're Americans. They're fighting a war to the death to keep the souls and the

bodies of children alive. They're fighting for the future, for *your* future.

Lost, little boy? No, you could never be lost unless the war were lost. And now victory is sure. The job is to speed it up.

That, little boy, is why we at home buy nothing unless we really have to. We're saving materials for the fighting fronts. We're investing in war bonds. We're doing everything we can to end the war fast and bring our big boys back.



Pacific *BALANCED* Sheets

PACIFIC PERCALE • PACIFIC HEAVY MUSLIN • PACIFIC TRUTH

Today it is especially important, when you buy sheets, to buy good ones. Pacific Sheets are made on the principle of balance: all of the desired qualities—whiteness, softness, smoothness, strength and firmness—are present in proper degree. Identified

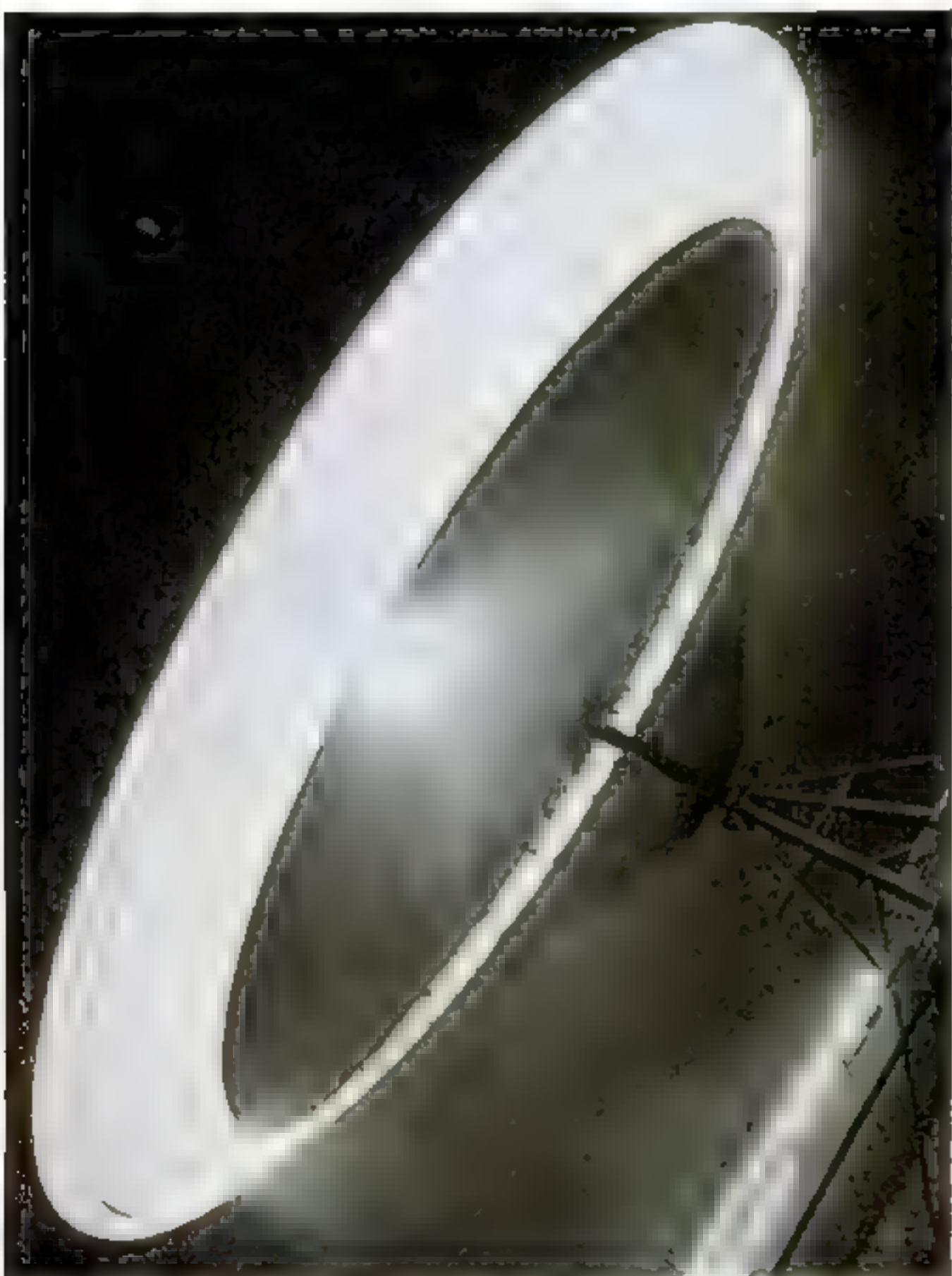
by the Pacific Facbook informative label, which tells you the size; quality of cotton, type of weave, thread count, breaking strength, weight, finish, and shrinkage. PACIFIC MILLS, 214 Church Street, New York, makers of Pacific Factag Fabrics.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



At Coney Island Feininger tried another night-light effect with circular trails of moving Ferris-wheel lights. Wheel in foreground was standing still during the exposure.



This halo pattern was made by time exposure of the lights on a merry-go-round at Coney Island. The image was tilted to the left in printing to heighten abstract effect.

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Guarantees* You a Clean,
Comfortable Shave with
NO RAZOR BURN!

PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS
SHAVE CREAM, MADE
WITH REAL OLIVE OIL,
IS EASY TO SPREAD
AND GUARANTEES*
YOU SMOOTH, COOL,
PAINLESS SHAVES
EVERY TIME! OR
YOUR MONEY BACK!



1

Palmolive Brushless spreads evenly—easily. Wilts whiskers like a flash. They come off clean. Leaves your face cool, comfortable, younger looking.



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Palmolive Brushless lubricates your skin with real olive oil. Your razor simply glides along, with no irritation—no scraping, stinging or scratching—No Razor Burn.



3

Throw away your shaving brush and get Palmolive Brushless in the big, money-saving jar. It guarantees the cleanest, most comfortable shave you ever had.



* YOUR GUARANTEE OF NO RAZOR BURN

Buy Palmolive Brushless. Use it day after day. If you don't agree it gives you the cleanest, most comfortable shave you ever had—with No Razor Burn—mail the carton top to Palmolive, Jersey City 2, N. J., and we will immediately refund your money!

INSIDE ★ Paramount

Published Here
Every 4 Weeks

Paramount
greet 1944 with
a hilarious roar.

**NO TIME
FOR LOVE**
is a delirious
demonstration
of what happens
when an im-
movable force
meets an irre-
sistible body.

The irresistible body is curvaceous
CLAUDETTE COLBERT...
The immovable force is six-foot **FRED
MACMURRAY**.

These two talented stars return to comedy
in a picture that combines many of the
delightful qualities of her "Palm Beach
Story" and his "Take A Letter, Darling."

Claudette's a candid camera career girl
who is very, very intellectual about love.
Her boy friends have all their muscles in
their brains... Fred makes a career of



tunnel-digging, and has muscles where
they do the most good.

What happens when they meet under the
bed of the East River is—take it from
no less crotchety and cautious a previewer
than Motion Picture Daily—"grand,
hilarious, top-flight entertainment."

Claudette's stunning gowns make up for
all the gorgeous clothes she didn't wear in "So
Proudly We Hail." While
from the waist up, Fred
wears his celebrated grin.

Their able comedy assis-
tants include the lady of
the "imperfect past,"
Ilka Chase; and Richard
Haydn.

And the production and direction by
Mitchell Leisen forecast the matchless
quality of his forthcoming "Lady In The
Dark," about which you will hear much,
much more in coming months.

"No Time For Love" typifies Paramount's
policy of producing pictures whose mis-
sion is to entertain war-busy millions.

Other fascinating examples currently play-
ing are "Riding High" and "True To Life,"
and on the way are "The Miracle of Mor-
gan's Creek" and "Lady In The Dark."

We're told these are the kind
of shows the boys in service
want. We believe they're the
kind the public wants...
Are they what you want? We'd be happy
to have you write and tell us. Just address—

Paramount Pictures
HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

Vol. 16, No. 1

LIFE

January 3, 1944

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LIFE'S PICTURES

George Biddle, one of the best-known U.S.
artists, was chairman of the War Depart-
ment's Art Committee which sent 19 civil-
ians and 23 military artists abroad to paint
the battlefronts. When the project was
abolished by Congress, LIFE took over the
contracts of all but one of the civilian
artists. The sketches on pages 13-17 are a
record of his experiences during a six-
week stay at the Italian front with a battal-
ion of the U. S. Third Infantry Division.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was
gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture
(left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

COVER—DMITRI KESSEL

2—T. SAM SHERR—CON. HERBERT GENE	40, 41—PETER STACKPOLE
4—A. P.	42, 43—PETER STACKPOLE exc. bot. rt.
6, 7, 9—ANDREAS PREININGER	M-G-M-CLARENCE S. BULL
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ABBREVIATIONS: BOT, BOTTOM; CEN, CENTER; EXC., EXCEPT; LT, LEFT; RT, RIGHT; T., TOP;
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LIFE



LIFE'S COVER: The pretty skier is
Barbara Belle Brubaker, 22, of Glen-
rock, Wyo. She is an employee of the
U. S. Army Engineers in Alaska and
was photographed on an Alaska Holi-
day at the McKinley Park Hotel (see
p. 28). In addition to stenography her
special talent is training wild horses.
Her hobby is collecting live rattles-
nakes. Her brother is Ensign Donald
Brubaker, a fighter pilot for the Navy.

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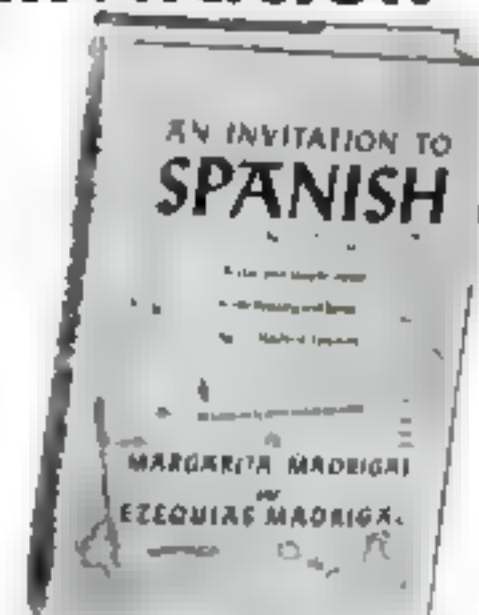
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A typical page from "An Invitation to Spanish"

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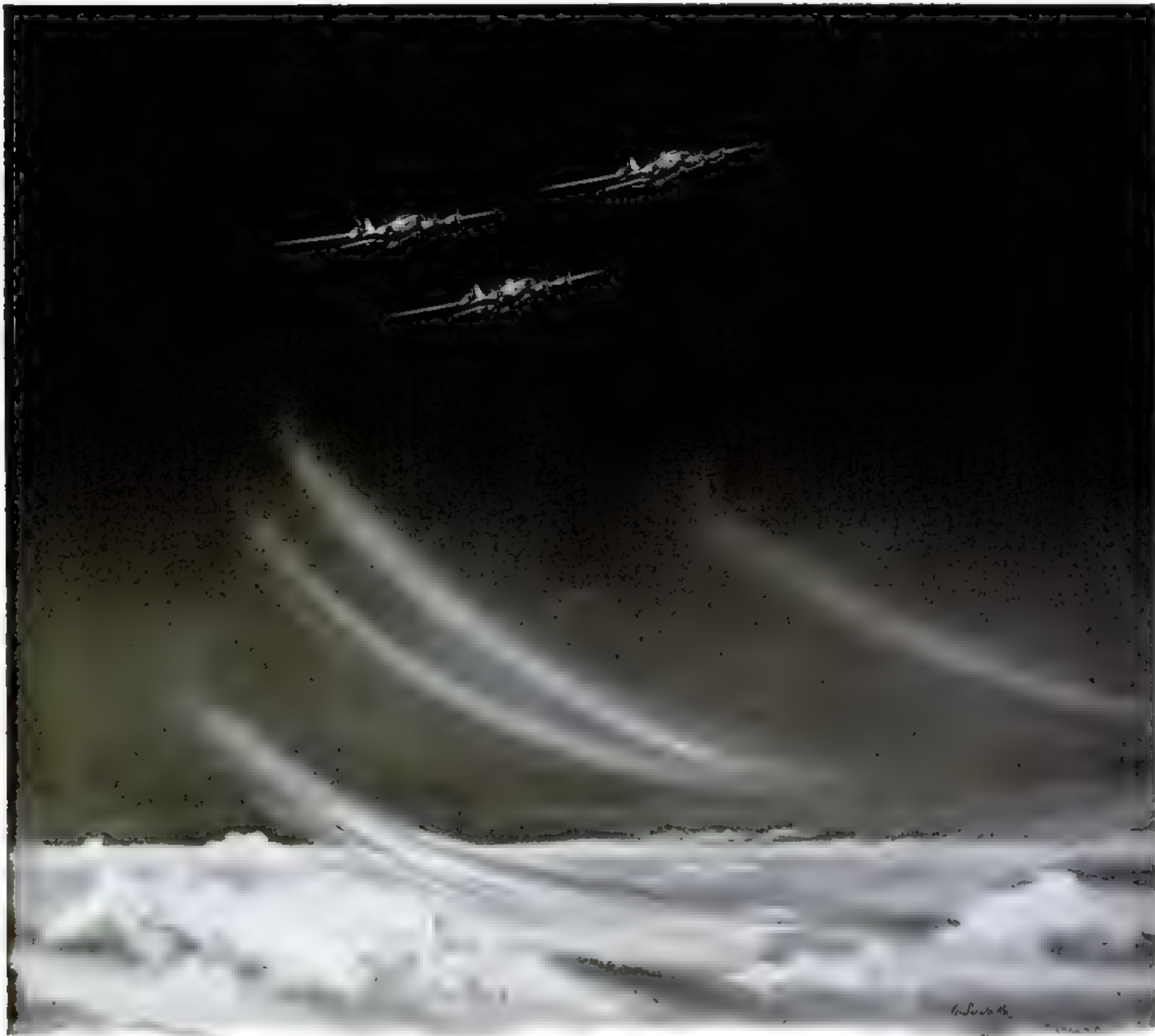
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PARTES DE LA PLANTA



CONVERSACION

¿Es la gardenia un animal?
Oh no, la gardenia no es un animal.
¿Es la gardenia una flor?
Sí, la gardenia es una flor.
¿Produce música la gardenia?
No, la gardenia no produce música. La gardenia produce perfume.
¿Produce perfume el piano?
Oh no, el piano produce música.
¿Qué es el piano?
El piano es un instrumento musical.
¿Qué es la violeta?
La violeta es una flor.
¿Es la rosa una fruta?
No, la rosa es una flor.
¿Qué es la hoja?
La hoja es una parte de la planta.



We kept this secret 25 years

It is, in principle, an amazingly simple device. It is considerably smaller than a bass drum, light enough so one man can lift it, and it looks rather like an overcomplicated fan.

Yet, connected to a plane's engine, it can hoist a plane more than *seven miles* up, where few planes in the world can fly without its help.

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It was a tough job, but it was done. Today all turbosuperchargers for U.S. planes are made either by G.E. or according to G-E designs. And these turbosupercharged planes are making history.

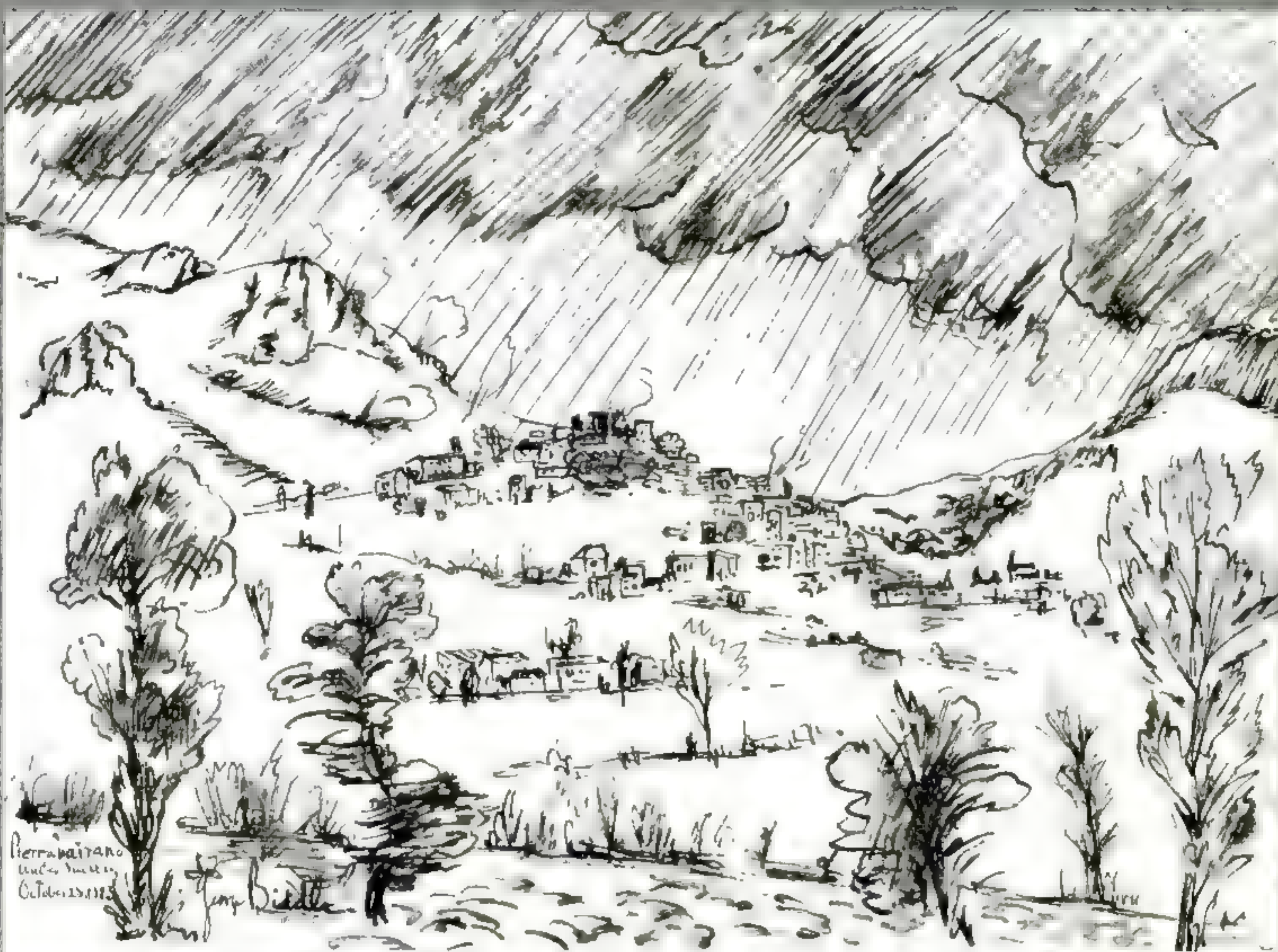
The story of the turbosupercharger is one more proof that America can count on her scientists, working with military men, to provide our fighting men with every advantage that new and better war equipment can give. And you can depend on these same scientists, after the war is over, to work with the same industry and enthusiasm to develop new and better products for peacetime living, and to find ways to make these products cost less so that everyone can enjoy them. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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IN HEAVY RAIN U.S. ARTILLERY SHELLS PIETRAVAIRANO ON OCT. 28, BEFORE OCCUPYING IT. TYPICAL OF ITALIAN BATTLEGROUND IS THE LITTLE TOWN BETWEEN THE HILLS

REPORT FROM THE ITALIAN FRONT

As it had for more than a month, the Italian campaign last week was lagging. The newspaper headlines said "Americans Win More Heights" or "Americans Open Road to Cassino" or "Fifth and Eighth Armies Threaten Two Towns." But the fact was that the Allied line had moved forward very little since the middle of November, after it reached the Garigliano and Sangro rivers. Last week the Americans and British were only 30 miles north of that river, and still 75 miles from Rome.

There were several reasons for this slowdown. Rain, falling interminably, grounded Allied planes and turned battlefields into quagmires in which tanks and trucks could not operate. The battlefield itself, from the Tyrrhenian Sea to the Adriatic, ran through rough mountains whose peaks rose 3,000 feet. On these peaks the Germans established observation posts and placed machine guns and artillery. Up steep slopes, with high casualties, Allied infantrymen painfully advanced. To make mat-

ters worse, the Germans fought well and bravely.

Back to the U. S. last week came George Biddle, artist-brother of Attorney General Francis Biddle and an A. E. F. Captain. He spent more than a month at the front in Italy with the Third U. S. Infantry Division, from the time shortly before it forced a crossing of the Volturno until it was withdrawn from the line Nov. 18. On these pages LIFE prints some of his sketches made while in the field with this division.

In addition to his sketches Biddle brought back some trenchant observations of what the fighting in Italy is like. "It rained at least one-third of the time," he said, "and the men were soaking wet half of the time. The battalion I was with, which was operating over terrain similar to the Catskill Mountains, sometimes had no vehicular transportation. All food and water were carried by mules, and at times the going was so rough not even the mules could make the grade. Then the supplies

had to be carried up the perilous mountainsides by foot. In spite of the rain and freezing weather, the men never got their winter equipment—overcoats, winter underwear, new shoes—until they came out of the line. This was nobody's fault, but was simply the result of the kind of war the men were fighting. They were so far up the mountains and so near the Germans, they simply could not be reached with supplies. Furthermore much of their equipment was lost in the bombings of our shipping at Naples harbor.

"The Third Division was used as a spearhead during the entire 60 days that it was in the line. As a result it had heavy casualties. Our battalion during six weeks lost approximately 40% in battle casualties, possibly another 30% in nonbattle casualties. About one-third of these casualties were suffered at Volturno River, where the men were subjected to the most intense enemy shell fire they had experienced since the Salerno landing."

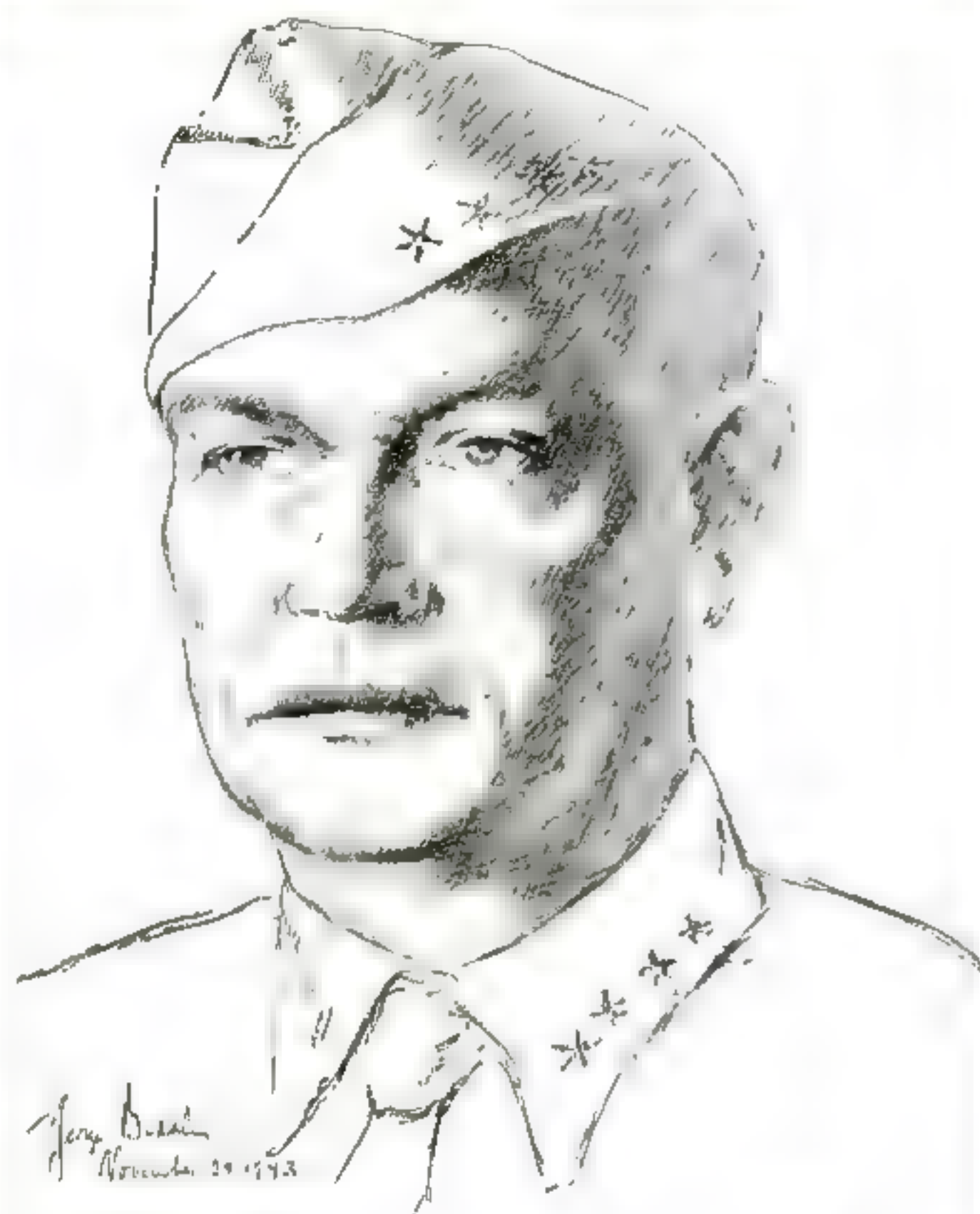
SOLDIERS FIGHTING AT THE FRONT WANT THE PEOPLE BACK HOME TO KNOW WHAT WAR IS REALLY LIKE

Says Artist Biddle about the war in Italy: "Nothing angers the boys at the front more than propaganda about how comfortable and well fed they are. They want the people at home to know what war in Italy is really like. They want the people to know about the cold, and the wet, and the dirt, and the deaths. They want the people to know that sometimes they have no water, no food, no heavy overcoats and no blankets. The most characteristic thing about an attack is the sight of weary men going forward with sagging knees and sloping shoulders.

"Unfortunately troop morale is none too good. This is because the American soldiers, even though they are at the front, still do not emotionally feel that this is their war. Intellectually they understand the need for victory, but as yet the majority of them have not learned to feel passionately about the war, as for instance the Russians do.

"Everybody at the front thinks that troop morale would be improved if people at home could see the setting in which their boys are fighting. Instead of imagining that boys at the front are all heroes, they might better visualize them as miners trapped underground. They are always frightened and they are always homesick. Their one dream and ambition is not to march on Berlin, as propaganda stories say, but to go home.

"In drawing these boys, I was not interested in mechanics of war. Machines bored me to death. I wanted the human faces, the suffering, the death. And I wanted all the little incongruities which make a war seem like *Alice in Wonderland* played in a madhouse."



General Dwight D. Eisenhower, commander in chief of Allied forces in Mediterranean, posed for Biddle in Algiers. On Christmas Eve President Roosevelt announced that the great invasion of Europe, which is coming soon, will be led by General Eisenhower. Biddle found the General a man of deep moral character, with inner reserve of power



Lieut. General Mark Clark, commander of Fifth Army, is a superb study for an artist, according to Biddle. His bony face looks like an American Indian's, his eyes snap like those of a bird of prey. His mouth, however, is kind. He, too, gives the impression that behind his silence he hides a well of determination. He is hard, sharp, always vigilant.



Major General Alfred M. Gruenther, chief of staff of Fifth Army, impressed Biddle as having the face of a scholar and priest. He is a man of deep intelligence with a kindly, almost spiritual nature. He is a champion bridge player. Biddle lunched with him, and he asked countless questions about troop morale and was deeply interested in the problem.



A Polish soldier deserts. He had been fighting with one of the best German divisions but voluntarily surrendered to Americans. Such desertions may be indicative of the disintegration of German Army but American commanders do not count on it.



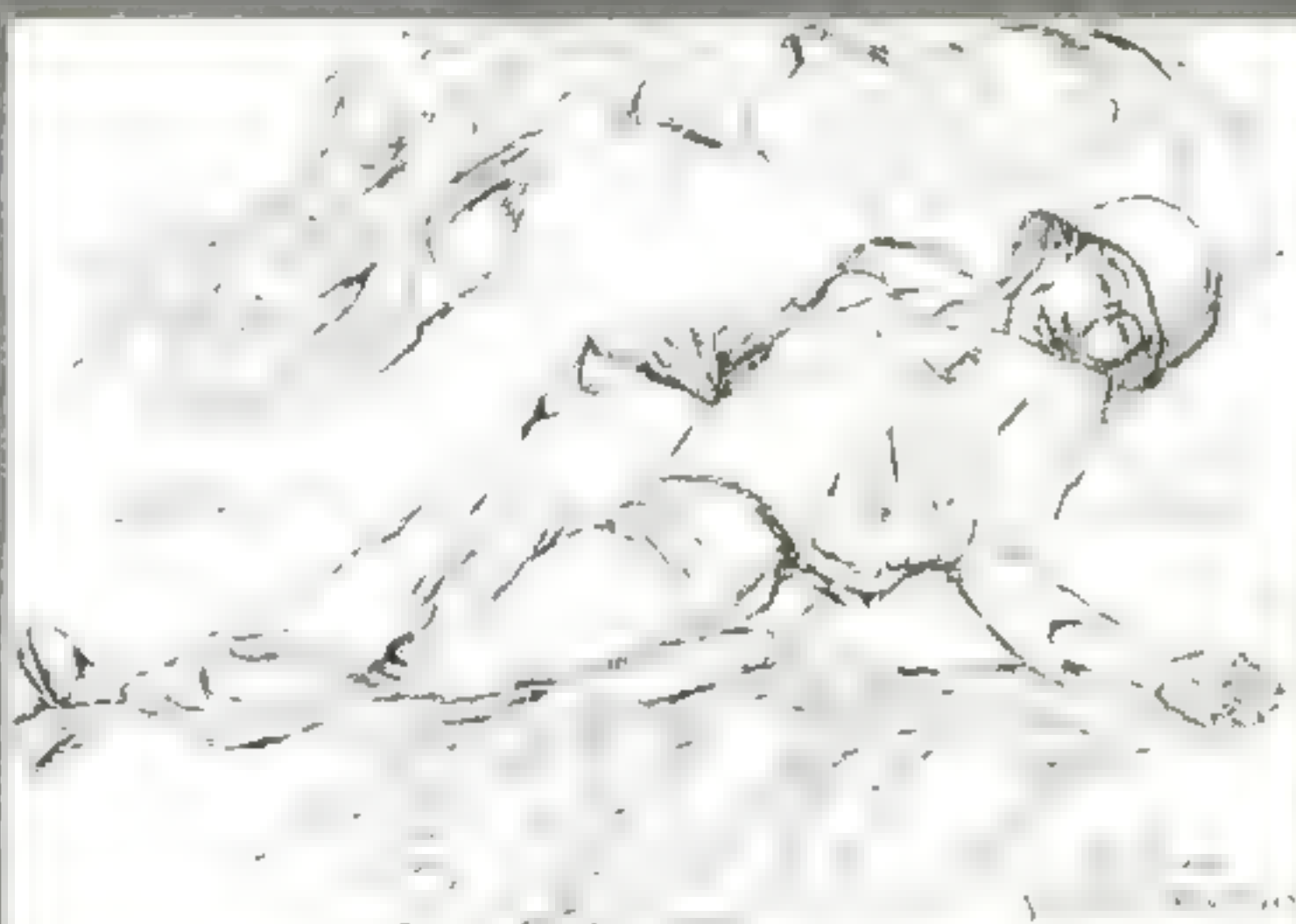
Ancso Francesco, vice Brigadier, aged 29 -
killed day & day gun emplacement near ground.
on Halloween by shot him.

A dead Italian lies in a coffin. Americans found him when they came into Posenzano. He had been put to work by the Germans digging gun emplacements and trenches. Later, on Halloween, they shot him at night

behind haystack. In spite of such cruelties as this, the Germans are usually well disciplined and commit few wanton atrocities. They are, however, ruthlessly logical, will do anything necessary for military advantage.



A tough American with rifle sets down beside a dead German. The American is Joe Kindlarski, a soldier who has the reputation for never bringing in a German prisoner. His brother was killed in Poland and, unlike most Americans, he hates the Germans. Once he collected Jagers and Berckmans. Now he collects German mess kits for his "old lady."



A red-headed Austrian, fighting for the Germans, lies dead in the deep muddy ravine of a stream. He had been hiding there for protection, but Allied shelling came down from his head and killed him. George Biddle ran across him near town of San Felice, after Americans had shelled the village for hours. Many German and Austrian soldiers wear glasses.



American dead have to be carried down from Mt. Caivola because not even mules can climb to the top. These two boys were killed by shell fragmentation. When this sketch was made it was raining and blankets had been hurriedly thrown over the dead. One of boys had a postage-stamp bible around his neck. He had been shot through the chest.

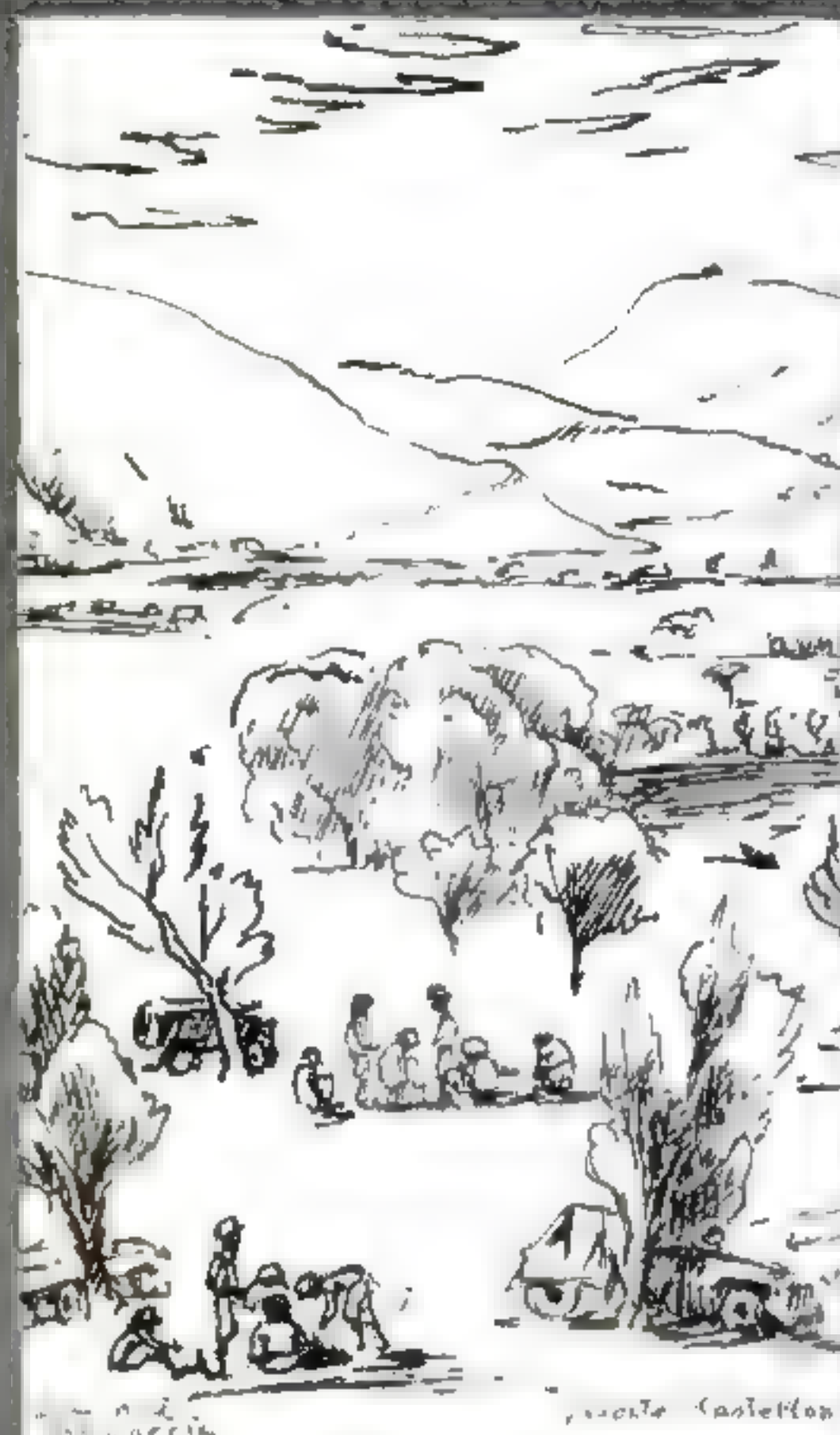


A dead German, with long, waxy blond hair, lies in a plowed field. Many Germans have long hair like this and when they die combs are often found lying beside them. This man's shoes have been stolen by Italian peasants. In the distance there are olive trees with their feather leaves and beyond is the Volturno where many Allies, as well as Germans, died.



Overlooking the Volturne River four or five days before the crossing, George Biddle made this sketch. He was lying on the ridge with Colonel Fredericks and Captain Sonderquist. Later the first was killed and the second badly wound-

ed. The small knoll in the center was stormed by the Third Battalion after it waded at dawn across the river. Biddle himself crossed with Second Battalion of the Third Division which captured another small knoll just off picture at left.



Looking back toward the Volturne and Monte Castellone, Biddle made this other sketch of the river battleground. From the mountains the battalion marched down to the river by moonlight. At dawn they waded the stream and crossed the

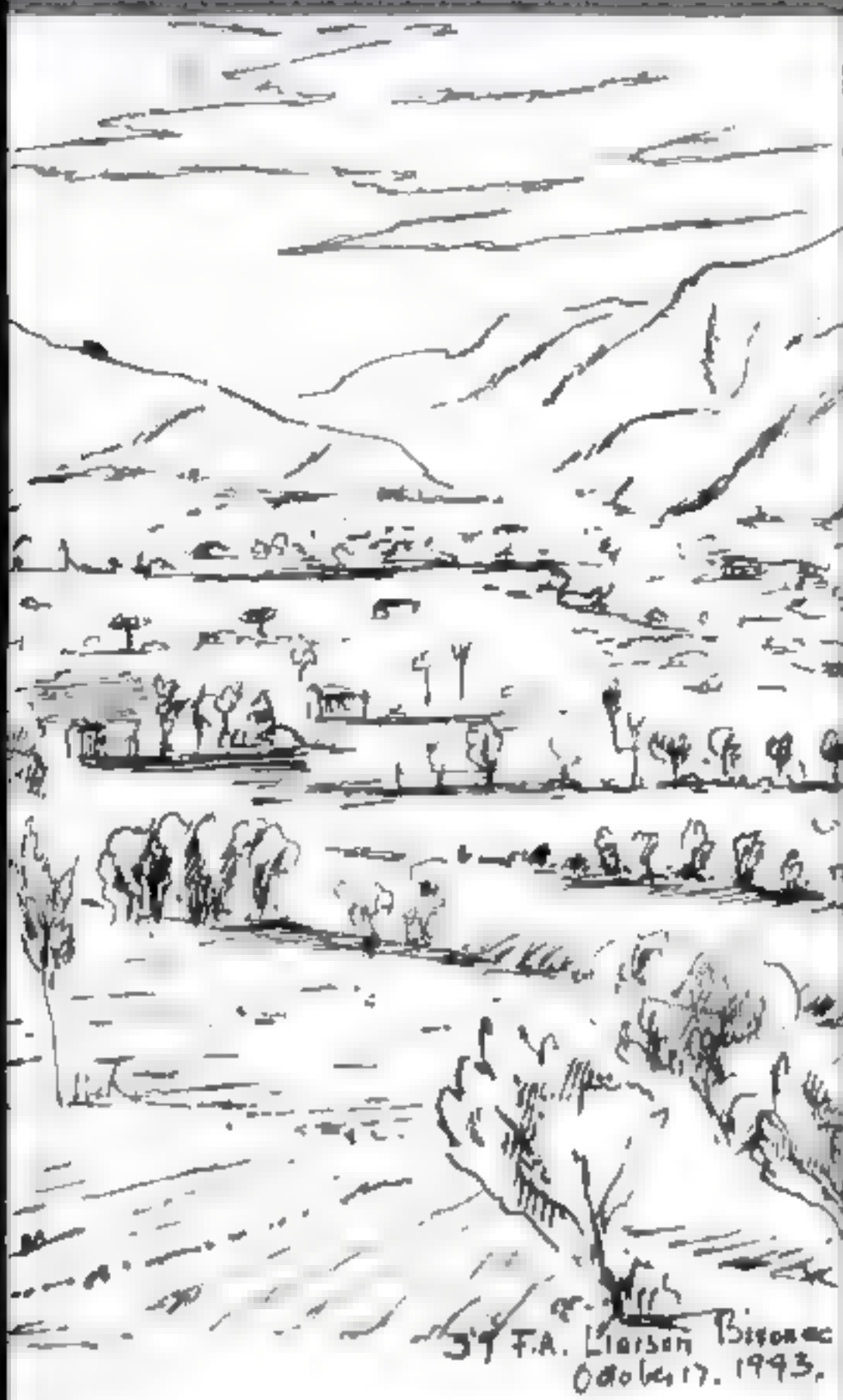


The attack on San Felice was mounted across a small valley from the hills in the background, now blanketed in fog and rain. This sketch looks back from positions newly captured. The U.S. troops filed down narrow gullies and sunken roads,

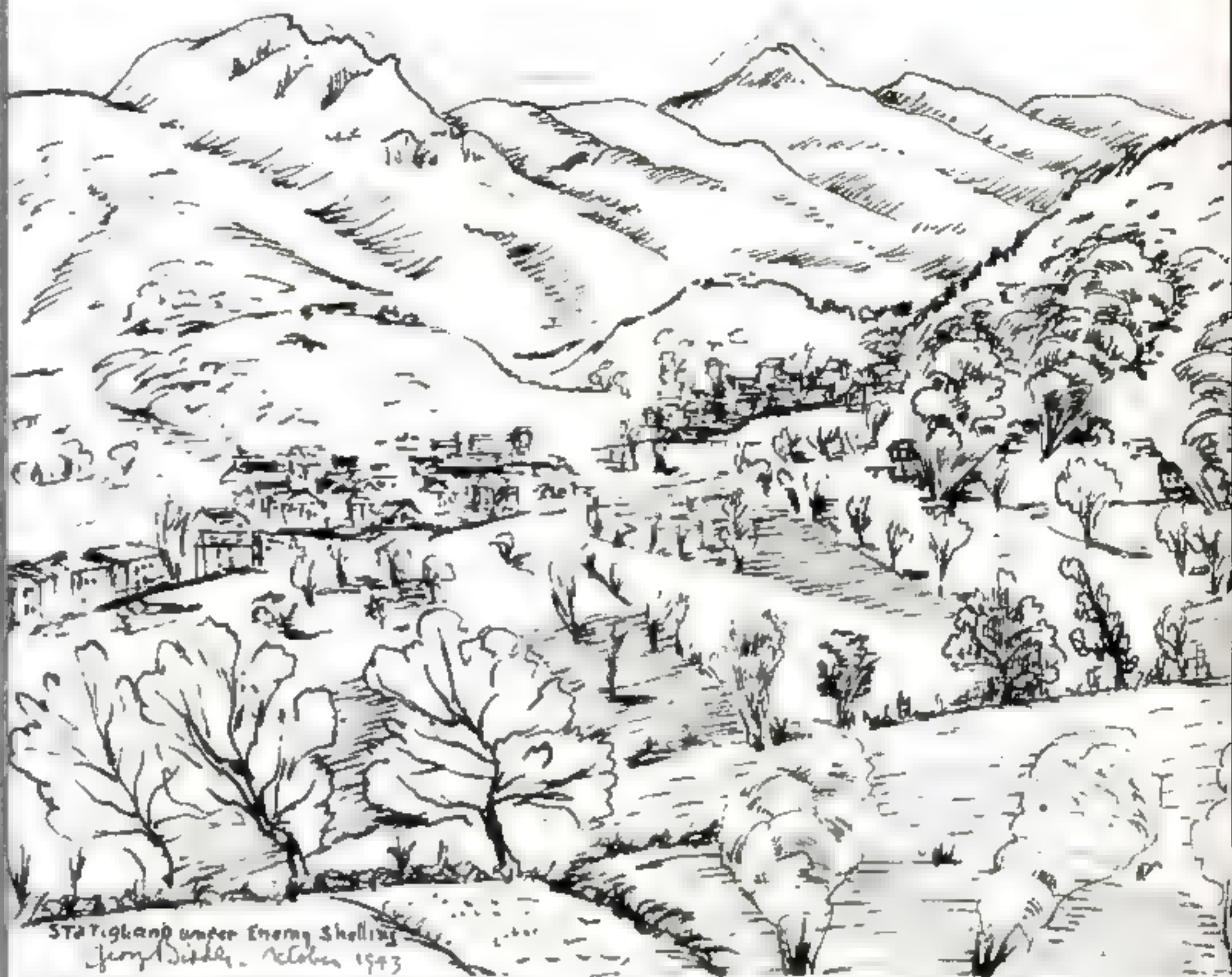
protected by Italian hedges, while their tanks operated on their right flank. The entire attack meanwhile was preceded by heavy Allied shell fire. Next day at Monte Cassino, the Americans received some of campaign's heaviest casualties.



From observation posts on top of Monte Cassino this view looks down over the valley and toward route 6 leading to Cassino and Monte Cassino. Some of the campaign's hardest fighting took place on Monte Cassino where Germans were.



red, fortified under heavy German fire. Eventually they entrenched themselves on the high land from which this sketch was made. The village in background is an Italian Government farm in which the Germans had mounted machine guns.

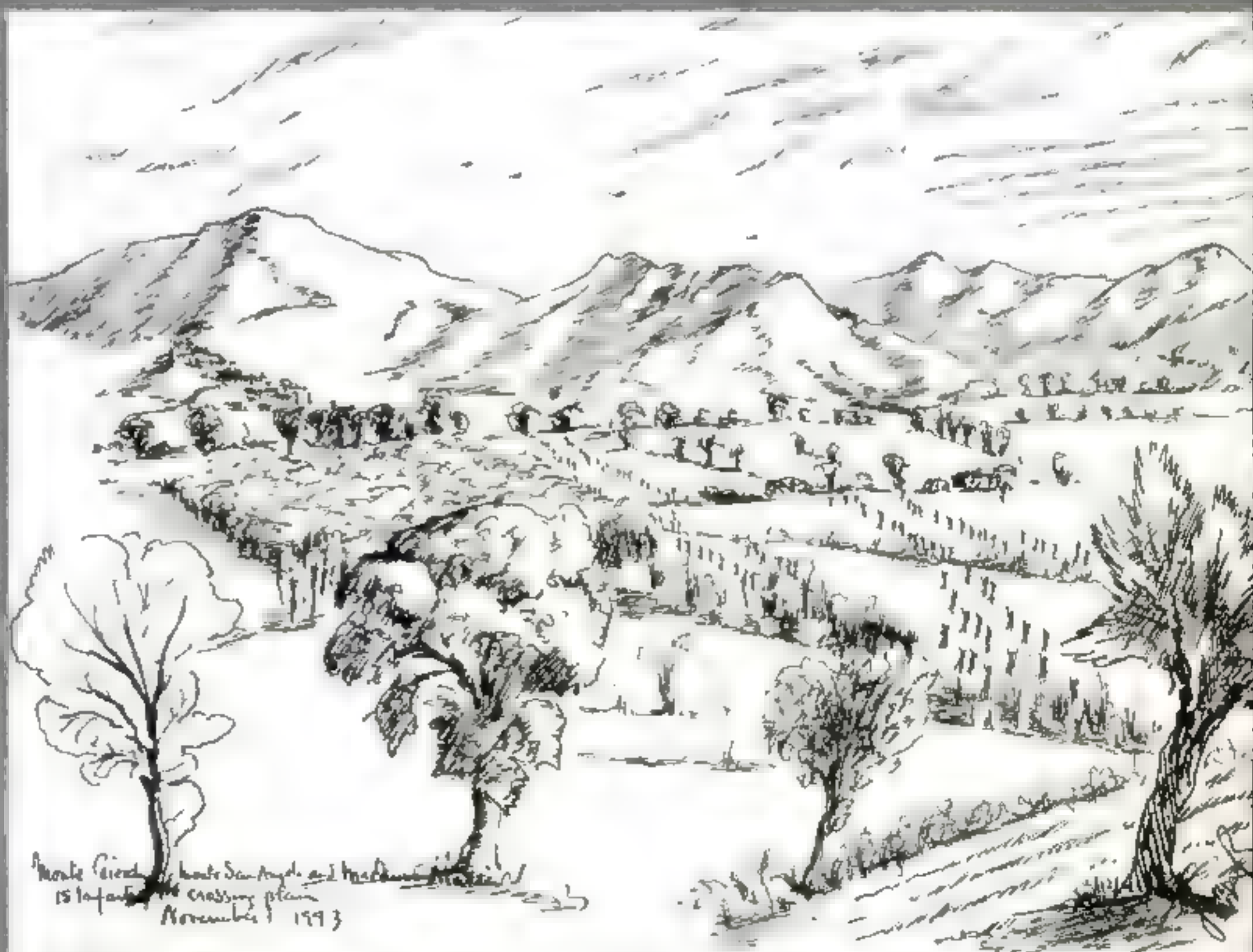


In the village of Statigliano Biddle's battalion was held up for a week, with the Germans fully entrenched to the north and west on the mountains in background. In the distance are Monte Melito and Madonna Maria over which American

troops made a night march. Eventually the Germans were driven from their mountain positions, but now the U.S. troops are under shell fire. It seems like this is a picturesque with gray stone walls, green fields, and white oxen.



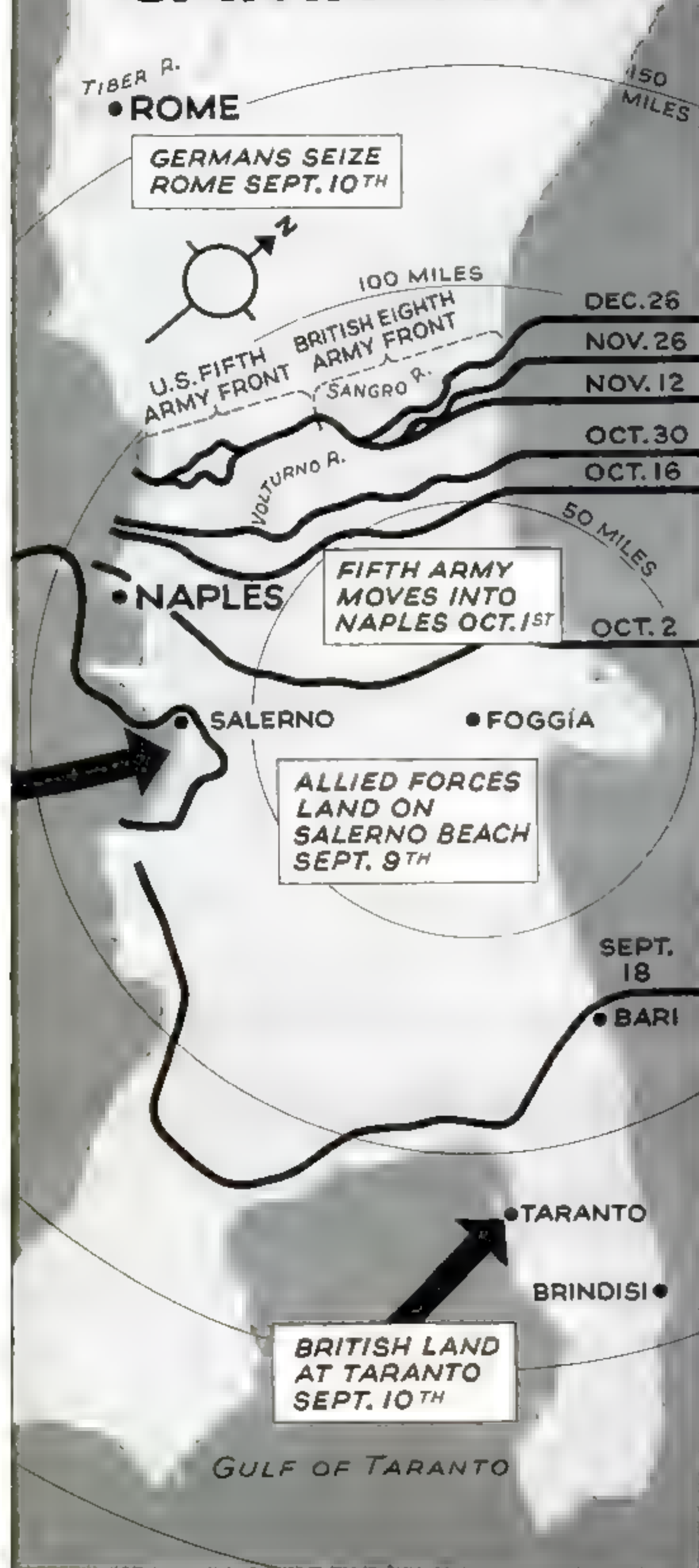
strongly fortified. Sketch shows rock outcroppings, brush and steep slopes which make supply problems extremely difficult. Sometimes it required seven hours to bring a wounded man down on a stretcher. Below the hill is village of Pietravalle.



Over plain leading from Monte Caievoli, San Angelo, and Madonna Maria come battalions of Third Division. Temporary advance is easy, but soon, as they get into a new area, they will find Germans entrenched in the mountains.

Then the long bloody process of attacking with a fairy up the sides of the mountains will begin again. In such warfare planes are of little value and even artillery is not too effective. The tired, slogging infantry must do the work.

ITALIAN CAMPAIGN



The Italian campaign from the landings on Sept. 9 until the end of last week is shown on this map. At first the Allied progress was rapid, but as the weeks went by it slowed down. In the last month and a half the Fifth Army has made virtually no progress on western Tyrrhenian front.

IN THE MUD AND MOUNTAINS THE ALLIED ADVANCE HAS BEEN VIRTUALLY STOPPED

The Allies landed at Salerno on Sept. 9. On Sept. 10 the British came ashore at Taranto. On Oct. 1 Naples was captured and on Oct. 13 the Volturno River was crossed. Since then in the mud and in the mountains the Allied advance has been virtually stopped.

Says Biddle: "The campaign has a dreary monotony. With the Germans entrenched on hills ahead of us, we would hit their positions with planes and with artillery. Then, when they were sufficiently beaten down, we would send in the infantry. Gradually their machine-gun positions would be knocked out—one by one—until not many were left. Then they would retreat, leaving a few guns and mortars behind them. We would have suffered heavy casualties, and a mile or so farther on, the whole operation would have to be repeated. Fortunately, we had superior air power and superior artillery. The Germans could throw in more infantry reserves.

"I went to a briefing of some new replacements one day. The battalion colonel was gloomy. To the green officers he said, 'You're going to be uncomfortable. Damned uncomfortable. You'll be lucky if you get a hot bath out of your hats once in 10 days, or a shave twice a week. We need you terribly. You may have heard that this is one of the best divisions overseas. It is. I believe so myself. But you'll have less good personnel than you had at home. You'll find that your company has just lost its top sergeant and that the best platoon sergeant is dead. But we need you, and we've got a job to do.'"

A BURST FROM AN AMERICAN 155-MM. GUN ILLUMINATES A POPLAR GROVE DURING A





In a quagmire of mud American trucks and jeeps flounder helplessly. They are trying to bypass a bridge previously blasted by Germans in their retreat toward Cassino. Last week the Fifth Army had taken San Pietro and was 6 miles from Cassino, which is on the direct route to Rome.



Up in the mountains it is as bad as in the valleys. Here a jeep struggles along a mountain road in the Roccamare sector of the Fifth Army front. In this area there was only one muddy road available for transport. Other cart tracks became useless seas of mud as soon as it rained.

NIGHT SHELLING OF GERMAN POSITIONS AT MIGNANO DEC. 2. MUCH OF THE FIGHTING ON THE FRONT HAS TAKEN PLACE AT NIGHT. GERMANS SAY THE AMERICANS NEVER SLEEP



1944

THE MOST SOBERING FACT ABOUT IT WILL BE DEATH; THE MOST PROMISING FACT, AN ELECTION

This New Year a certain amount of money will change hands, representing bets lost by optimists, some of them very distinguished citizens, who were convinced that Hitler would collapse and the European war would come to an end in 1943. Those optimists were not just wrong, they were badly wrong. It is true that, as Mr. Churchill predicted after Pearl Harbor, we were able in 1943 "to assume the initiative upon an ample scale." Yet we are still far from victory. The German retreat in Russia has been masterful and German resistance has actually stiffened. In Italy a few divisions of British and Americans are slogging their way up the peninsula, but not with the overwhelming power that the optimists predicted.

The four great achievements of 1943 in the war against Germany have been the turning of the tide in Russia, the conquest of the submarine, the battering of Germany from the air, and the clearing of the Mediterranean. These achievements do indeed open the gates to a victory in 1944. And yet we can serve our country best by refraining from prediction. There is in any case a profound difference between "prediction," which is always dangerous and rarely profitable, and "foresight," which is indispensable. And, using foresight, we can with certainty apply a word to 1944—and this word is *sober*. This will be a sobering year—the most so, perhaps, in American history.

The Military

The most sobering fore-fact of 1944 is death. This is the last year on earth for a lot of American young men. Our battle losses for World War II are now approximately 130,000, and yet we have scarcely begun to fight. What with the global character of the war, and what with the fact that we have now mustered 8,000,000 men into the Army, and what with the sophomore enthusiasms of some newspaper headline writers, most Americans have the impression that we are fighting on a gigantic scale. But this is far from the truth. Whereas the Germans support between 250 and 300 combat divisions, and the Russians considerably more, the U. S. will have at peak only about 100; and of these not more than 15 have been announced as having seen action, and not more than six or eight have been in action at any one time. So far as the number of ground troops engaged in battle is concerned, our contribution to our side is less than that made to the Axis by Rumania.

There are necessary and weighty reasons for this—a huge training program, the requirements of global strategy, the establishment and maintenance of interminable supply lines—and of course our tremendous development of air and sea power. Yet the

sobering fore-fact for 1944 is that millions of Americans, including service divisions at the front, must now go under fire. And when they read the casualty figures of the frontal attack on Fortress Europe, which is now being prepared in England, many an optimist—headline writer or reader—will at least move up from the sophomore into the junior class.

The Home Front

In 1942 we were warned by Leon Henderson and other spokesmen that 1943 would be a dreadful year for civilians. Rationing and government control would bring about hardships of every kind. We would have to pull in our belts.

Well, we have now passed through 1943 and we are all alive. In fact, if some were too optimistic about the military events of 1943, Messrs. Henderson *et al.* were too pessimistic about the hardships at home. The U. S. remains, in the midst of war, a land of abundance. And so far as civilian supply is concerned, there is little sign of a radical change in 1944. Indeed, Washington is now busy with semisecret plans for the reconversion of some portion of industry to civilian production. Bobby pins are on their way back, and present schedules call for a 1944 production of 2,000,000 electric irons, together with a certain number of hot-water heaters, baby buggies, etc.

Yet the home front does face some sober fore-facts, and these have to do with the management of the civilian economy. The idea that we were going to tax away all or most of our inflationary wartime income has just about broken down. We enter 1944 without an effective tax policy. The farm bloc has so intimidated Congress that the subsidy program for keeping down the cost of living has been virtually wrecked. First John L. Lewis, and now the Railroad Brotherhoods, have successfully challenged the Government's wage-control program. And the Little Steel wage formula is on the skids. All this may not spell actual inflation in 1944. But it does mean that the cost of living is on its way up, the purchasing power of the dollar on its way down, the inflationary forces only partly under control.

These sober realities of the home front merge into those of politics. The soberest fact about 1944, next to the certain death of American boys, is that this is an election year. This fact raises all the ordinary election-year problems, intensified by the war—and so intensified that, three weeks ago, Speaker Sam Rayburn descended from the rostrum and delivered to Congress an impassioned plea for unity. But besides the ordinary problems of an election year we face a different kind of potential disunity, created

by forces that lie very largely outside the parties. The country is divided into fractional minorities of all sorts—racial, religious, political, economic—Negroes, Mexicans, Catholics, Jews, Roosevelt-haters, Willkie-haters, self-righteous "liberals," farmers, labor, industry, and the bureaucracy. The internal warfare of these groups—some of it offensive, some defensive—is perhaps a result of the failures during the past decade to find a satisfactory resolution, whether economic or political, to the big problems of our time. Aside from the war itself, and our determination to win, America has lacked an ideal big enough and dynamic enough to hold all groups of Americans together.

Honesty—Hope—Faith

All this might lead the careless prognosticator to the most pessimistic predictions for 1944. But the fact that this is an election year is really a promising fact of immense importance. If the U. S. had a strictly parliamentary system we might continue out of inertia or political timidity to slide along our present course, becoming more confused and disunited without entirely recognizing the fact. But the fore-fact that two great political parties and their candidates must soon go before the country and expose themselves to the scrutiny of the popular conscience, is one that all patriots will welcome. The American people have saved their country before in "times that try men's souls"—and they can do so again.

And indeed it is true that the people are groping for the solution—be it a man, a party, a platform, an ideal—which will enable them to reassert their faith in the institutions of liberty, and through this reassertion to open up a future of which they can be proud. And therefore it may well be that they will demand of their leaders this election year a great deal more than selfish politicking. It may well be that, as the year rolls on, and the names of the dead boys roll in, the trimmers and self-seekers in both parties will find that destiny has caught up with them. Yes, it is much more than possible that the American people will take advantage of this election to demand of their leadership, not merely power, but honesty, not merely peace, but hope; not merely military victory, but the expression of a new faith in mankind which alone can give a purpose to the victory that the boys are someday going to win. If they do, the disunity with which we are now faced will vanish like a morning mist.

Thus 1944 will inevitably be a year of trouble and of darkness; but it might at the same time be the year in which we see the first, faint, gray streaks of the dawn. It might not be; but it could be.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

Gravest issue of the home front was the railroad crisis. The unions had threatened to strike Dec. 30 unless the roads met their demands for higher

pay. The President offered to act as arbiter of the dispute, but three brotherhoods said No. After a White House conference with union leaders (*oppos-*

ite), the President made plans to take over the roads, and thus forestall a strike that, as a setback to the war effort, would equal an Axis victory.



The railroad labor unions march upon the Government of the United States



DEBS MASSED ON THE STAGE FOR FLAG TABLEAU, FINALE OF THE COTILLION. NOTE ENLISTED MEN'S UNIFORMS ALONGSIDE WHITE TIES. OFFICERS' BLOUSES NEXT TO TUXEDOS

MASS DEBUT

100 New York deb's come out together

More than 100 New York deb's made a polite community bow to society at a big party at the Waldorf Astoria during the holidays. This was the second of the wartime mass debuts which may become a permanent institution as well. Although deb's sacrificed certain individual glory and attention accorded by a private debut, they were compensated by glitter and

importance of a large-scale party called, impressively, The Allied Flag Ball and Debutante Cotillion. One thousand two hundred people attended. As in the past, proceeds from the sale of subscriptions, \$12,000 benefited the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, and expenses were borne by Coty (perfumers).

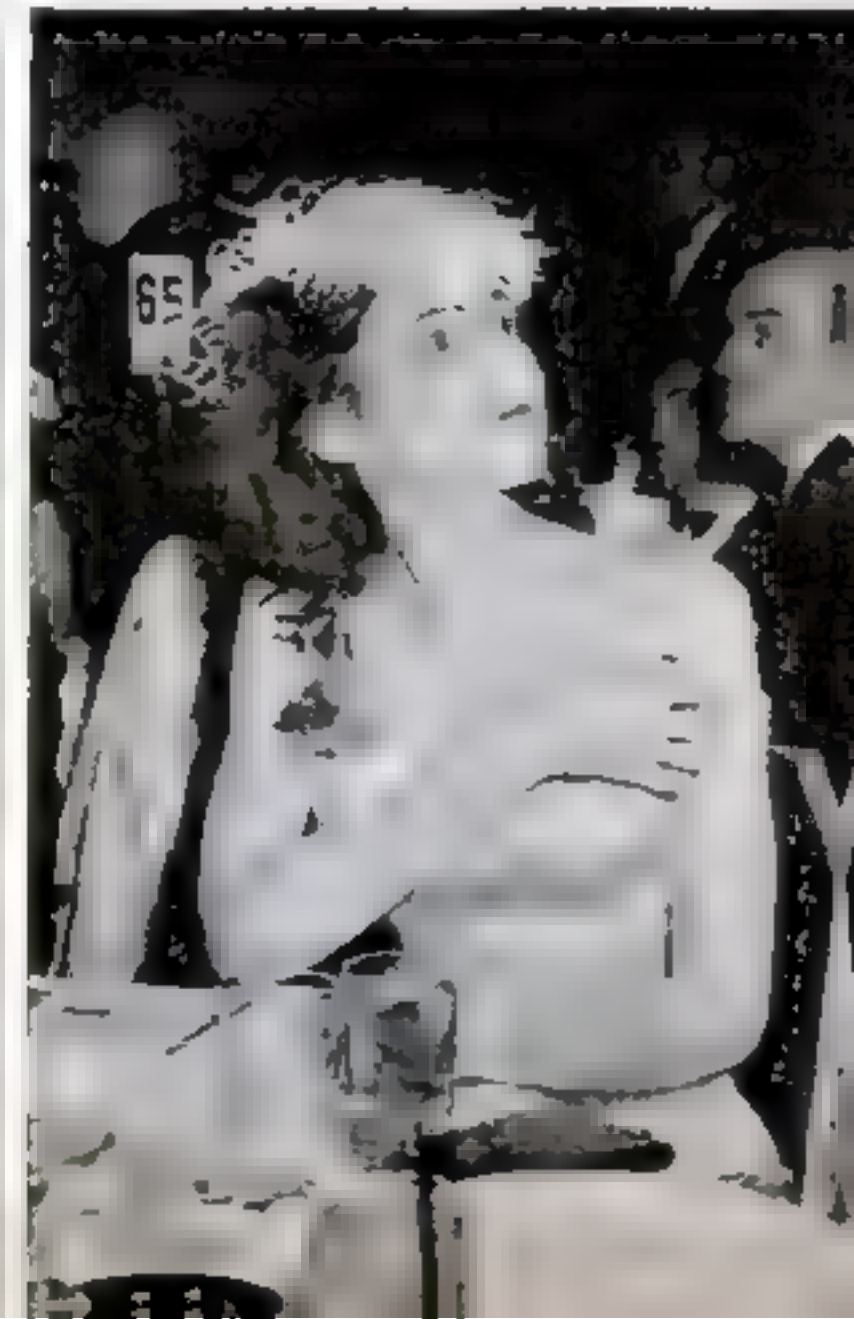
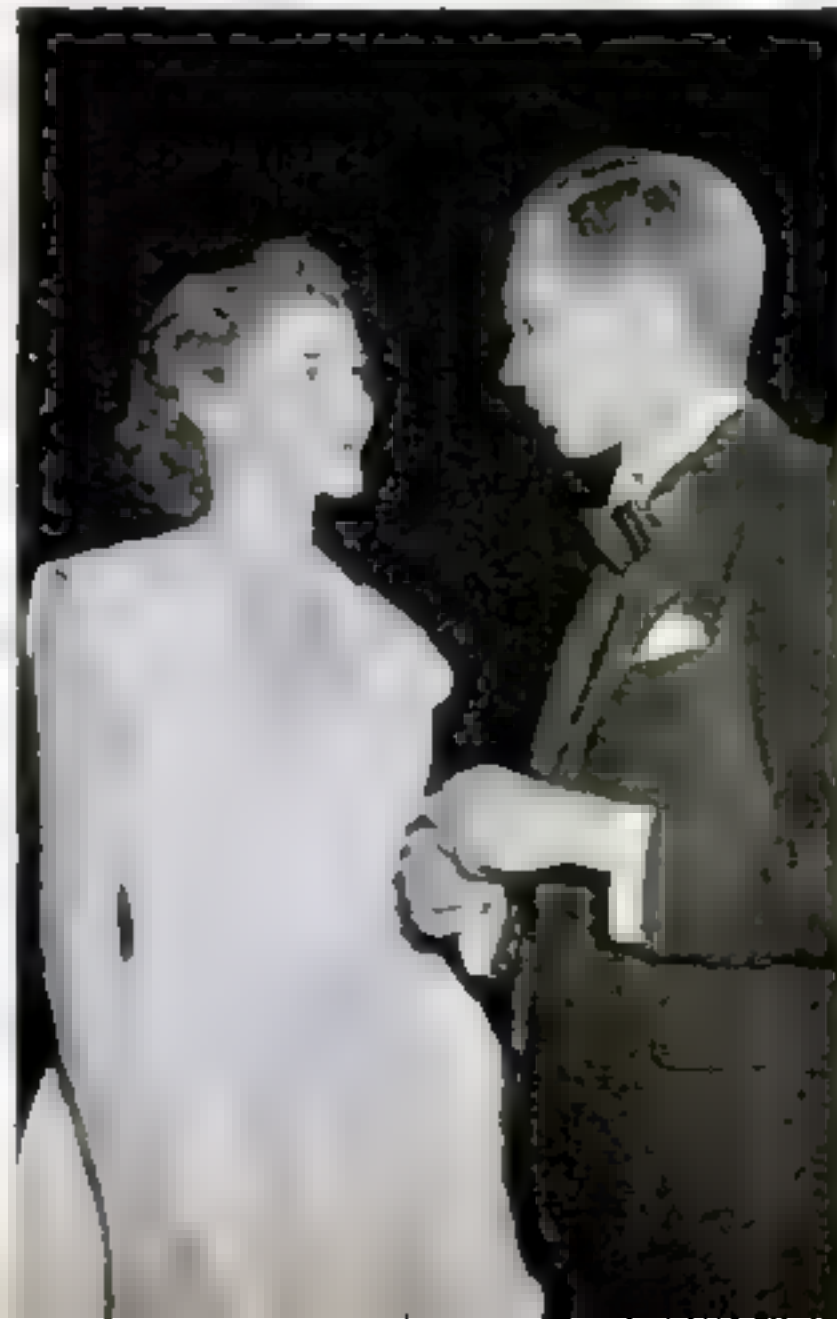
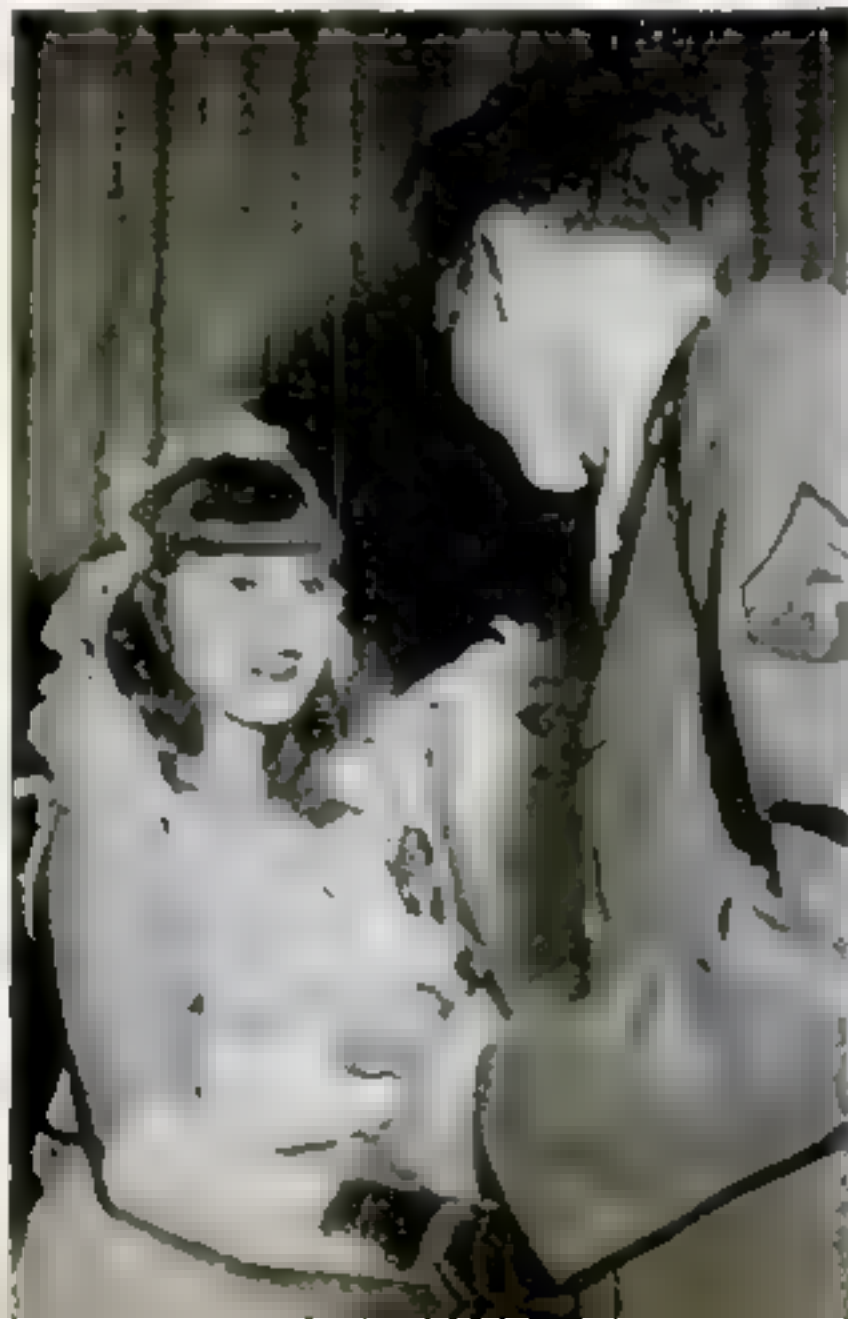
For the most part, conventions and formalities of

Martha Firestone, daughter of Harvey Firestones, is vivacious, blonde.

Leila Burton is teletypist for British Ministry of War Transport. Her parents are Frank Burtons.

Marion Carhart, student at the Spence school in New York, is daughter of the Amory S. Carharts.

Elizabeth Halsey is a cousin of the Acacia. Parents are Charles B. Halseys of New York.





"Valse Amant," performed by 26 debs, was dramatic departure in deb party routine. Penitetic news photographer eclipses central figure in foreground

prewar debuts were rigidly observed except for the stag-line, whose numbers were swelled by some 150 soldiers and sailors invited through service centers and headquarters of nearby Army and Navy bases. Many of them were bewildered and uncomfortable until they learned that they could cut in without restriction on any of the dancing debs, garbed prettily in the tradition-

al white dresses and wearing the customary long white kid gloves. Each deb purchased a \$20 ticket for herself and escort and was privileged to invite others (\$7.50 for a civilian, \$3.50 for a serviceman). Most parents bought a \$1,000 war bond—a very cheap price for a New York debut.

After the receiving line, debs and their dates ducked

into pantries back of the ballroom stage and reappeared for the cotillion. The music for the finale was composed of marching songs of the Allied countries, including the rousing strains of the *Internationale*. Very few recognized the former Communist anthem. There was less champagne in evidence than at the \$50,000 debut parties given Gloria Baker and Brenda Frazier

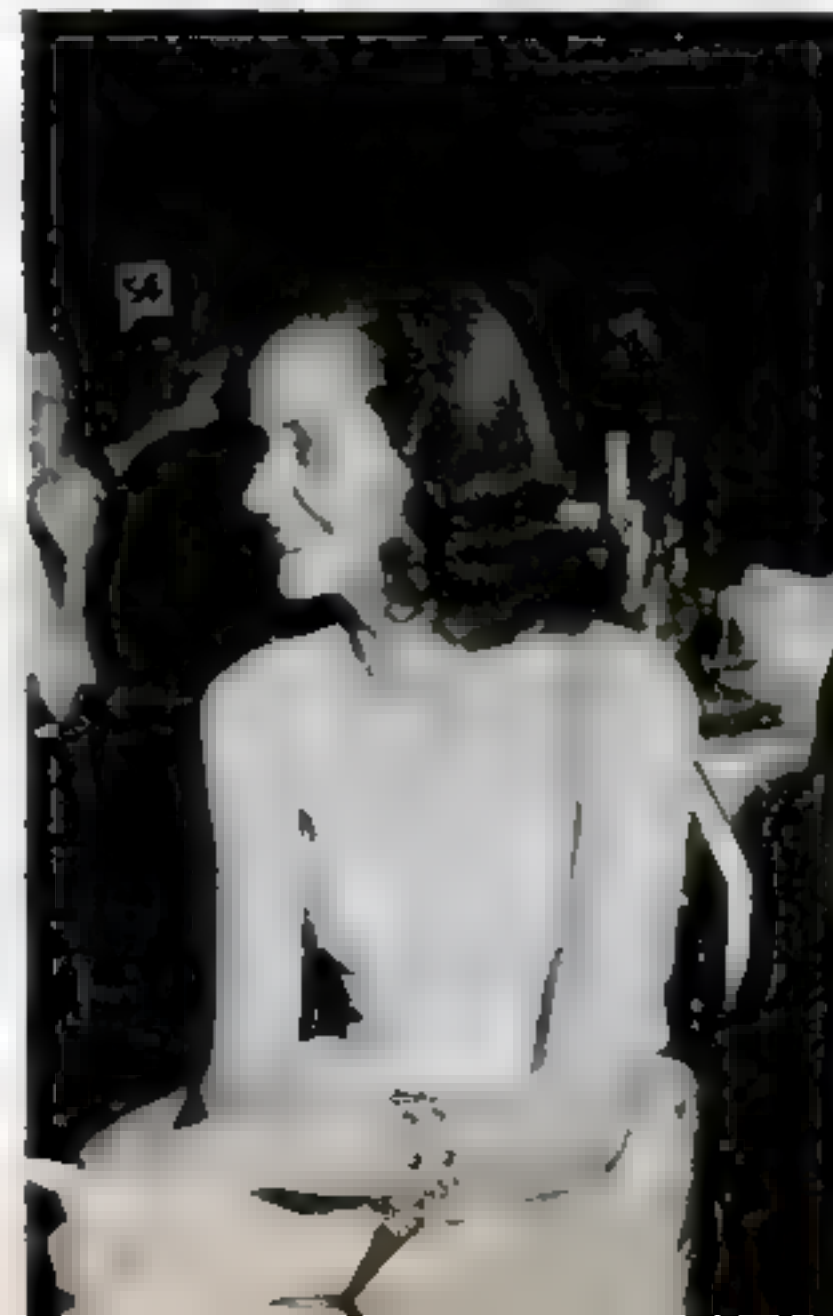
Constance Boschen wore many-ruffled gown of tulle. She is Mrs. Ernest Boschen's daughter.



Florence Hard, whose stepfather is an Army colonel, nevertheless chooses naval escort at supper.



Elizabeth Appleby doffed her long gloves after the dancing. Her mother is Mrs. Reginald H. Sturgis.



Elizabeth Aldrich, daughter of the Winthrop Aldriches, led cotillion.



U.S. CIVILIANS BUY THEIR FIRST JEEPS

Heines of Lucas, Kan. take a ride

Since the jeep made its Army debut three years ago, the motor-minded American public has coveted it with an unholy covetousness. To acquire one is the postwar dream of millions of civilians. Last week that dream unexpectedly came true for a handful of lucky midwestern families.

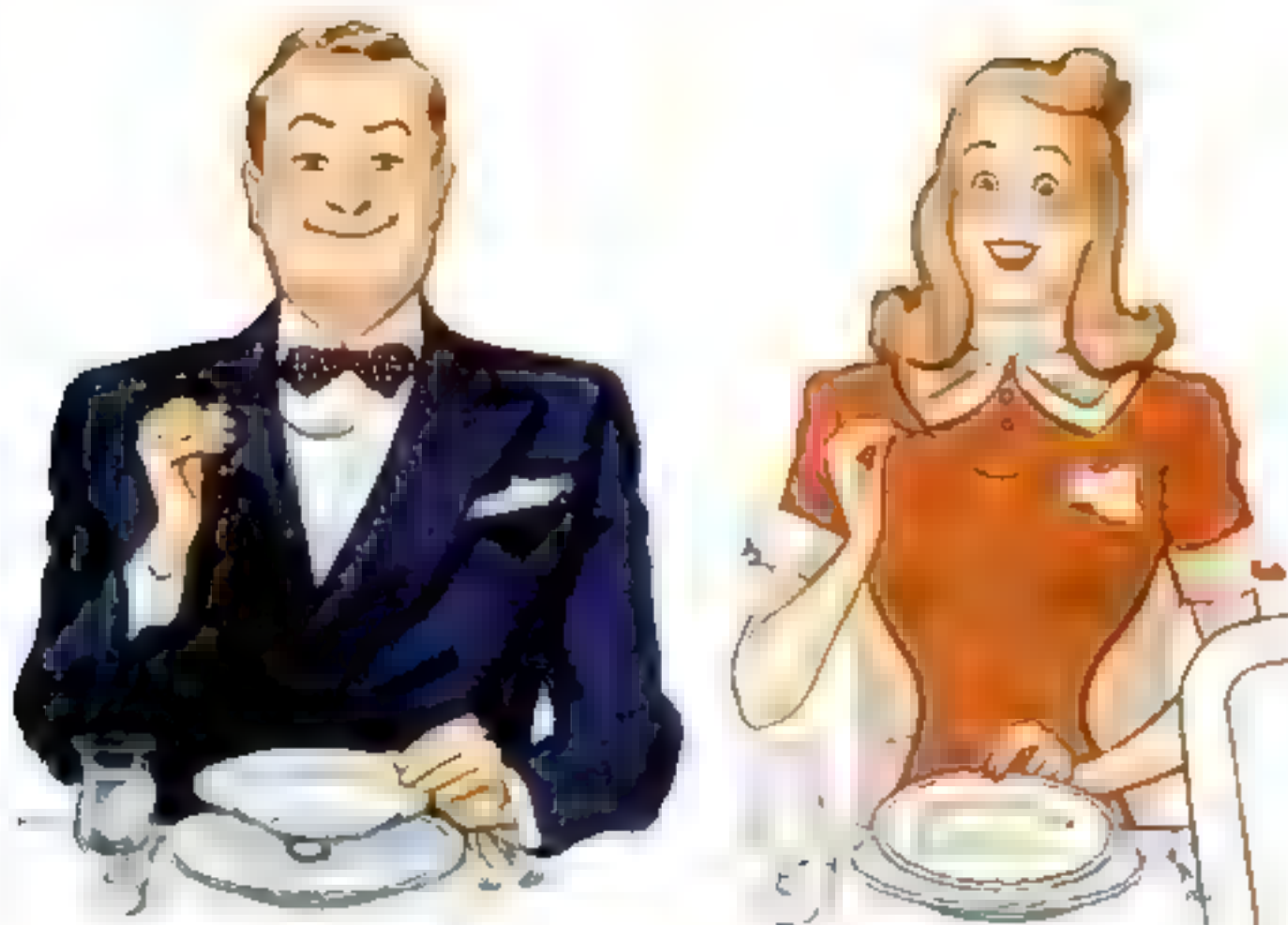
On these pages you see the happy Heines of Lucas, Kan., who are possibly the first civilian jeep owners in the U. S. The Army recently disposed of a few dozen used specimens through two Chicago auto dealers. As soon as they were reconditioned they were sold. Hearing by radio of the jeeps in Chicago, Mayor Fred

Heine of Lucas leaped to the telephone and in a trice one was his (price, \$750). It averaged 27 miles to the gallon on the drive from Lake Michigan to Kansas.

An amazing power egg with four-wheel drive and a swift high-powered pickup, the jeep has talents no less valuable for peacetime enterprise than for war. Of the first lots sold, 27 were shipped to Texas, probably for use in oil fields. Farmer Heine is already putting his to good service on his 2,000-acre farm. "My father always had fine Percheron horses on our farm before the last war," chortled Fred Heine last week, "but none of them could compare with my jeep."



NOR ICE NOR SNOW NOR RUTTED ROADS CAN STAY MRS. HEINE FROM SWIFT COMPLETION OF HER CHRISTMAS ROUNDS. HERE SHE DRIVES NEIGHBORS HOME IN FAMILY JEEP



**WHICH WAY DO YOU
TIP YOUR PLATE?**



Plate-tipping is highly personal—some tip plates toward themselves—others away. Etiquette experts used to say “Don’t tip your plate at all”, but we’ve an idea that was before they tasted Campbell’s Chicken Noodle Soup. For here is a soup so deep-down delicious, you won’t want to miss a single drop!

That’s because there’s plenty of chicken in this chicken noodle soup. It’s made the lavish, old-fashioned way—from fine plump-breasted chickens

slowly simmered to give a stock that fairly glistens with chicken richness. The egg noodles, too, are the hearty, old-fashioned kind. And there are tender pieces of chicken for every plate.

Yes—you’ll say it’s your kind of chicken noodle soup. And now, when “Food Fights for Freedom”, even strict etiquette permits you to tip your plate! So tip with a will, and enjoy the full, rich taste of chicken from the first to the last glistening spoonful.

“Food wins today!” the experts say,
And that is fact, not fable;
So etiquette today will let
You tip your plate at table!



Look for the
Red and White label

Campbell's CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

SALVAGE TIN TO WIN! It will mean more tin for canned foods and for war materials. Save every can you open. Remove label, then wash, fold in both ends and flatten. Turn over to your local Salvage Committee.

**SUPER-
SUCCULENT**

SUCCOTASH

FARM-FRESH!

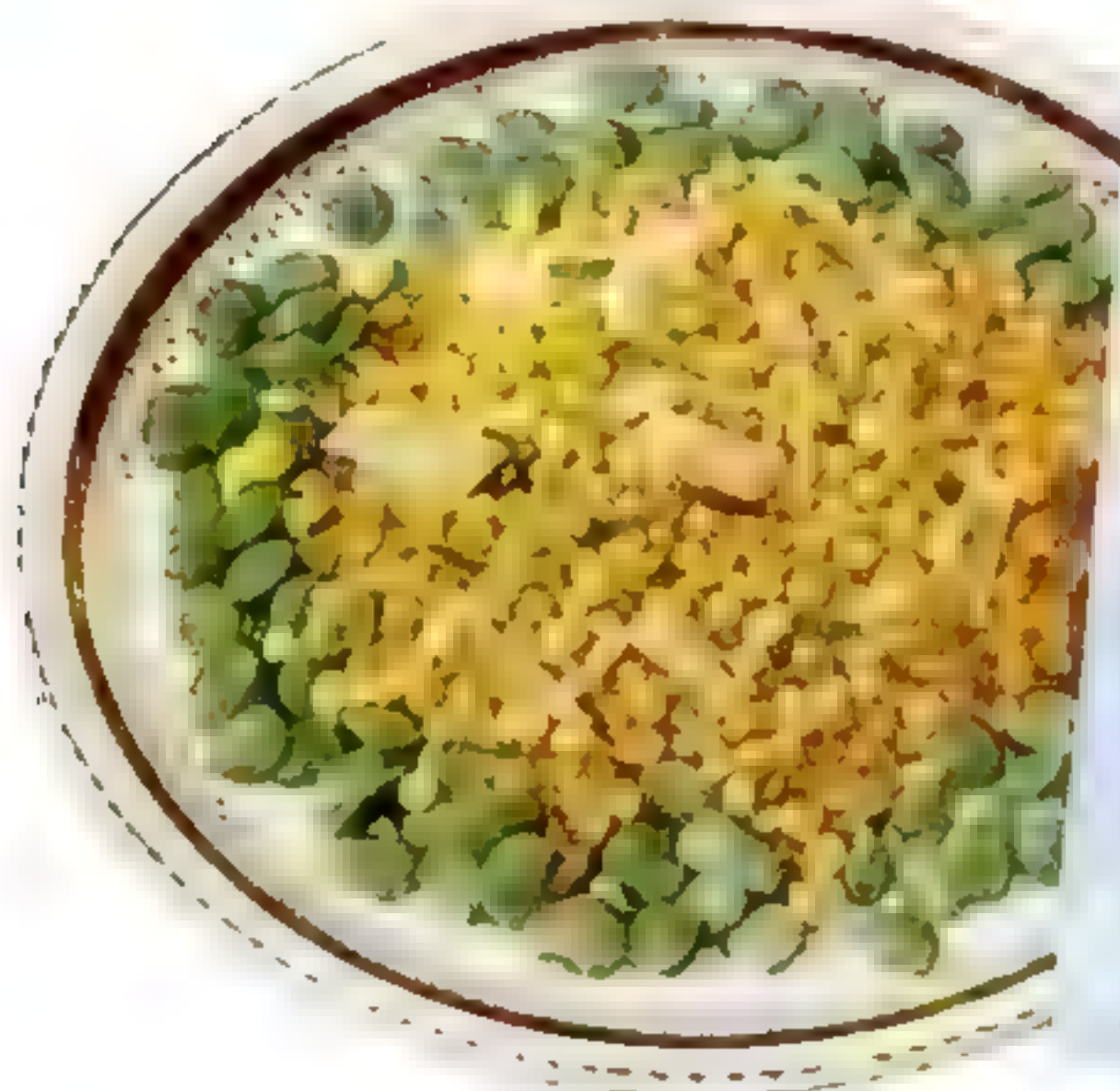
DELICIOUS!

**PLUS 2 NEW
WAYS TO MAKE
IT LAST!**

HERE is an out-of-season vision of Succotash that's as *farm-fresh* today as it would be in August! The corn is that famous Birds Eye Golden Sweet—fat kernels bulging like butter balls. With luscious Birds Eye Baby Limas, it's TOPS!

This corn is sweet n' milky, with a flavor that says "just picked." Which it was, and Quick-Frozen *within 4 hours!* Ah-h, those Baby Limas! (And the large Fordhooks, too!) Tempting, tender beans, with the country air still in 'em. These vegetables are *work-free, ready to cook—economical! NO WASTE.*

Try this super-succotash! Just combine Birds Eye Corn and Birds Eye Lima Beans! And with these delicious new recipes, you can make Birds Eye Corn and Birds Eye Limas last and l-a-s-t:



Birds Eye Lima Bean Con Carne

Con Carne Sauce

1 Box Birds Eye Lima Beans, cooked

Con Carne Sauce: Melt 2 tablespoons fat; add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped onions and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup green pepper strips. Cover and cook gently 5 minutes. Add 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons chili powder, 1 teaspoon each sugar and salt and dash of pepper. Measure 2 cups canned tomatoes. Add 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups to chili mixture, mix remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ cup with 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour. Add gradually to chili mixture and bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Add 1 box Birds Eye Golden Sweet Corn, frozen. Cover and cook gently 10 minutes; stir occasionally. Add 2 teaspoons each Worcestershire sauce and vinegar and 1 cup coarsely chopped cooked meat of fowl; reheat.

Cook frozen Lima beans as directed on package. Spread out on platter; pour Con Carne Sauce over top. Serves 6 to 8.

Birds Eye Succotash Medley with Rice

1 box Birds Eye Lima Beans, cooked
4 bouillon cubes (chicken flavor)
3 tablespoons fat or cooking oil
1 cup thin onion rings
1 cup 2-inch celery strips
1 box Birds Eye Golden Sweet Corn, frozen
1 teaspoon soy sauce

Cook frozen Lima beans as directed on package, adding bouillon cubes and increasing water to 3 cups. Drain, measure liquid and add water to make 2 cups. Heat fat. Add onions and celery; mix. Add frozen corn, cover, and cook gently 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Mix together 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoons flour and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water. Add gradually to hot liquid and bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Add vegetables. (1 $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoons pimiento strips may be added.) Add soy sauce, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper. Reheat 5 minutes. Serve with rice or fried noodles. Serves 6 to 8.

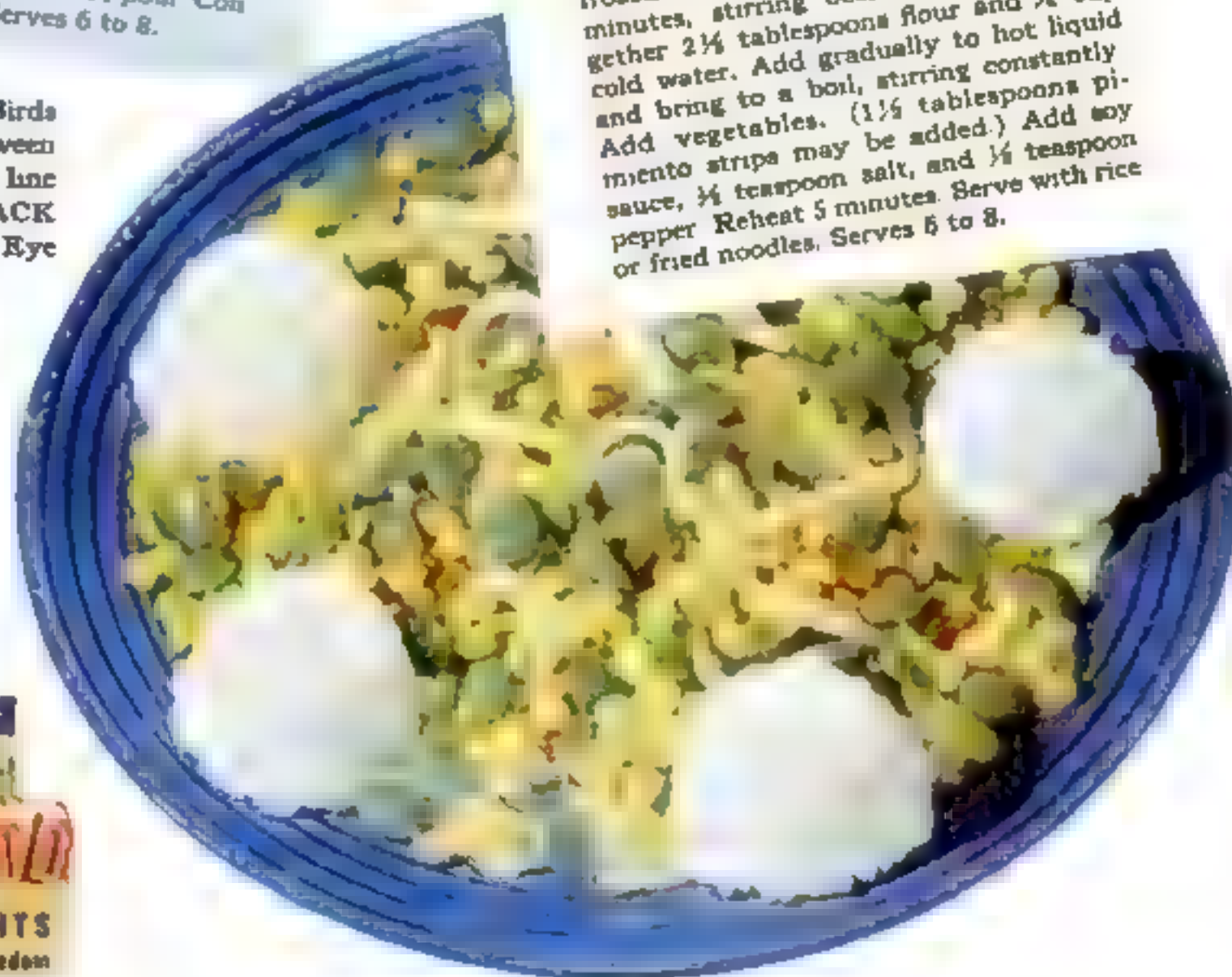
YOU WILL find a wide variety of fruits and vegetables at your Birds Eye grocer's. Try them. They're **DELICIOUS!** But remember: huge quantities have gone to the armed forces. So if you're looking for Spinach—and your grocer is out of it—try Peas, or Cut Corn. Or something else.

WARNING! Not all frosted foods are Birds Eye, and there is a world of difference between brands. (Birds Eye is the *only* complete line with a **SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!**) So . . . look for the Birds Eye on the package. **BE SURE** you get it!



★ HEAR THE NEW
DINAH SHORE SHOW!
Tiptop! Star-studded!
Every Thursday night
9:30 p. m., E.W.T.
Columbia
Broadcasting System

LET'S RESOLVE
to produce, conserve, share
and play square with FOOD!





Feeding cattle on range is one of many uses Farmer Heine finds for his jeep. He says the jeep is invaluable for reaching

the inaccessible parts of the farm because it can climb hills, cross rivers and travel indomitably over mud or snow. With

it he plans to rope cattle, repair the fences, harrow his fields, haul farm machinery and trailers, and even to hunt wolves.



Jeep tows trailerload of wheat. Heine says it has "the best truck hitch ever, and can haul almost anything on a farm."



Amateur mechanics gather in Lucas, Kan. to discuss inner workings of the jeep with its proud owner (third from left).



Battered jeeps await repairs by a dealer in Chicago who bought 16 from Army. He'll have no trouble selling them.

ALASKA HOLIDAY

**Soldiers and War Department girls
have fun at McKinley Park Hotel**

No soldiers are more lonely than the soldiers in Alaska. Home seems far away and in the course of time they learn to curse the bleak beauty of the countryside. To alleviate this loneliness and to give a rest to soldiers who have been stationed for many months in Alaskan and Aleutian outposts, the U. S. Army has taken over the McKinley Park Hotel, most modern hotel in Alaska. In the shadow of Mt. McKinley, highest peak on North American continent, this hotel was built in 1938 by the U. S. Government in anticipation

of an increased tourist trade. Now, with no tourists available, the Army sends soldiers there for a week's stay. During this time they loaf or play, sleep on comfortable beds and eat food well served. Also permitted to stay at hotel are women employees of the War Department who are chaperoned by two Army hostesses.

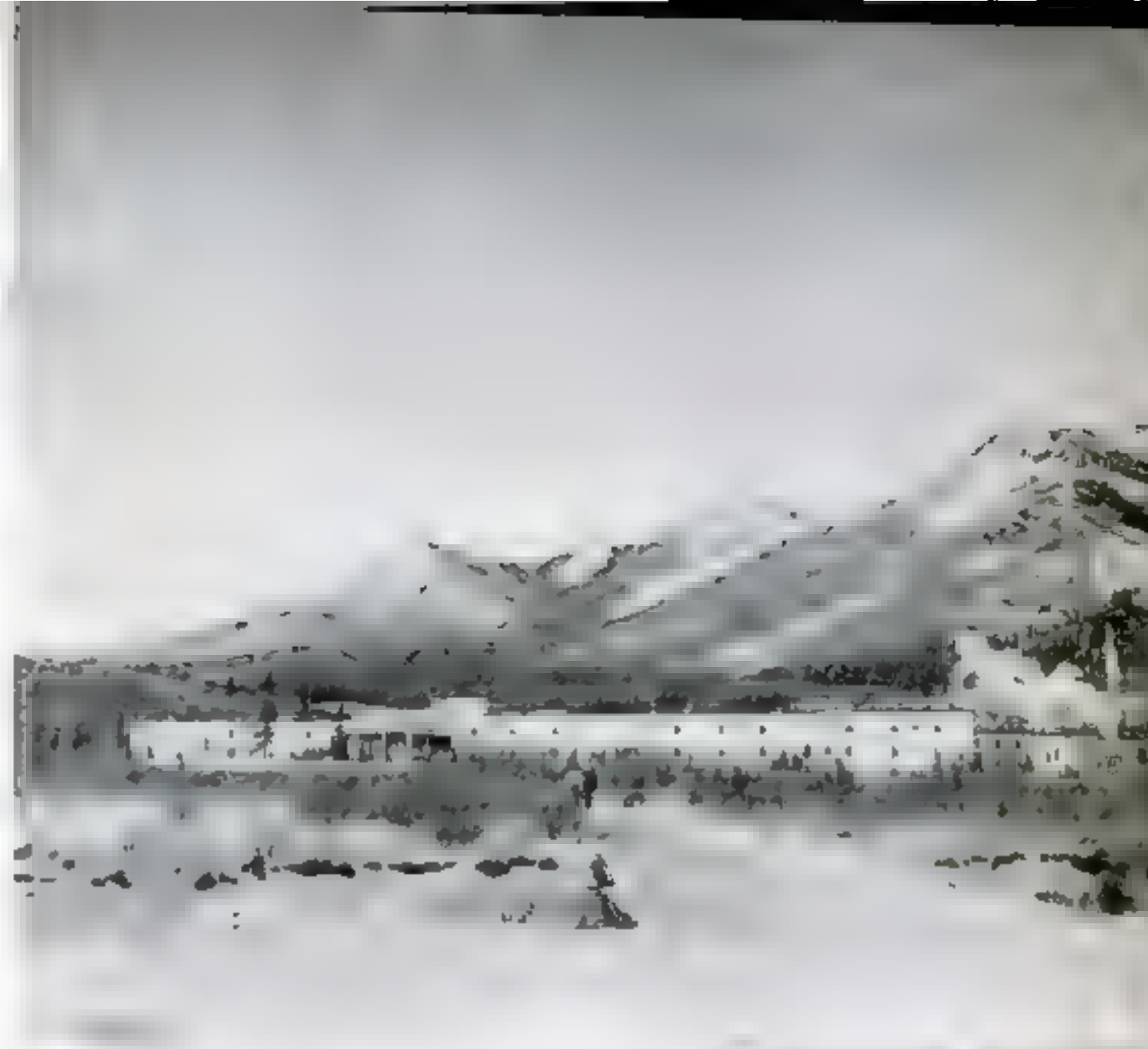
These pictures and the one of the pretty girl on the cover were taken by LIFE Photographer Dmitri Kessel. They show what the soldiers and the girls do for amusement during their all-too-brief Alaska holiday.

THEIR SKIS IN RACKS. TWO LIEUTENANTS ON A HOLIDAY AT MCKINLEY PARK SILENTLY WATCH SUN RISE OVER THE EASTERN MOUNTAINS, CASTING A COLO CLARE ON THE SNOW





Guests arrive at McKinley Park Station on the Alaska Railroad. They are welcomed by hotel's senior hostess, who has driven down by dog team. Many of the girl guests are employees of Army Engineers.



The McKinley Park Hotel, where the soldiers and girls live, was built by the Alaska Railroad for tourists. Completed late in 1938, it cost \$350,000 and has room for 125 guests.



Skating on the black ice of a glacier pond is one of the favorite sports. Here Sgt. Bob Norlung and Marge Mylius, an Army Engineers' employee, hold on to each other. Neither is much good on skates.



Over new snow, which has sprinkled white the only road in McKinley Park, the boys and girls walk to the skating pond. In the background are peaks of the Alaska Range.

After a skiing spill in the fluffy snow Pfc. Louis Schenker pushes down on poles in a vain attempt to get up. Skiing instruction is given to all those interested by a Sun Valley expert who is now in Army.

Flat on her back goes Barbara Brubaker while trying to scurry home up the steep incline. She is also shown on the cover in a picture made before she got snowed over her head.



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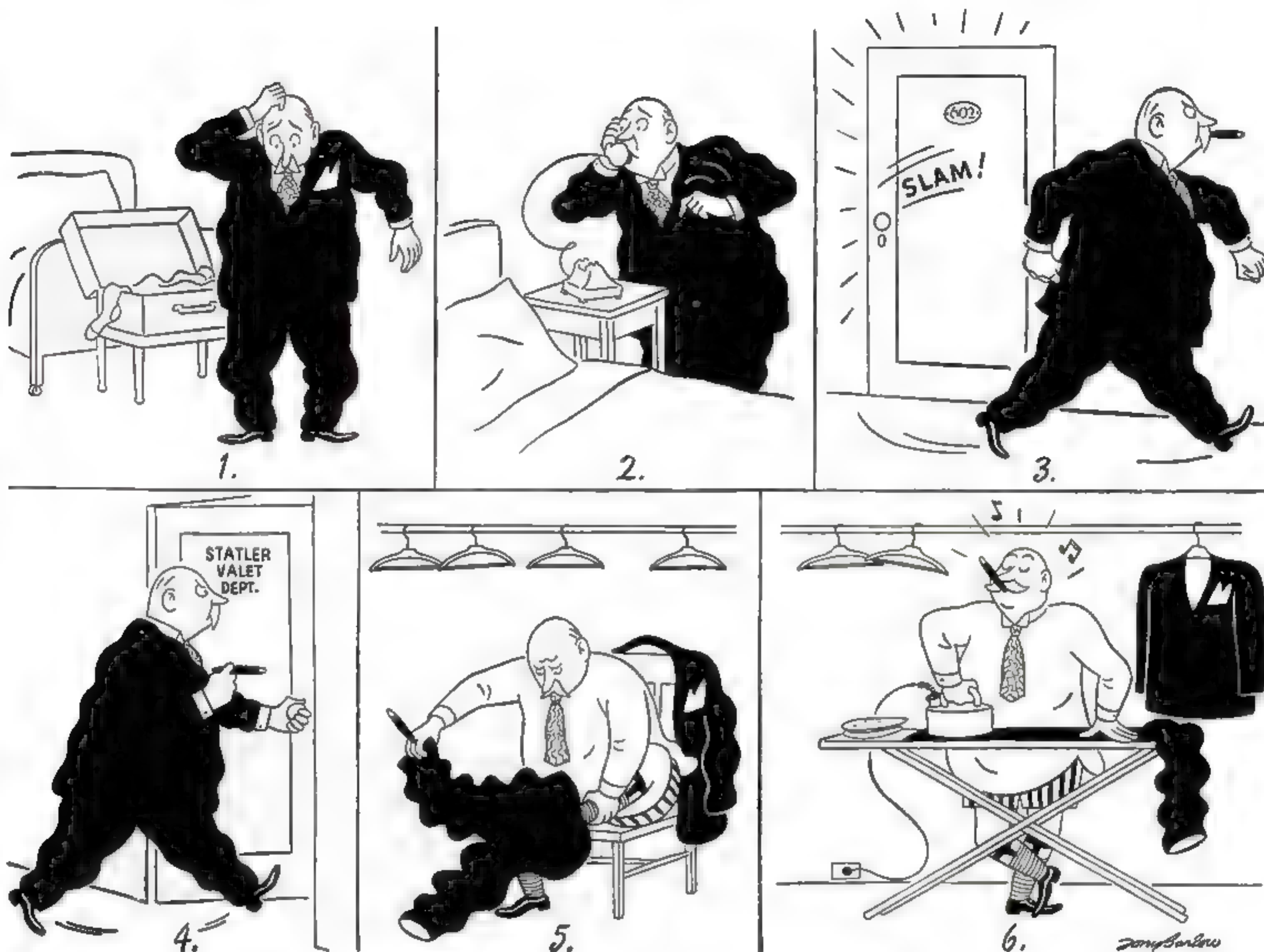


In McKinley Park Hotel's lounge, decorated with WPA paintings of Alaska and the Alaska Range, the soldiers and the girls get to know each other. Although winter sports abound outside in the cold, most soldiers prefer to remain indoors, loitering around and playing bingo.

In a bedroom Sgt. Bob Norling and his roommate, after many months of Army bunks, luxuriate in soft beds and pajamas. All rooms have private bath. Enlisted men pay \$1.75 a day for everything, including meals. Officers pay \$2.25. At the hotel there are no restrictions in rank.



It hasn't come to this yet, but...



No, it hasn't come to this at the Statler Hotels.

You can still get your suit pressed, or your laundry done.

But it may take just a little longer than the split-second service which every Statler tried to give in peacetime. The same holds true of some of the other departments of our eight hotels.

The reason?...

First and foremost, we submit the Statler Service Flag, which now proudly displays 924 stars. That many men who formerly served you so well at the Statlers are now serving their country.

Secondly, there is a serious shortage of the thousand-and-one kinds of material, equipment, and supplies necessary for the normal operation of great hotels.

You can help—by your sympathetic understanding if a minor lapse in service occurs. And by aiding us in conserving linens, room furnishings, and other

hotel equipment so that they will outlast the war.

Of this you may be certain: The really important Statler services will be maintained—the clean, comfortable rooms with their famous beds... delicious meals, as fine as skillful chefs can devise under wartime rationing... and restful relaxation, necessary even in wartime.

**YOUR DOLLARS ARE URGENTLY
NEEDED FOR U. S. WAR BONDS**



HOTELS STATLER IN				STATLER OPERATED	
BOSTON \$3.85	BUFFALO \$3.30	CLEVELAND \$3.00	HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA \$3.85	HOTEL WILLIAM PENN \$3.85	
DETROIT \$3.00	ST. LOUIS \$3.00	WASHINGTON \$4.50	NEW YORK	PITTSBURGH	

Rates Begin At Prices Shown

"TOURISTS" in our western wonderland



Keep on buying WAR BONDS!

Southern Pacific is host to thousands of men in uniform who are now "visiting" the West for the first time.

Some had never been aboard a train till war came. Many had never been very far away from their home city or village.

These bright, sturdy youngsters with faces pressed against our train windows—what do they think of our western country? Will they want to travel here again after the war when they can do as they please?



Now THESE YOUNG MEN are riding along the bayous and cypress glades of Louisiana and across the great sweep of Texas and Arizona on our Sunset route...

Or down through the Middlewest and along the old Long Horn Trail on our Golden State route from Chicago to El Paso... across the colorful Southwest with its deserts, buttes and mesas...

Or on our Overland route they follow the historic path of the Forty-Niners over the High Sierra and down through the old gold workings to San Francisco. Or climb the Cascades and the Siskiyou on our Shasta route which skirts lovely mountain lakes and great forests of California and the Pacific Northwest. They are seeing new horizons of their America.

AMONG THOSE WHO KNOW these wartime tourists best are our "train riders"—the S.P. passenger representatives who accompany troop trains and act as liaison officers between the military and the railroad. The train riders tell us these boys are absorbed in what they see and surprised by the great distances.

"Gee, what a big country!"... "Think I'll come back some day and fish that stream!"... "What crops do they raise here?"... "Swell country, huh? I sure would like to look around out here again when this is over!"... "My, this is a pretty place"—and then with constant loyalty and some wistfulness—"but you ought to see my home town!"

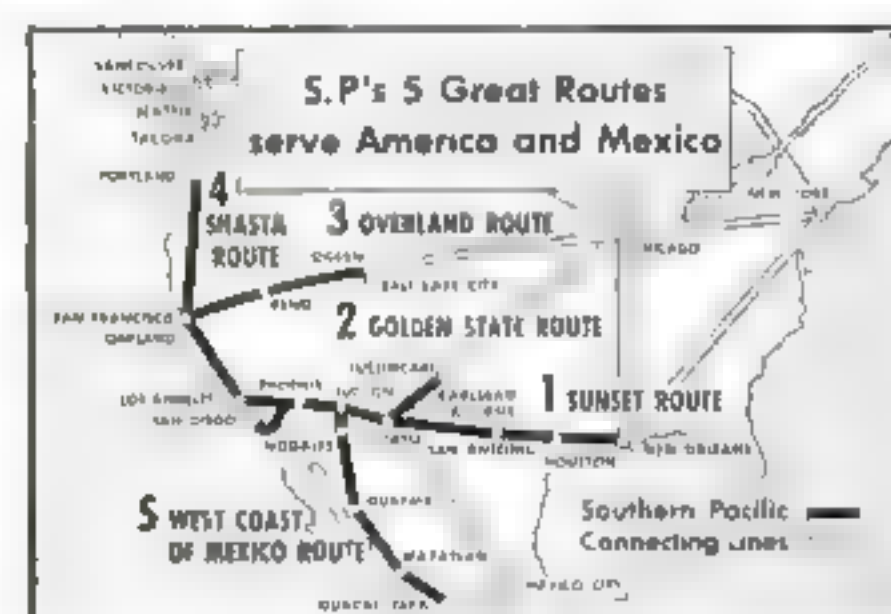
Yes, we think a good proportion of these service men now sampling the West will come back in peacetime. Then they'll see Yosemite and Lake Tahoe, Carlsbad Caverns, our giant Redwoods, Crater Lake, and other attractions few fighting men have time to visit now.

WHAT THESE TRAVELERS THINK and feel interests us as railroaders, as westerners, and as fathers with sons of our own in the service.

Right now we are doing our best to handle a heavy traffic load, to keep the war trains rolling, and to give the best transportation possible during wartime.

Until this war is won it's up to each of us to give our armed forces the kind of backing that will assure the greatest number coming back safely!

We look forward to the day when we can serve these men again, and in better fashion. After the war we will be able to provide service not only better than the wartime variety, but service improved beyond all previous peacetime standards.



S·P

The friendly
Southern Pacific

HEADQUARTERS: SAN FRANCISCO

One of America's railroads—
ALL united for Victory



TRAPPED ON A BARN BEAM IT WAS USING AS RUNWAY, THIS GRAY RAT WILL DO NO MORE DAMAGE TO FARM. A DUB OR DROWNING IN A BUCKET OF WATER WILL KILL IT

U.S. CHILDREN HELP WAGE BIG WAR ON RATS

U. S. farmers are usually philosophic about having rats around their places, accepting as part of a farmer's lot the damage that the rodents do in eating poultry and eggs, consuming or spoiling livestock feed. This year, however, farmers are in arms against the rats. The rats themselves are no worse than usual but food, especially livestock feed, is more expensive and much more difficult to get. An average rat eats or destroys about \$45 worth of food a year. One

rat may consume 100 lb. of hard-to-get chicken feed a year, which is as much as a chicken eats.

Fighting back, the farmers have enlisted their children as allies in this war against rats. Urged on by 4-H Clubs and directed by the Fish and Wild Life Service of the Department of Interior, U. S. farm kids are poisoning rats, trapping them, hunting them down with their dogs. Communities have spurred them on to great feats of rat-killing with bounties for

dead rats (*see next page*). War bond prizes are given to the boy or girl who gets the most rats, or the heaviest ones or the ones with longest tails. Even dogs and cats have been cited for meritorious work.

Rats are not easily put down. A normal female has five to 12 litters totaling as many as 120 baby rats a year. She starts breeding, moreover, when she is three months old. Aside from spreading disease, rats inflict a total damage in the U. S. of \$180,000,000.

War on Rats (continued)



A TRAPPED RAT BITES OFF TAIL OR LEG TO RELEASE ITSELF. FRANTIC AT FIRST, THE RAT CHEWS BELOW WHERE CAUGHT, THEN HAS TO CHEW A SECOND PLACE TO GET FREE



Champion rat-killer of Grand Island, N. Y. is Robert De Glopper, 7, who proudly holds tail just chopped off rat. Robert has made himself nemesis of the rats on his grandfather's farm.



83 rat tails are presented to town clerk by Robert as token of his kill. These bring his November total up to 244 tails. Robert uses money received as rat bounty to buy war stamps.

THE TOWN OF GRAND ISLAND

Terms . . .

Department **General**

Name of Vendor **Robert DeGlopper** Dr.

Order No. P. O. Address **Grand Island, New York**

11-30		Order No.	Quantity	ITEMS	Price	Amount
Nov.	29		83	rat tails	.03	2.49

AT 3 CENTS A RAT, ROBERT GETS \$2.49 AND FORMAL RECEIPT FOR THE TAILS HE TURNS IN. ROBERT AND OTHERS HAVE KILLED MORE THAN 1,000 RATS ON GRANDFATHER'S FARM

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37

Pilots love *Pretty noses*

AMERICAN Airlines Flight No. 7 to Chicago is ready on the runway. Cargo aboard; passengers checked; doors locked tight on the silvery-slim ship. But not until Ramp Agent Betty Beach puts her finger on her pretty little nose does the pilot know what he wants to know most of all: that he's ready to roll and leaving on schedule.

Betty Beach is one of the country's thousands of women who've recently gone into necessary civilian service to release a man to fight. And she loves it!

It has meant telescoping her life...making the most of every minute. For her beauty care, she's sticking to DuBarry Beauty Preparations...first introduced to her in the famous Success School Course.

She found how much more effective these co-related preparations are. Each one is scientifically formulated for a special purpose. But all are chemically blended to be compatible, so that they work together to give better results.

How effective co-related DuBarry

Beauty Preparations are has been proven to over 110,000 Success School pupils. Newest of these products is DuBarry Beauty Cake Make-up, which Miss Beach banks on to keep her lovely Success School complexion, in spite of airport winds and dust.

DuBARRY

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS
BY RICHARD HUDNUT

*Featured in the Richard Hudnut Salon
and DuBarry Success School, 693 Fifth
Avenue, New York... And at Better
Cosmetic Counters Everywhere*



Sixty-second make-up! DuBarry Beauty Cake gives a brand new, satin-smooth complexion in a minute. It's a combination powder base (for protection) and powder too...and it stays on!



It's little blemishes and fine lines. DuBarry Beauty Cake makes the skin look wonderfully luminous; provides a flattering, lasting finish in whatever complexion tone you wish. \$1.50.



Apply DuBarry Beauty Cake Make-up with a pad of cotton or a little sponge dampened in water...or DuBarry Foundation Lotion if skin is dry. Smooth on until even. Dust with DuBarry Face Powder for the finishing touch.



"SWAN, OLD BIRD, IS IT TRUE SWANS HAVE FOUR LIVES?"

YOU BET, BABY! Every snowy cake of Swan leads *four* lives all at once! That's 'cause it's *one* soap that does *four* big washing jobs. Look, I'll show you why right in your own home . . .

1. **FIRST PLACE** —Swan's your soap! Being a war baby, you probably never have had imported castles in your tub—but Swan's just as pure! Heavenly-mild and gentle!

2. **SECOND PLACE** —Swan's a swell *bath* soap! Just ask your Daddy! (He's that good-looking soldier who let you chew his finger last week-end, remember?) My, how he goes for a rich, quick-lathering Swan bath! So does your Mom!

3. **THIRD PLACE** —Swan's a great *dish* soap! Suds up fast in one eye-twinkle—and it's so kind to your Mommy's hands. And *she* needs pampering—what with canning and cooking and doing so much more these days! Swan's less wasteful, too: it's firm. Lasts and lasts!

SWAN IS **FOUR**
SWELL SOAPS
IN **ONE**



Two convenient sizes—Large and Regular

MADE BY LEVER BROTHERS CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



4. **FOURTH PLACE** —Swan's grand for *duds*! Just right for the light laundry Mom does—your things and hers! Swan's so gentle it helps 'em last longer. So . . . now you know why Swan's 4 swell soaps in 1! The only soap any family needs for baby, bath, dishes, and silks!



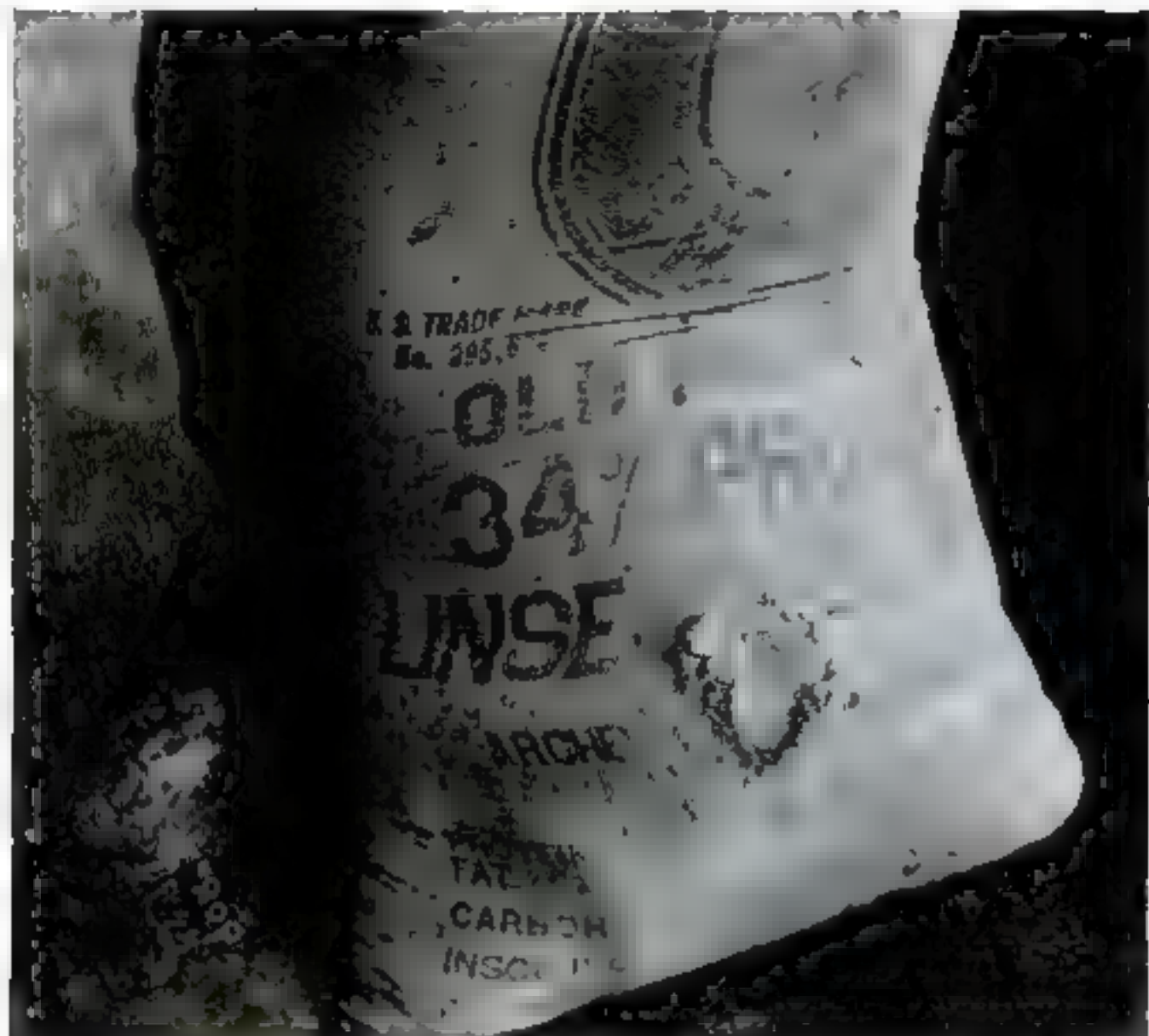
"OH BOY, OH JOY, OH FOLKS
I'M ON THE AIR!"
says GRACIE ALLEN

It's that lovable,
double-trouble Gracie!
And long-suffering George!

TUNE IN: George Burns
and Gracie Allen,
CBS, Tuesday nights.



UNCLE SAM SAYS: **DON'T WASTE SOAP** 1. Don't leave soap in water. 2. Don't make more lather than you need. 3. Beware of a wet soap dish! Keep it dry.



Damaged dairy food is a two-way loss for farmers. Not only do rats eat the food but they also ruin the feed sacks which, if undamaged, can be redeemed for 20¢ each.



Rat trails, the dark streaks at right of the door, are left by animals climbing up the side of a barn. Rats do not enter only from the ground. They will scale a 15-ft. wall.



A hollowed sill beam is removed from a barn after the rats have gnawed into it for a nesting place. Such damage is responsible for many tumble-down farm buildings.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

treat yourself to...
CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY
... and soda



buy war bonds first!

California Grape Brandy 84 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corporation, N.Y.
Tune in "Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival of Music" starring
Horton Gould's Orchestra and Alec Templeton over C. B. S. each Wednesday evening.



"Kiss me AGAIN WITH YOUR BARBASOL FACE"

YOUR FACE feels smoother and softer, looks cleaner and younger—when Barbasol conquers your beard and wins your skin with those wonderful ingredients that have made it such a favorite around the world. [No wonder pretty little Nellie prefers the man with a silk and satin Barbasol Face.]



TRY BARBASOL! Let its amazing efficiency tell you why more men shave this faster, quicker, sweeter, more skin-protective way than with any other brand on earth. Read the directions on the label. No brush, no lather, no rub-in—just wet your beard, spread on Barbasol, and then begin—to get yourself a finer Barbasol Face. Large size 25¢; Giant size 50¢; Family size 75¢. Tubes or Jars.



War on Rats (continued)



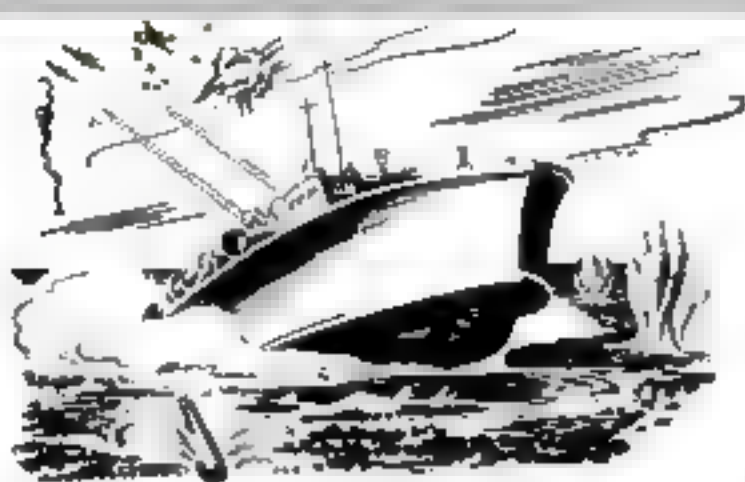
Farmer tells 4-H Club members how to set rat poison. Bait on rat run is covered by a box with a hole. Box hides rats while eating, gives them false feeling of security.



Trap is set at rathole gnawed in chicken-house wall. When rat steps on cardboard, placed over trigger, the trap is sprung. The bait is used on traps not set in runway.



A grain bin is a good place to catch rats. Here a small-animal trap, such as used for muskrat, is being placed. It is set off when rat touches the small disk in the center.



Fresh food on the high seas during long periods away from port depends on compact, efficient refrigeration



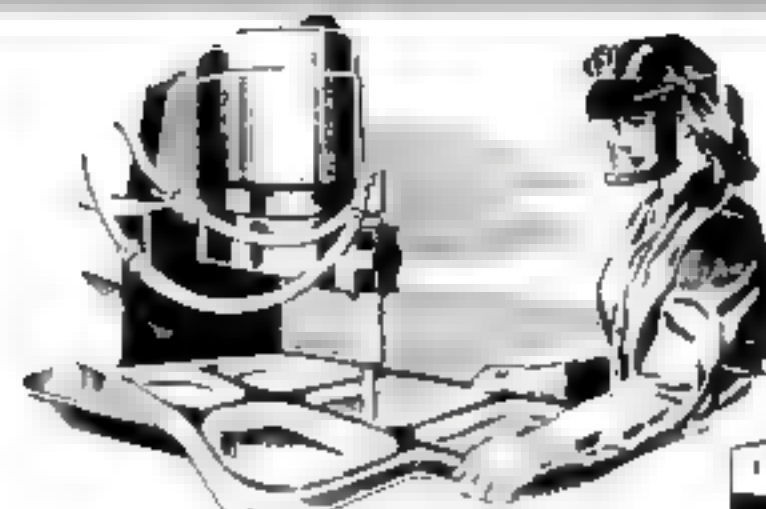
Self-Contained
1/4 h.p. Refrigerating Unit



Cool, clean air protects the life of the wounded in Army hospitals. Special aircraft refrigerators safeguard serums



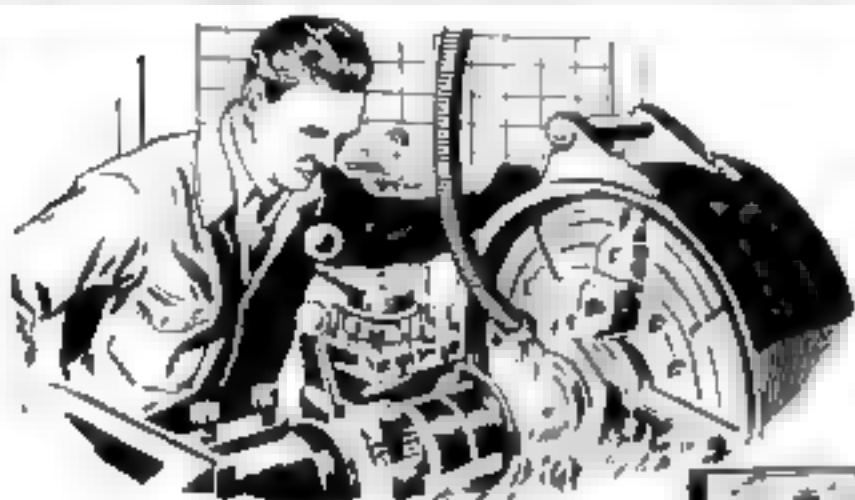
Aluminum
Aircraft Refrigerator



Peak welding efficiency is made possible by cooling of tips with water or brine held always at proper temperature



Spot Welder
Tip Cooling Unit



Tool life is increased and rejections are fewer when cutting oils used in high-speed machining are properly cooled



Refrigerating Unit



The health of our armed forces is protected by dependable refrigeration in canneries, huts, and aboard ships



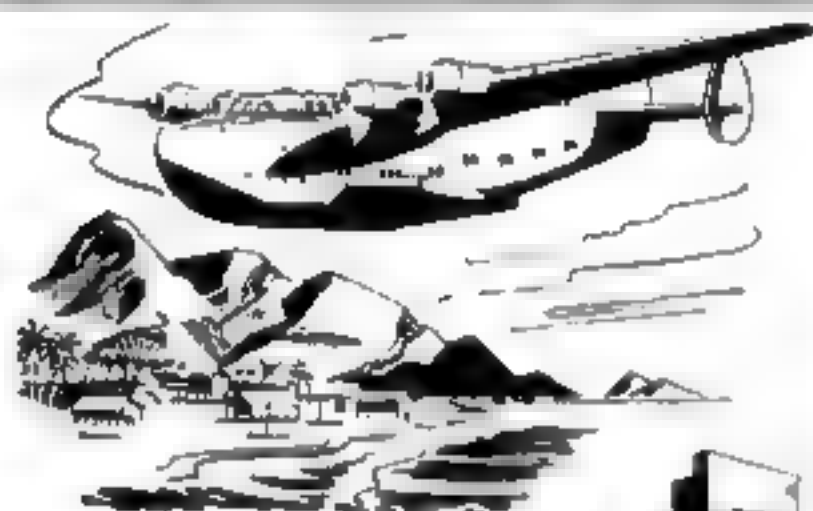
14 Cylinder
Refrigerating Compressor



Super accuracy in gauge rooms is possible when air is clean, dehumidified, and held at fixed, constant temperature



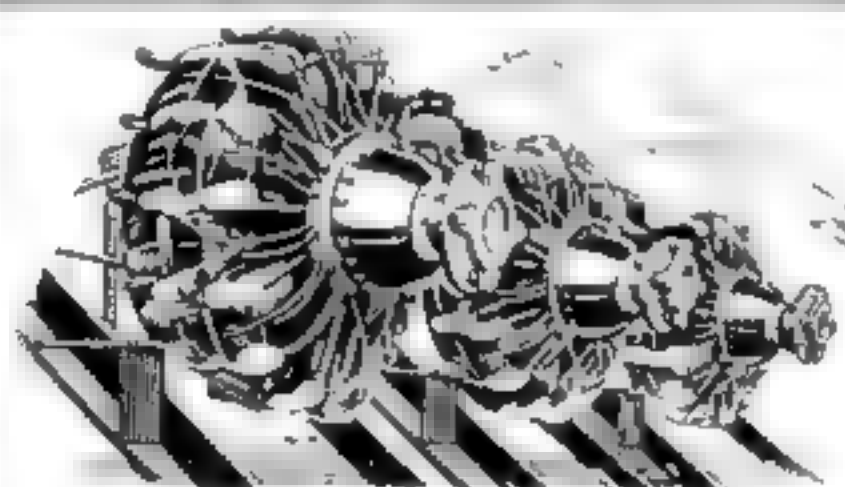
3 h.p. "Packaged"
Air Conditioner



Protection in the tropics against the ravages of humid atmosphere is imperative to preserve food and equipment



Portable Panel
Refrigerating Unit



Identical performance of aircraft engines is assured by tests with carburetor air kept at the same temperature



14 Cylinder
Air Conditioning Compressor



Clean, dry atmosphere is vital for machining sensitive metal surfaces where a spot of rust would ruin products



5 h.p. "Packaged"
Air Conditioner

★ CHRYSLER AIRTEMP AT WAR ★



From tiny, fractional horsepower to big 75 horsepower units, Chrysler Airtemp Radial Compressors are performing a major war job on both the production and battle fronts all over the world.

The science of air control is built around the compressor. Chrysler Airtemp's *exclusive* Variable Capacity Radial Compressor provides a new efficiency and accuracy in indoor climate regulation. The radial cylinders cut in or out automatically, one at a time, to meet varying load requirements. This flexibility eliminates the peaks and valleys resulting from frequent starting and stopping of ordinary compressors . . . holds both temperature and humidity

at a constant, desired level. The Airtemp compressor is so quiet and smooth-running, you can balance a penny on it at 1750 R.P.M.

Years spent in building delicate mechanisms, have developed high-precision, versatile skills at Airtemp, now devoted to war production. Backed by Chrysler Corporation research and engineering, when peace comes, these skills will again create heating, cooling and refrigeration units for homes and commercial use that will set new, high standards of efficiency and performance.

The lessons learned during peace in free competitive enterprise—freedom of the individual to produce and compete—bring strength to a nation at war.

WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Tanks • Tank Engines • Navy Anti-Aircraft Guns • Army Anti-Aircraft Guns • Bomber Fuselage Sections • Bomber Wings • Bomb Racks • Bomb Shackles • Fighter Landing Gears • Aluminum Alloy Forgings • Aluminum Alloy Castings • High-Powered Aircraft Engines • Cycloaloid Cement • Wide Variety of Ammunition • Anti-Tank Vehicles • Command Reconnaissance Cars • Troop and Cargo Motor Transports • Ambulances • Weapons Carriers • Gyro-Compasses • Navy Pontoons • Marine Tractors • Harbor Tugs • Marine and Industrial Engines • Smoke Screen Generators • Air Raid Sirens and Fire Fighting Equipment • Powdered Metal Parts • Containment Furnaces • Tent Heaters • Refrigeration Compressors • Field Kitchens • and Other Important War Equipment

Chrysler Corporation buys materials or services from over 9,800 subcontractors in 956 towns in 39 states.

Chrysler Corporation

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • AIRTEMP • AMPLEX

BACK THE ATTACK—BUY WAR BONDS

Time to Major Shows every Thursday, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.



The whole thing started here on the set of *Two Sisters and a Sailor* where Marie Hansen was taking photographs of the studio orchestra led by George Stoll, Producer Joseph Pasternak (under the baton) saw Miss Hansen and decided she looked good enough to be a movie actress.

On this assignment Marie took pictures of the glamorized dream girls which have already appeared in *LIFE* (Dec. 20). Little did the girl photographer dream, as she dashed around the studio in slacks and shirt, that she too was going to be glamorized just like those dream girls.



What to do with Hansen's hair was a question requiring attentions of Marie who seemed absorbed in problem, Pasternak who seemed animated by it, and Make-up-man Jack Dawn who seemed worried by it. Session ended by doing hair in much the same way Marie always does it.



The make-up job brought Marie close to one of the profound truths of Hollywood. "About the time the false eyelashes were stuck on a face I no longer recognized," she wrote in her report on the screen test. "I began to muse on the possibility that movie stars are made, not born."

SCREEN TEST

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wants to make a movie star out of LIFE Photographer Marie Hansen

Ideas for movies seem to hit Hollywood wholesale. All of a sudden most of the film companies find themselves making movies about war nurses, or war correspondents or dream themes. Lately the studios have been fascinated by girl photographers. Tallulah Bankhead in *Lifeboat*, Joan Leslie in *The Sky's the Limit*, Ann Sheridan in *One More Tomorrow* and Claudette Colbert in *No Time for Love* have all recently played girl photographers. Although they are all lovely women, adept at the actor's art of holding the mirror up to nature, none of the stars played her part convincingly enough to make a picture magazine editor offer her a job as photographer.

But now Marie Hansen of LIFE's photographic staff has shown Hollywood how to hold nature up to the mirror. A real, honest-to-goodness girl photographer, Miss Hansen so impressed Hollywood by her good looks that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, instead of trying to make photographers out of its movie stars, wants to make a movie star out of Marie.

Not long ago LIFE assigned Miss Hansen to take pictures at M-G-M. There Producer Joseph Pasternak saw her working busily on the set.

"I clambered dusty and disheveled from the catwalk," reported Miss Hansen. "Pasternak came over and asked if I'd be interested in a screen test. I just laughed. When publicity man Ted Morris walked by later, I asked if an offer of a screen test were part of the routine welcome for photographers. He assured me it was a rarity. Then he checked with Pasternak and, before I knew much about it, plans were made for me to take the screen test and for LIFE's Peter Stackpole to photograph the event."

"When they arranged for Walter Pidgeon to be photographed with me, I began to be a little more interested in the proceedings. So on a bright morning, blithe, buxom, husky Marie Hansen reported to the M-G-M lot, minus her cameras and closely followed by Stackpole."

What happened from then on is shown in these pictures and told in Miss Hansen's words. "Pasternak," concluded the girl photographer in her bemused report, "offered me a contract but I wasn't too tempted by it. At present writing I have the offer of dramatic coaching and a later test." Any further episodes on adventures of Marie in movies will be reported here.



"The test was made," wrote Marie, "on a set used for *Two Sisters and a Sailor* as Director Thorpe could oversee. I have never been more uncomfortable for I was at the wrong end of the cameras and the production crew was a skeptical audience."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

*"I pack a punch
IN EVERY MEAL
yet keep within my food budget"*



Says Mrs. Ann Baldwin,
of Brattleboro, Vermont,
as told to Grace K. Doak,
Society & Woman's Page Editor,
Reformer, Brattleboro, Vermont

"I am determined to keep my family well fed and strong... for now good health is very important. I shop at my A&P Super Market. I find it so easy to choose the good things I require at my A&P. Its wide variety permits an almost endless selection. And my A&P 'Super' is easy on our food budget, too. I believe its thrifty prices are hard to beat. I've been shopping at my A&P for more than 10 years, and I should know. As for quality, consider Ann Page Foods. They're so typical of what I can get at A&P. Just try them once and you'll agree that, if for no other reason, it's worthwhile to market at A&P."



Try this trio

OF ANN PAGE FAVORITES



Let Ann Page Macaroni, Spaghetti and Noodles introduce you to the top quality of their famous family of 33 good-things-to-eat. The Macaroni and Spaghetti are made from fancy semolina... the Noodles with real egg yolks. One trial will tell you that here's grand eating! And their prices will prove that truly fine quality need not be high-priced.

ANN PAGE FOODS
America's Pantry Favorites

*Save up to 25%** ON MANY FINE FOODS

*Many A&P brands (sold only at A&P) bring you savings up to 25% compared to prices usually asked for other nationally known products of comparable quality. These savings are yours because A&P brings these good things direct from their source to you with many unnecessary in-between expenses cut from their cost.

33 Ann Page Foods	A&P Canned Fruits and Vegetables
Eight O'Clock, Red Circle and Bokar Coffees	7 Sunnyfield Cereals
Jane Parker Cakes, Rolls and "Dated" Donuts	White Salt
Marvel "Enriched" Bread	Cleaning Aids
Nectar and Our Own Teas	Sunnyfield Flours
	and many other fine foods

© 1944. The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company



SOLD ONLY AT A&P FOOD STORES

KEEP IN TUNE — WITH PIPE APPEAL!*



So-o-o! He changed to P.A. and as everyone sees... they now get along with the greatest of ease...

THAT'S a woman for you! Going at sight for the man who smokes a pipe. But don't let her go right on by you! Keep her sold with true PIPE APPEAL... the grand aroma, the special fragrance of Prince Albert's choice tobacco. Let the woman who likes to see you smoke a pipe enjoy it too. And favor your own comfort with P. A. It's the brand of rich taste that's easy on the tongue. "No-bite" treated for super mildness. Crimp cut for easy packing, smooth drawing. World's largest seller... P. A. for PIPE APPEAL.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOB. CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

BAN BITE
FROM YOUR PIPE—
GET MILD, TASTE-RICH,
EASY-SMOKING
P.A.

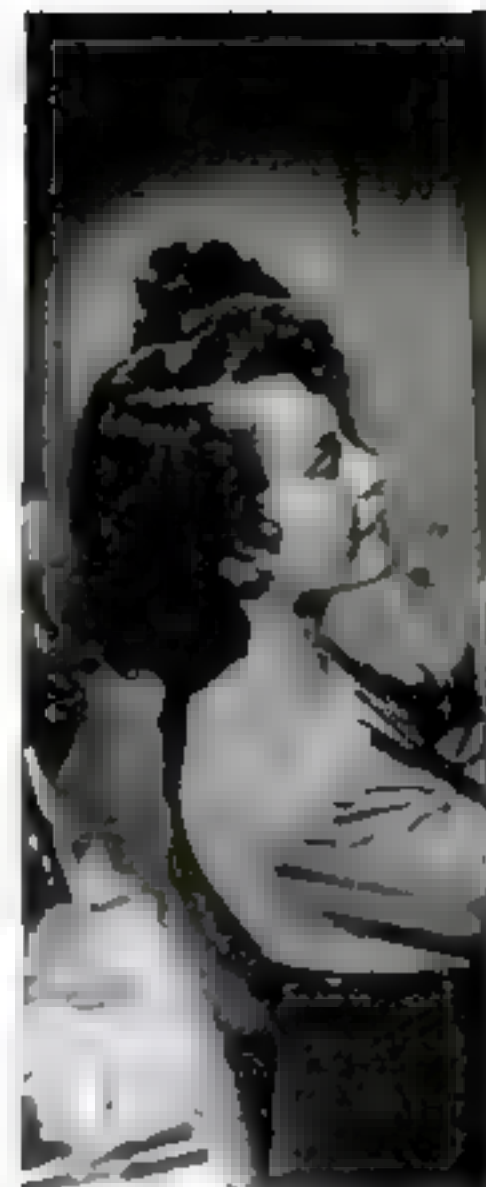
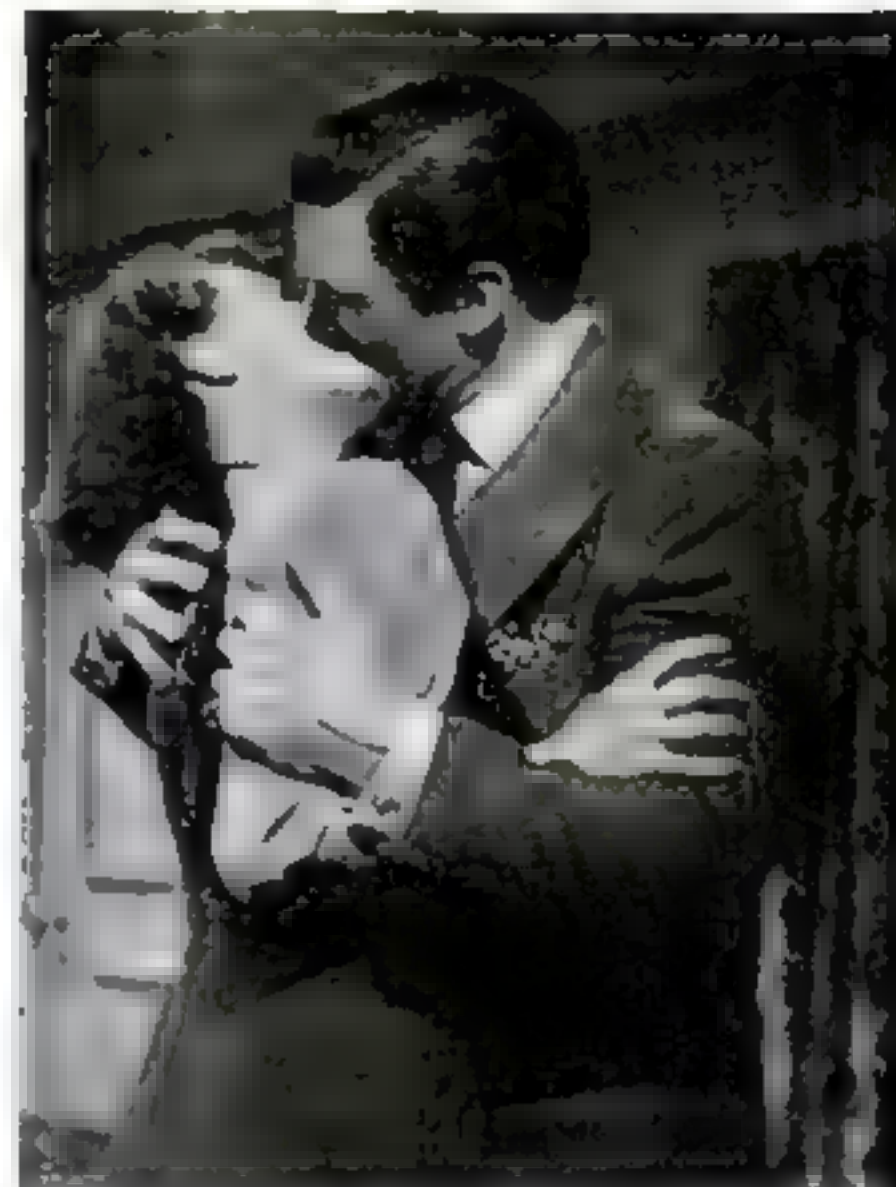
50
pipetubs of fragrant
tobacco in every
handy pocket pack-
age of Prince Albert

70
fine roll-your-own
cigarettes in every
handy pocket pack-
age of Prince Albert



*
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Marie's Screen Test (continued)



"Walter Pidgeon and I were given a brief three-line scene to be shot: Walter races through door of my dressing-room to congratulate me on a fictional stage triumph. 'Darling,' he says, 'you were wonderful tonight.' 'Thank you,' I reply modestly, 'I



"My favorite photo is the one with the horrendous expression. I had just flubbed my one line and had to do it over. The kissing scene could have been exciting for most girls, but I broke the clinch to ask Stackpole if he had gotten the picture."



...kisses me according to the script. I removed stray lipstick before thanking him. He said he hoped I would ask answered, 'about the 10th picture I'll do that.'"



...did it all for you.' Then he and straightened the Folgers in the for him as a leading man. 'Fine, I

"The glamor photographs were made by Clarence Bull, beautifier extraordinary and the only still photographer for whom Garbo will pose. Chief point proved, I believe, is the fact that without inhaling I can wear a Lana Turner gown neatly zipped."

A Husband has to Learn Some Time!



WHEN BOB AND I were first married, it used to worry me every time he took a laxative. He'd dose himself with some awful-tasting stuff that upset him terribly. He called it a "he-man's medicine", but it always left him feeling worse than before! **Some laxatives are too strong!**



LATER ON, BOB SWITCHED to another kind of laxative. It tasted pretty bad, too, but he figured it would be easier on him. It was easier, all right—so "easy", in fact, that it just stirred him up inside, without giving him the relief he needed. **Some laxatives are too mild!**



FINALLY, I PERSUADED BOB to give Ex-Lax a trial. I knew how effective it had been for me, and I felt sure it would help him too. I was right! Bob liked its fine chocolate taste. And Ex-Lax brought him real relief so effectively, yet so comfortably! It's not too strong, not too mild...

EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—
Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax—the Chocolate Laxative! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle!
As a precaution use only as directed

10c and 25c at all drug stores

EX-LAX

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE



Colonial-type living room is attractively furnished but without pictures the walls look blank and bare. Even one good-sized painting hung over the mantelpiece would give the room character. How four paintings change appearance of room is shown at right.



Contemporary paintings fit into rooms of any period. Here, a water color by Kruckman, a gouache by Eaton (in color, page opposite) and a water color by Kruckman.

DEPARTMENT STORES POPULAR

About 20 department stores throughout the country are backing a movement to take the mystery and mumbo jumbo out of the sale of original paintings by contemporary American artists. Under the shrewd title of "Tomorrow's Masterpieces" these stores have placed on sale, for \$25 to \$350, selected paintings of about 250 American artists. Each painting is marked with a clear price tag (see page opposite). The artist, like any manufacturer selling merchandise to a store, determines what he wants for his product. In each

case his take is 60% of the retail tag. The other 40% covers the store's cost of selling and a small profit.

The art world is watching with interest the "Tomorrow's Masterpieces" project because it is the first time that department-store selling technique has been applied to selling contemporary art. Art flourishes when artists get practical encouragement. The artists of the Renaissance produced many great paintings because the Church and the nobility couldn't get enough of them. A few people in the U. S. today are

buying original paintings. Their expert merchandise men are urging many more people to buy. The picture will prosper.

Typical of the paintings on sale are those shown on these pages. A slight urge to own a painting may be a buyer for R. H. Macy & Co. advises, like. The picture you select may or may not be a masterpiece. If it pleases you, it's right.



Nondescript room of no definite period, which is furnished with typical upper middle-class, "good" pieces, looks dull and commonplace with bare walls. Owners of this type room usually buy impressively framed reproductions of paintings by famous masters.



Original paintings, although they may never become masterpieces, add distinction to this characterless room. Note how, in this room, bottom edges of both pictures are at the same level and, in room above, the bottom edges of pictures on the same wall are even.



"Spring Night"—\$133.33: John Sharp, former Grant Wood student, painted these collages. He did it while for Iowa just off work.



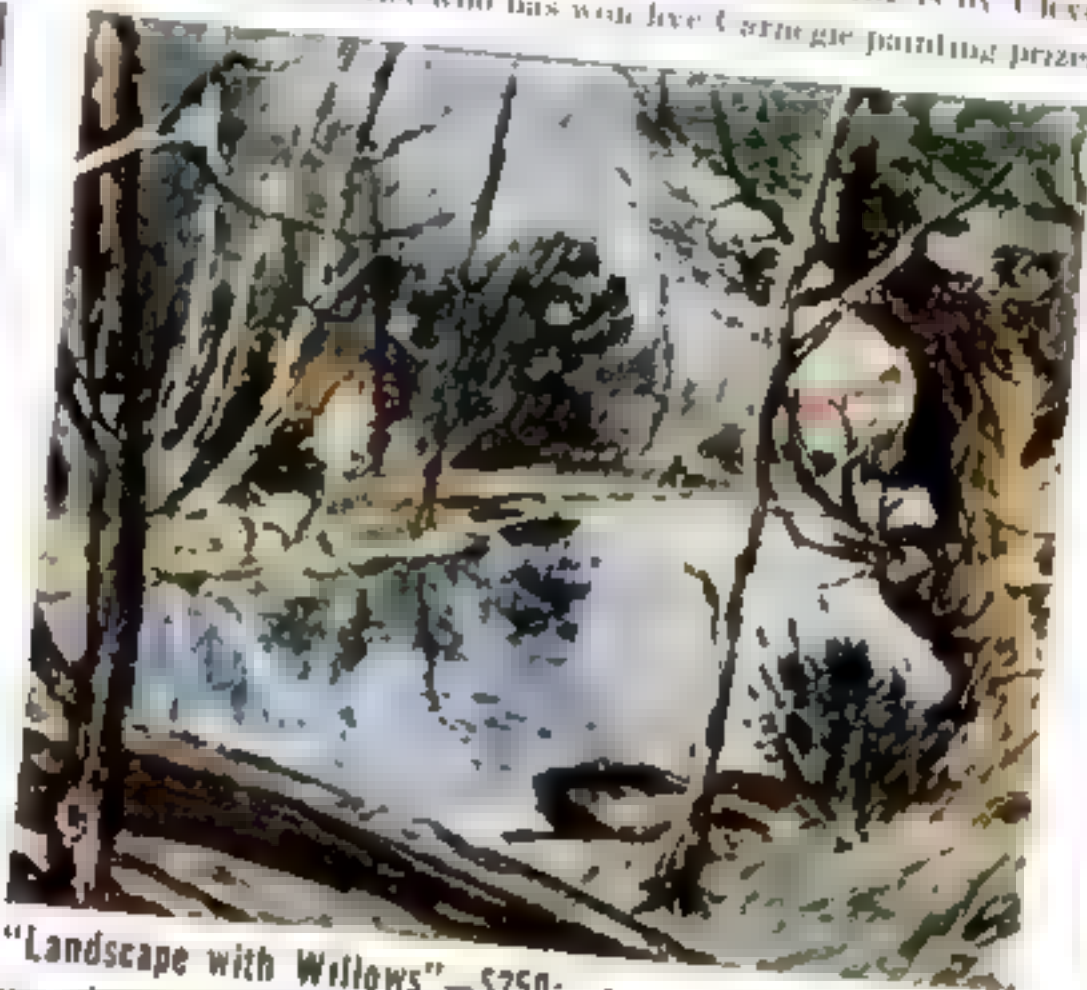
"Shanksville"—\$200: Pennsylvania village scene is by Cleveland Richard Crist who has won five Carnegie painting prizes.



"East River Drive"—\$85: A New York artist, Carol Wenstock, painted the Queensboro Bridge.



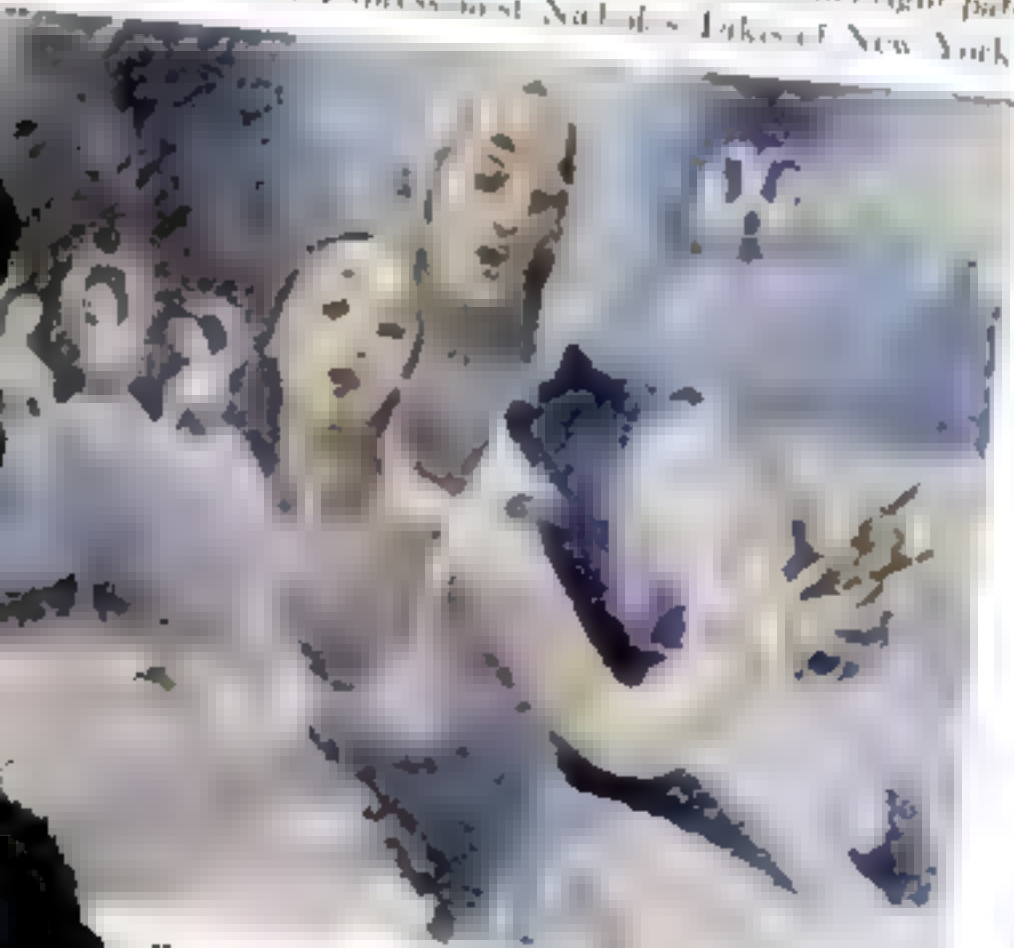
"Composition with Figure"—\$100: good study in right painting of light by Expressionist Nicholas Lukas of New York



"Landscape with Willows"—\$250: after winning three painting scholarships Myron Eaton painted this near Plaan, N. Y.



"Old Barn"—\$75: Marton Levy studied painting in Italy before doing this Pennsylvania scene.



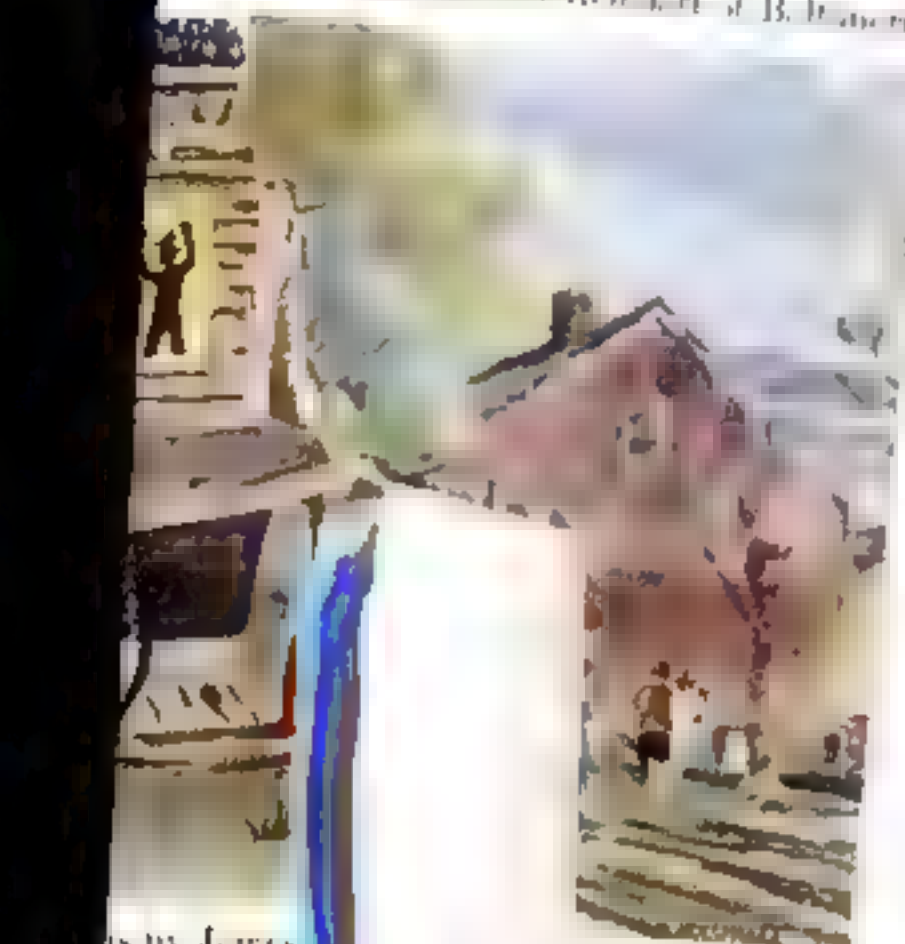
"Box"—\$333.33: drawing of the artist by Stewart Reinhardt of B. D. Moore



"Net Menders"—\$208.33: Portuguese fisherman at Montauk, N. Y. was painted by Harry Shokler of Brooklyn two years ago.

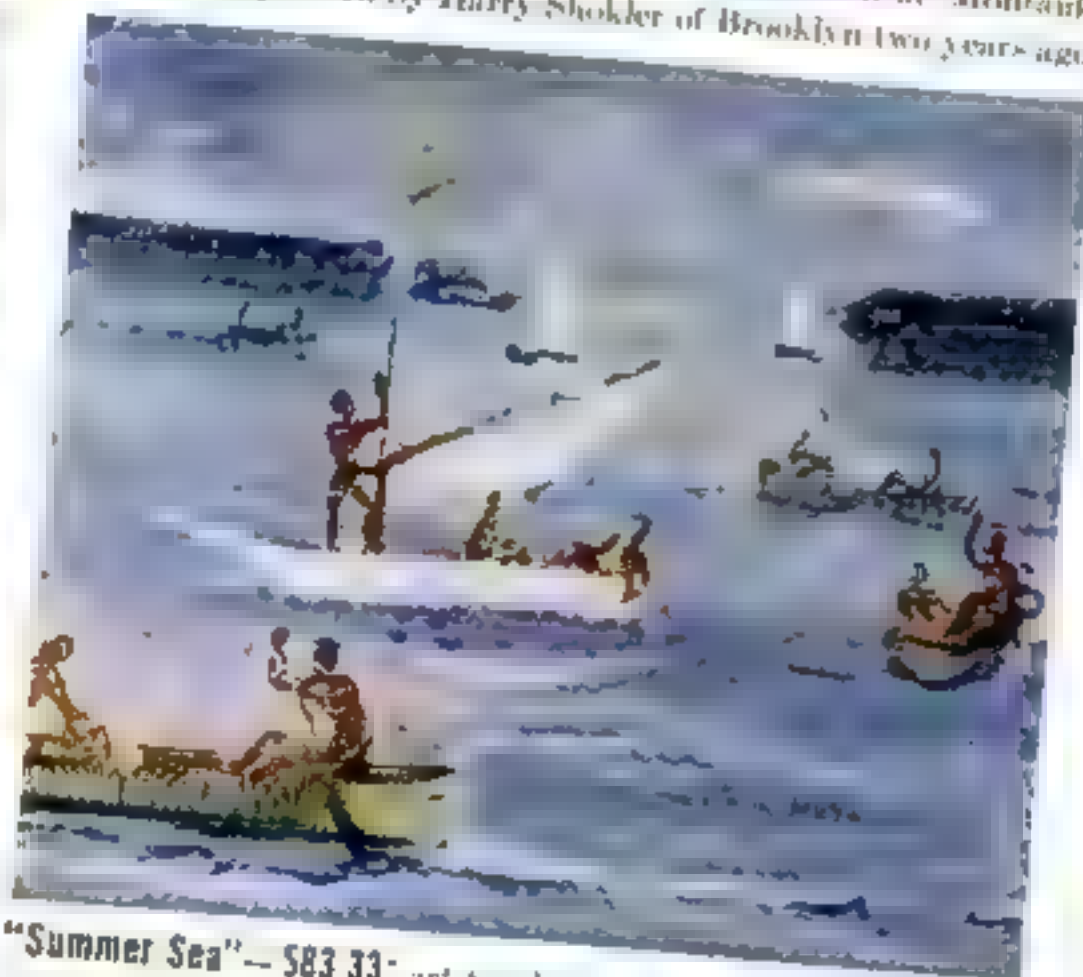


"Autumn Still Life"—\$200: pumpkins & apples for market make colorful design by Harry Lane.

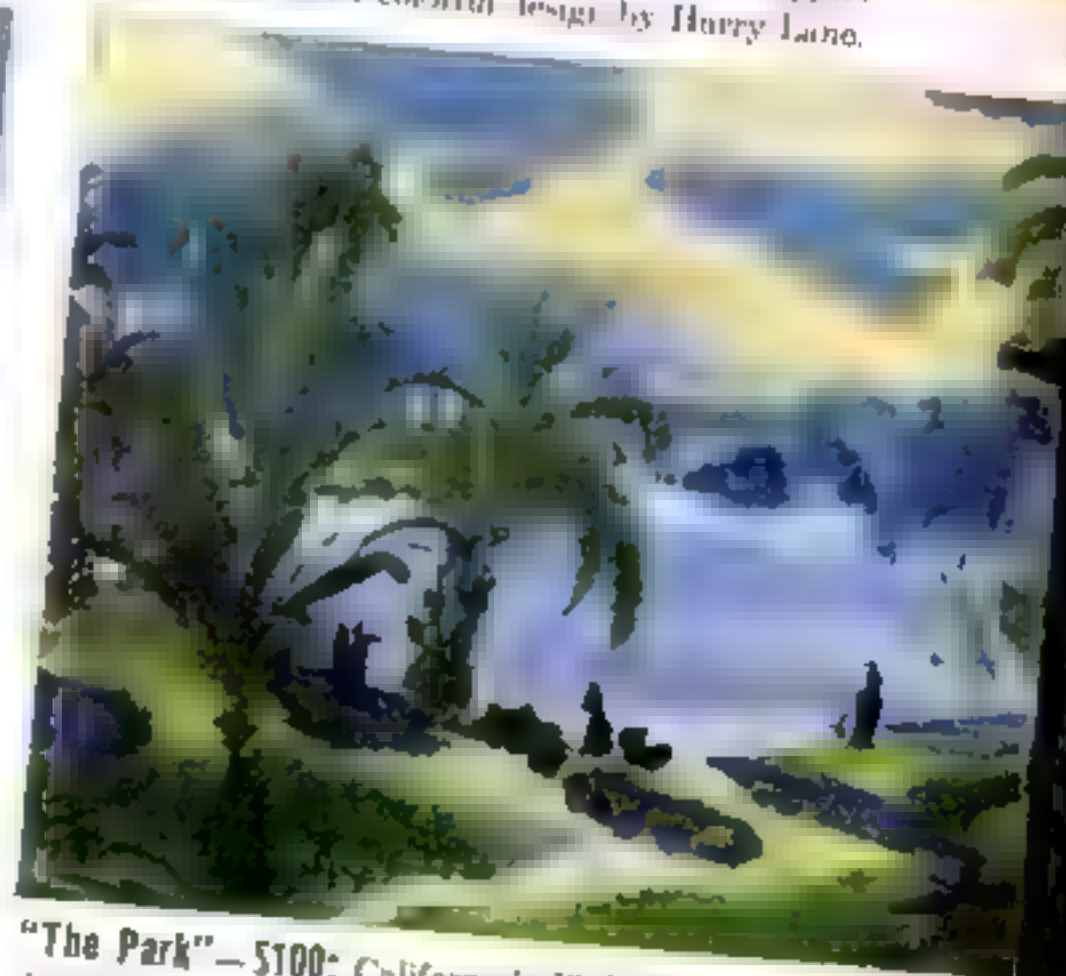


by James Hartford, C

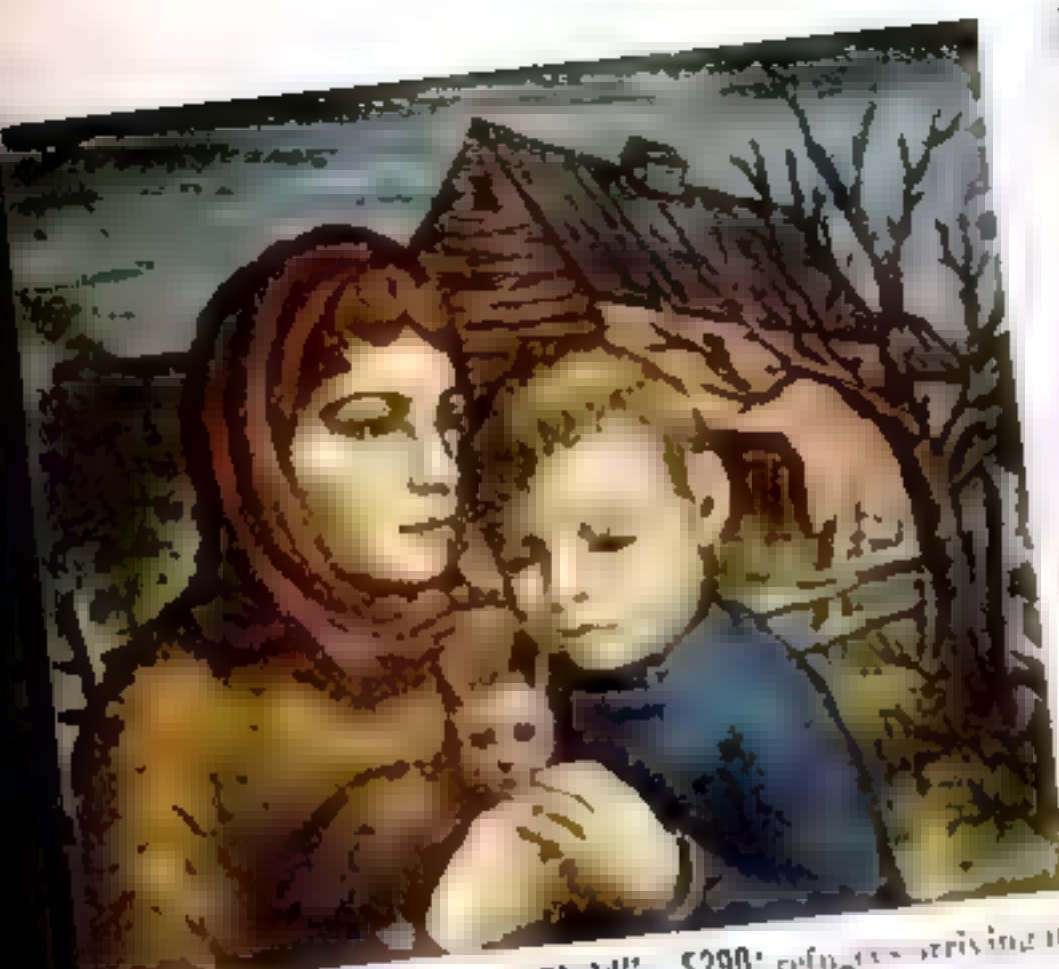
Delaware Water Project by R. L.



"Summer Sea"—\$83.33: art teacher and lecturer, Zoltan Hecht painted these city variations at New York City's Orchard Beach.



"The Park"—\$100: California's Phil Dike who draws cartoons for Disney made this water color



"Mother and Child" — \$290: refugees arriving in U.S. were subject for painting by Paul Meltzer



"Sandgate, Vermont" — \$150: rolling New England landscape inspired illustrator William Telft Schwarz to do this enamel picture.



"Quiet Mill Pond" — \$25: Mamen Klein of New York City painted the peaceful scene after seeing her husband's house.



"Red Barns" — \$100: John Alger, famous painter of sandstone, did this in Lake George, N.Y.



"Central Park Lake" — \$208.33: You Gee, who came to America from China in 1921, makes Oriental fantasy of New York's park.



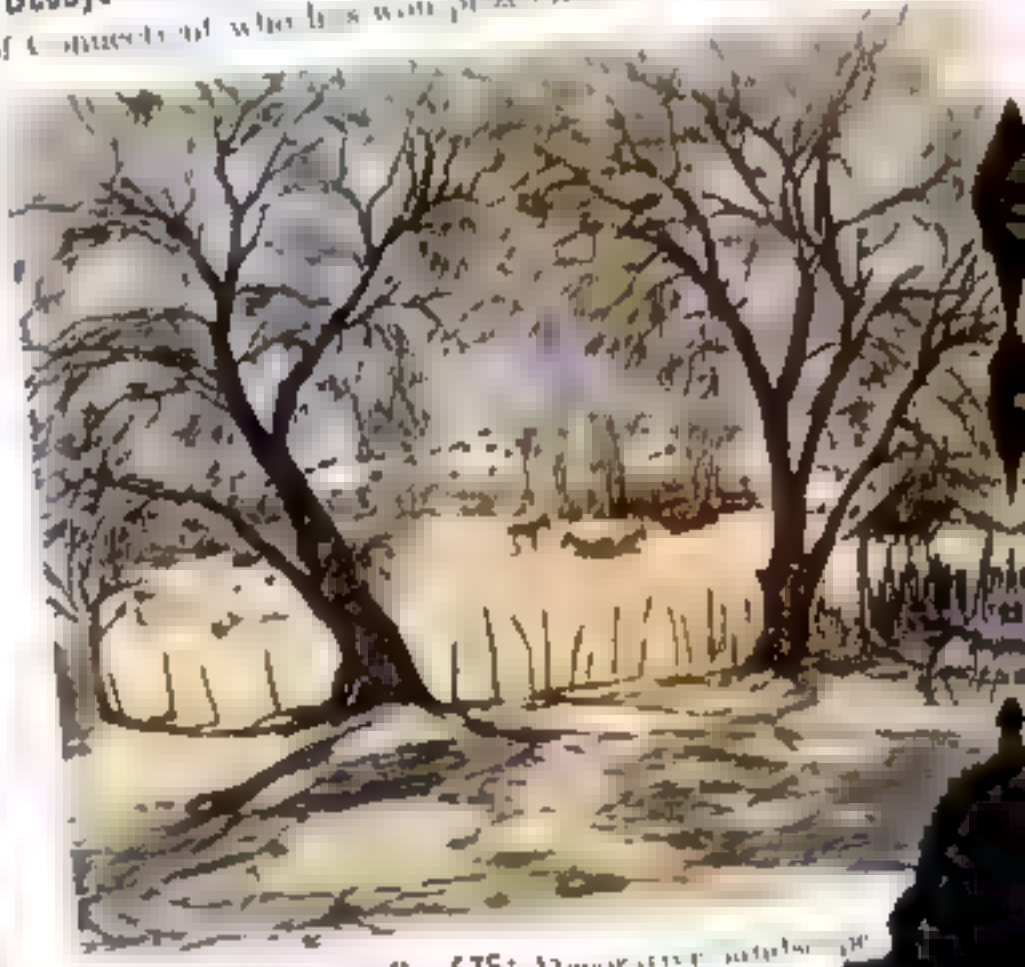
"Decoys" — \$150: colorful wooden ducks are by Harriet Wilson of Connecticut who has won prizes in San Francisco and shows



"Brenda" — \$41.67: New York City's Art Center has a collection of art and craft projects.



"Summer Showers" — \$250: Harry Leith-Ross, who now works for aircraft factory, painted this picture in New Hope, Pa., stream.



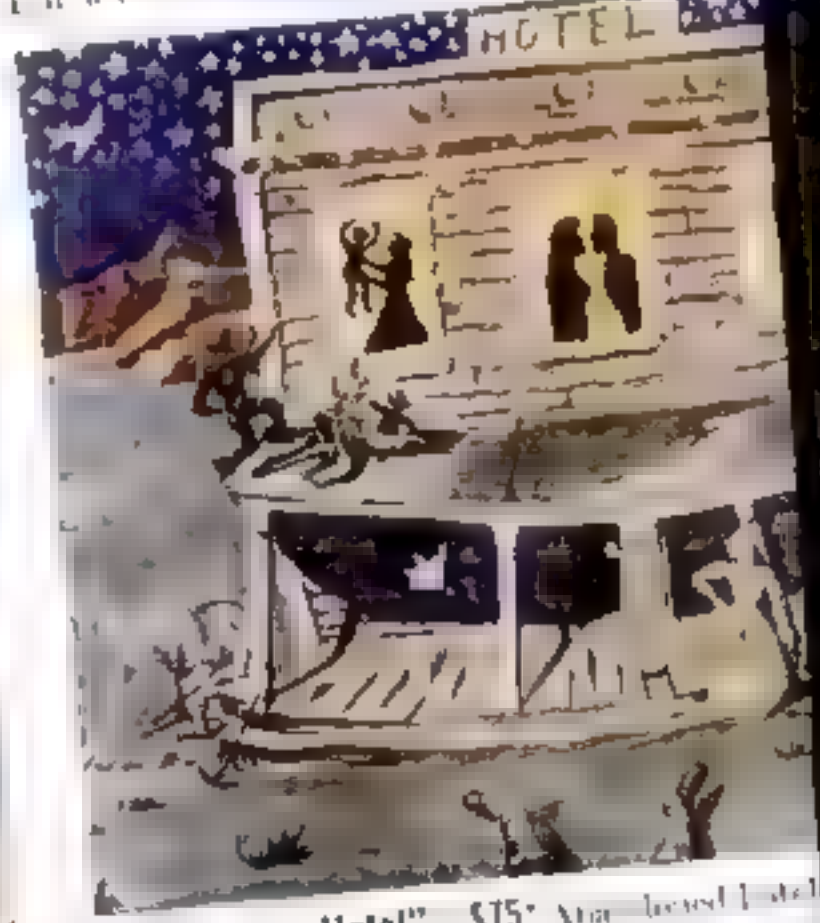
"Cottonwood Trees" — \$75: Decorative sculpture of it whose work hangs in New York's Museum.



"At Noank" — \$70: Nathaniel Dirk painted Connecticut harbor as a scene for gathering of boats.



"Girl with Mountain Snow" — \$183.33: Somber portrait is by A.S. Baylison, whose pictures hang in Boston and other museums.



"Ghost Town Hotel" — \$75: American Hotel has done originals for Washington, D.C. area.



"Spring Night"—\$133.33: John Sharp, former Grant Wood student, pairs these daffodils. He'll be waiting for Iowa post offices.



"Shanksville"—\$200: Pennsylvania village scene is by Cleveland's Richard Crist who has won five Carnegie painting prizes.



"East River Drive"—\$85: A New York artist, Carol Weinstein, painted the Queensboro Bridge.



"Composition with Figure"—\$100: gesture study of bright patterns of light is by Expressionist Nicholas Lukas of New York.



"Landscape with Willows"—\$250: after winning three painting scholarships Myrwen Eaton painted this near Union, N. Y.



"Old Barn"—\$75: Martha Levy's first painting in Italy before doing Gas. Pennsylvania scene.



"Lux"—\$333.33: scene in the white Lux Spectator is this painting by Stewart Raphael of Baltimore.



"Net Menders"—\$208.33: Portuguese fisherman at Montauk, N. Y. was painted by Harry Shokler of Brooklyn two years ago.



"Autumn Still Life"—\$200: pumpkins & apples for market make colorful design by Harry Lane.



"Pink House"—\$100: an old farmhouse near Delaware Water Gap is subject of picture by Frederic Weisaker, Providence, R. I.



"Summer Sea"—\$83.33: art teacher and lecturer Zoltan Hecht painted these city vacationers at New York City's Orchard Beach.



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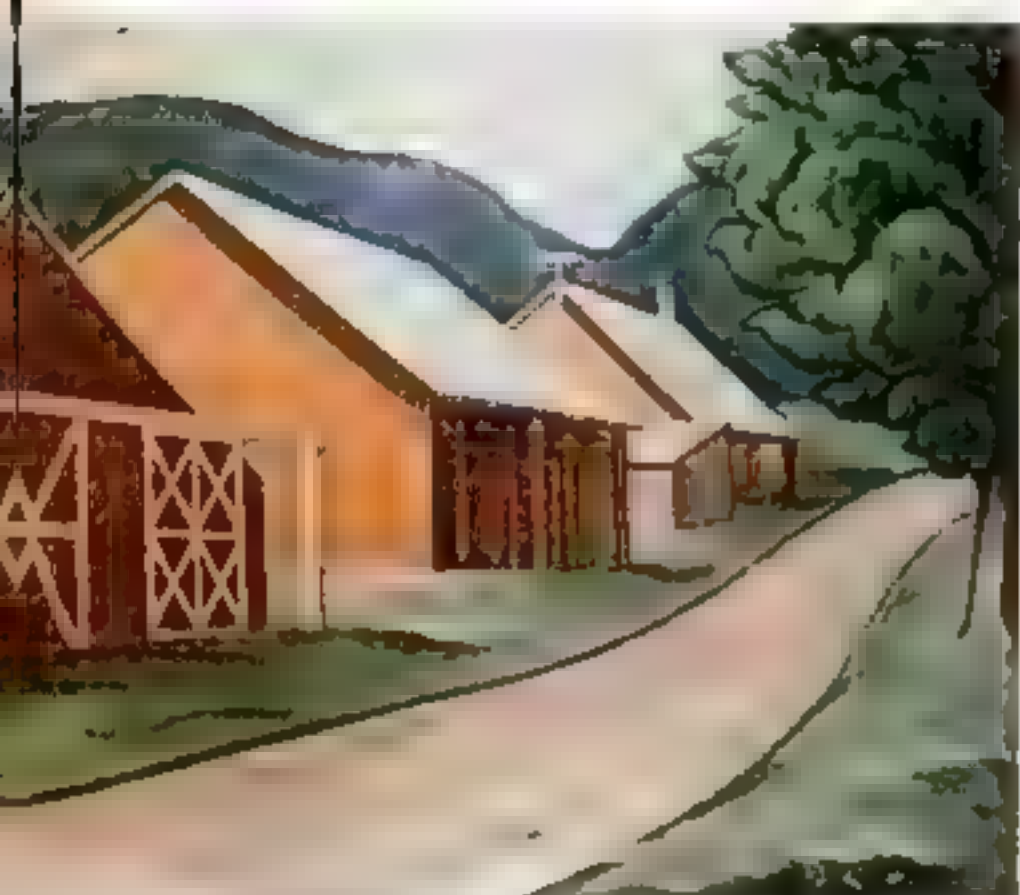
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"Quiet Mill Pond"—\$25: Morton K. Korn of New York found and painted this peaceful and orderly scene near Danbury, Conn.



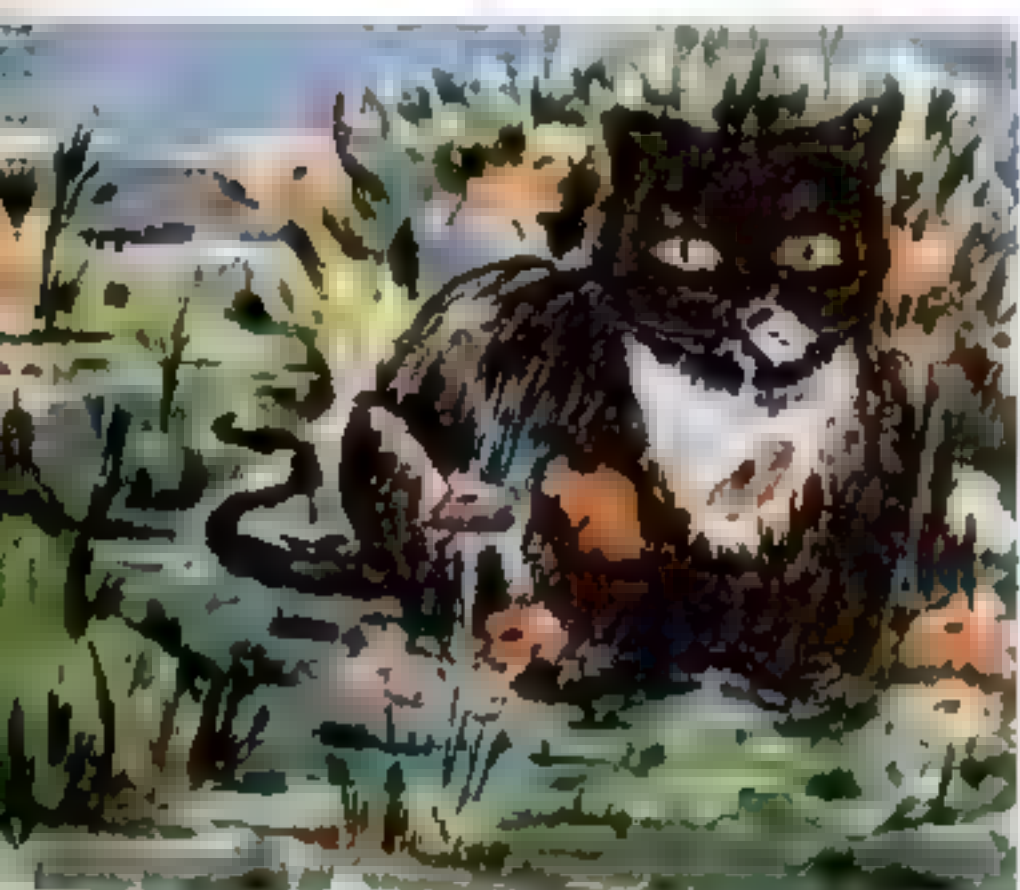
"Red Barns"—\$100: John Alger, famous painter of summer homes, was here at Lake George, N.Y.



"Central Park Lake"—\$208.33: Yun Gise, who came to America from China in 1921, makes Oriental fantasy of New York's park.



"Decoys"—\$150: colorful waterfowl decoys, says Harry Leith Rose of Connecticut, who's won prizes in San Francisco art shows.



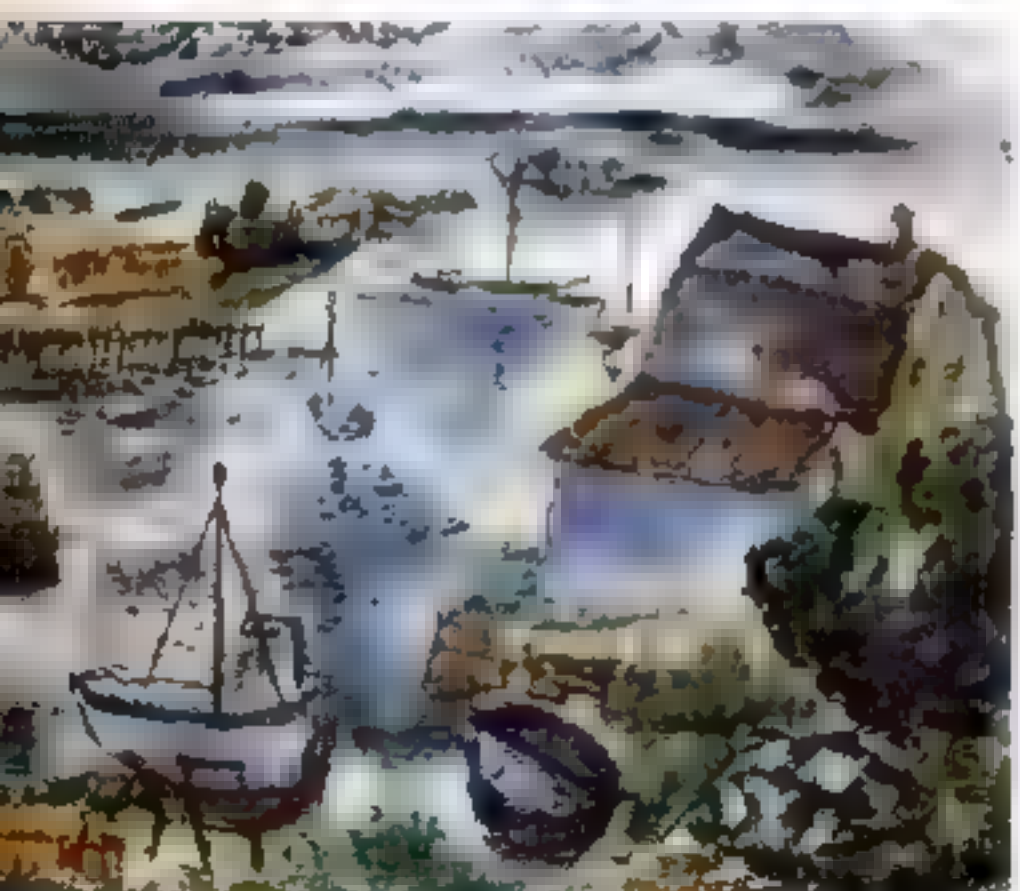
"Brenda"—\$41.67: New York City's Eugene Aronson says his cat, Brenda, served as model.



"Summer Showers"—\$250: Harry Leith Rose, who now works for a record factory, painted this picture in New Hope, Pa., studio.



"Collonwood Trees"—\$75: Deceptive landscape Tait, whose work hangs in New York's Metropolitan.



"At Noank"—\$70: Samuel Dirksen painted Connecticut harbor for a 19th-century galleries off coast.



"Girl with Mountain Snow"—\$183.33: Somber portraitist A.S. Bayliss, whose pictures hang in Boston and other museums.



"Ghost Town Hotel"—\$75: Abandoned hotel, says James Gray, who has come north for Worcester's A. Freeman Harford, Conn.



Colonial-type living room is attractively furnished but without pictures the walls look bleak and bare. Even one good-sized painting hung over the mantelpiece would give the room character. How four paintings change appearance of room is shown at right.



Contemporary paintings fit into rooms of any period. In this colonial setting, a modern circus water color by Kruckman, a gouache by Sprvak and two landscapes—an oil by Eaton (in color, page opposite) and a water color by Taskey—all look equally at home.

DEPARTMENT STORES POPULARIZE ART

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buying original paintings. If department stores, with their expert merchandising technique, can induce many more people to buy originals, art in the U. S. will prosper.

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A Husband has to Learn Some Time!



WHEN BOB AND I were first married, it used to worry me every time he took a laxative. He'd dose himself with some awful-tasting stuff that upset him terribly. He called it a "he-man's medicine", but it always left him feeling worse than before! **Some laxatives are too strong!**



LATER ON, BOB SWITCHED to another kind of laxative. It tasted pretty bad, too, but he figured it would be easier on him. It was easier, all right — so "easy", in fact, that it just stirred him up inside, without giving him the relief he needed. **Some laxatives are too mild!**



FINALLY, I PERSUADED BOB to give Ex-Lax a trial. I knew how effective it had been for me, and I felt sure it would help him too. I was right! Bob liked its fine chocolate taste. And Ex-Lax brought him real relief so effectively, yet so comfortably! It's not too strong, not too mild...

EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—
Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax—the Chocolated Laxative! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle!

As a precaution use only as directed

10c and 25c at all drug stores

EX-LAX

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

KEEP IN TUNE — WITH
PIPE APPEAL!*



So-o-o! He changed to P.A. and as everyone sees... they now get along with the greatest of ease...

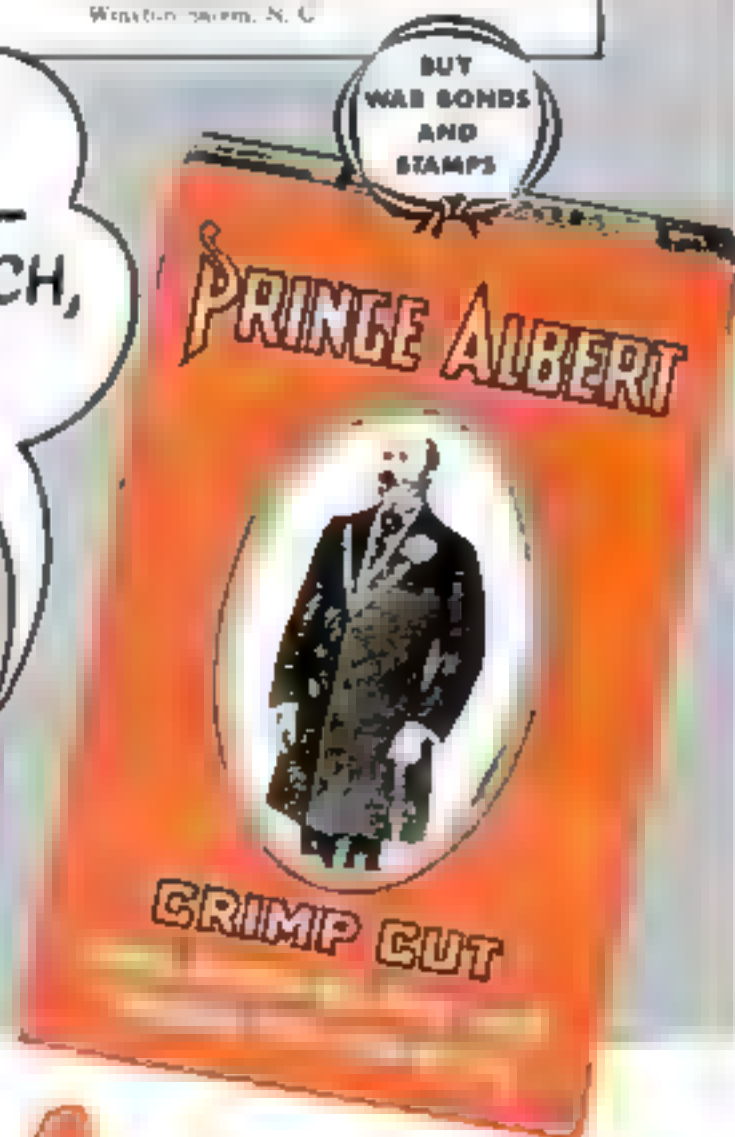
THAT'S a woman for you! Going at sight for the man who smokes a pipe. But don't let her go right on by you! Keep her sold with true PIPE APPEAL... the grand aroma, the special fragrance of Prince Albert's choice tobacco. Let the woman who likes to see you smoke a pipe enjoy it too. And favor your own comfort with P. A. It's the brand of rich taste that's easy on the tongue. "No-bite" treated for super mildness. Crimp cut for easy packing, smooth drawing. World's largest seller... P. A. for PIPE APPEAL.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOB. CO.
 WASHINGTON, D. C.

BAN BITE
 FROM YOUR PIPE—
 GET **MILD**, TASTE-RICH,
EASY-SMOKING
 P. A.

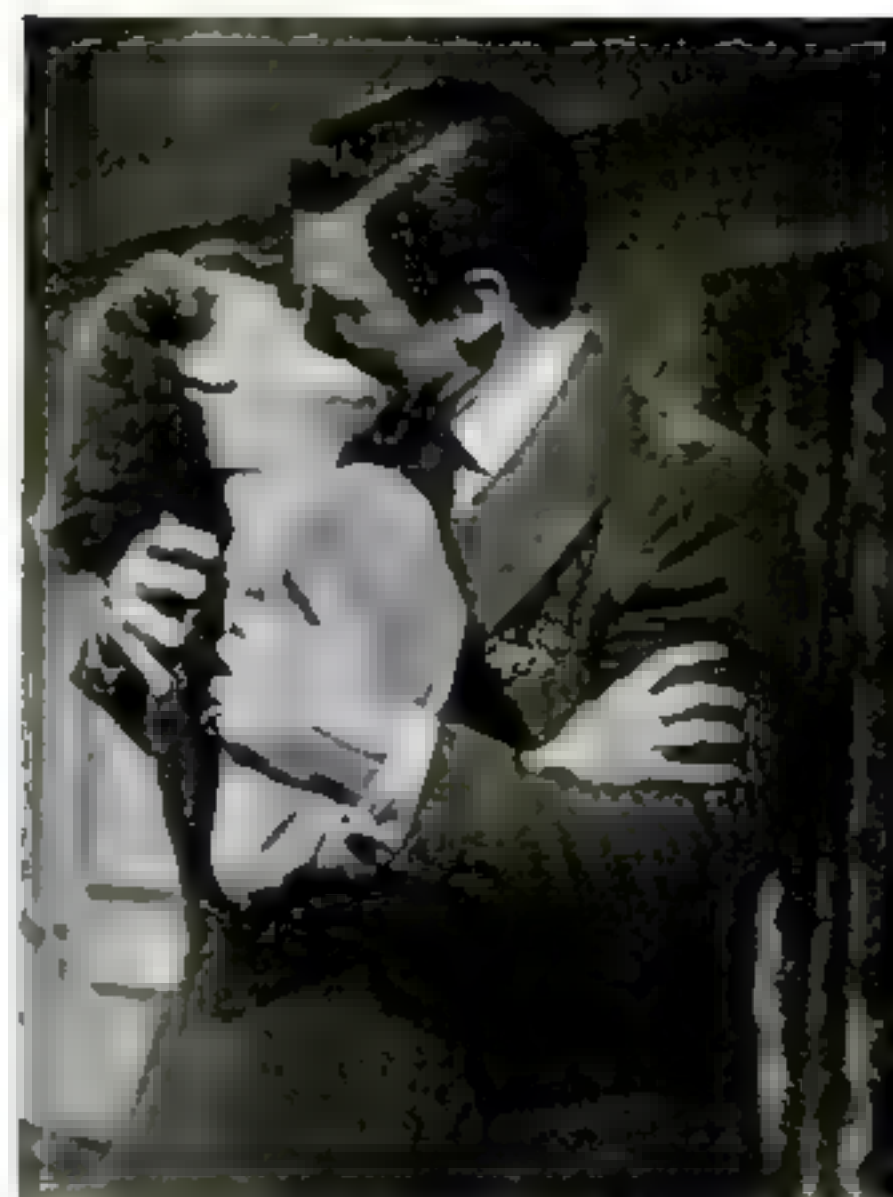
50
 pipefuls of fragrant
 tobacco in every
 handy pocket pack-
 age of Prince Albert

70
 fine roll-your-own
 cigarettes in every
 handy pocket pack-
 age of Prince Albert



*
PRINCE ALBERT
 THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Marie's Screen Test (continued)



"Walter Pidgeon and I were given a brief three-line scene to be shot: Walter races through door of my dressing-room to congratulate me on a fictional stage triumph. 'Darling,' he says, 'you were wonderful tonight.' 'Thank you,' I reply modestly, 'I



"My favorite photo is the one with the horrendous expression. I had just flubbed my one line and had to do it over. The kissing scene could have been exciting for most girls, but I broke the clinch to ask Stackpole if he had gotten the picture."

SCREEN TEST

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wants to make a movie star out of LIFE Photographer Marie Hansen

Ideas for movies seem to hit Hollywood wholesale. All of a sudden most of the film companies find themselves making movies about war nurses, or war correspondents or dream themes. Lately the studios have been fascinated by girl photographers. Tallulah Bankhead in *Lifeboat*, Joan Leslie in *The Sky's the Limit*, Ann Sheridan in *One More Tomorrow* and Claudette Colbert in *No Time for Love* have all recently played girl photographers. Although they are all lovely women, adept at the actor's art of holding the mirror up to nature, none of the stars played her part convincingly enough to make a picture magazine editor offer her a job as photographer.

But now Marie Hansen of LIFE's photographic staff has shown Hollywood how to hold nature up to the mirror. A real, honest-to-goodness girl photographer, Miss Hansen so impressed Hollywood by her good looks that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, instead of trying to make photographers out of its movie stars, wants to make a movie star out of Marie.

Not long ago LIFE assigned Miss Hansen to take pictures at M-G-M. There Producer Joseph Pasternak saw her working busily on the set.

"I clambered dusty and disheveled from the catwalk," reported Miss Hansen. "Pasternak came over and asked if I'd be interested in a screen test. I just laughed. When publicity man Ted Morris walked by later, I asked if an offer of a screen test were part of the routine welcome for photographers. He assured me it was a rarity. Then he checked with Pasternak and, before I knew much about it, plans were made for me to take the screen test and for LIFE's Peter Stackpole to photograph the event.

"When they arranged for Walter Pidgeon to be photographed with me, I began to be a little more interested in the proceedings. So on a bright morning, blithe, buxom, husky Marie Hansen reported to the M-G-M lot, minus her cameras and closely followed by Stackpole."

What happened from then on is shown in these pictures and told in Miss Hansen's words. "Pasternak," concluded the girl photographer in her bemused report, "offered me a contract but I wasn't too tempted by it. At present writing I have the offer of dramatic coaching and a later test." Any further episodes on adventures of Marie in movies will be reported here.



"The test was made," wrote Marie, "on a set used for *Two Sisters and a Sailor* so Director Thorpe could oversee. I have never been more uncomfortable for I was at the wrong end of the cameras and the production crew was a skeptical audience."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

*"I pack a punch
IN EVERY MEAL
yet keep within my food budget"*



Says Mrs. Ann Baldwin,
of Brattleboro, Vermont,
as told to Grace K. Doak,
Society & Woman's Page Editor,
Reformer, Brattleboro, Vermont

"I am determined to keep my family well fed and strong... for now good health is very important. I shop at my A&P Super Market. I find it so easy to choose the good things I require at my A&P. Its wide variety permits an almost endless selection. And my A&P 'Super' is easy on our food budget, too. I believe its thrifty prices are hard to beat. I've been shopping at my A&P for more than 10 years, and I should know. As for quality, consider Ann Page Foods. They're so typical of what I can get at A&P. Just try them once and you'll agree that, if for no other reason, it's worthwhile to market at A&P."



Try this trio

OF ANN PAGE FAVORITES



Let Ann Page Macaroni, Spaghetti and Noodles introduce you to the top quality of their famous family of 33 good-things-to-eat. The Macaroni and Spaghetti are made from fancy semolina... the Noodles with real egg yolks. One trial will tell you that here's grand eating! And their prices will prove that truly fine quality need not be high-priced.

ANN PAGE FOODS
America's Pantry Favorites

*Save up to 25%** ON MANY FINE FOODS

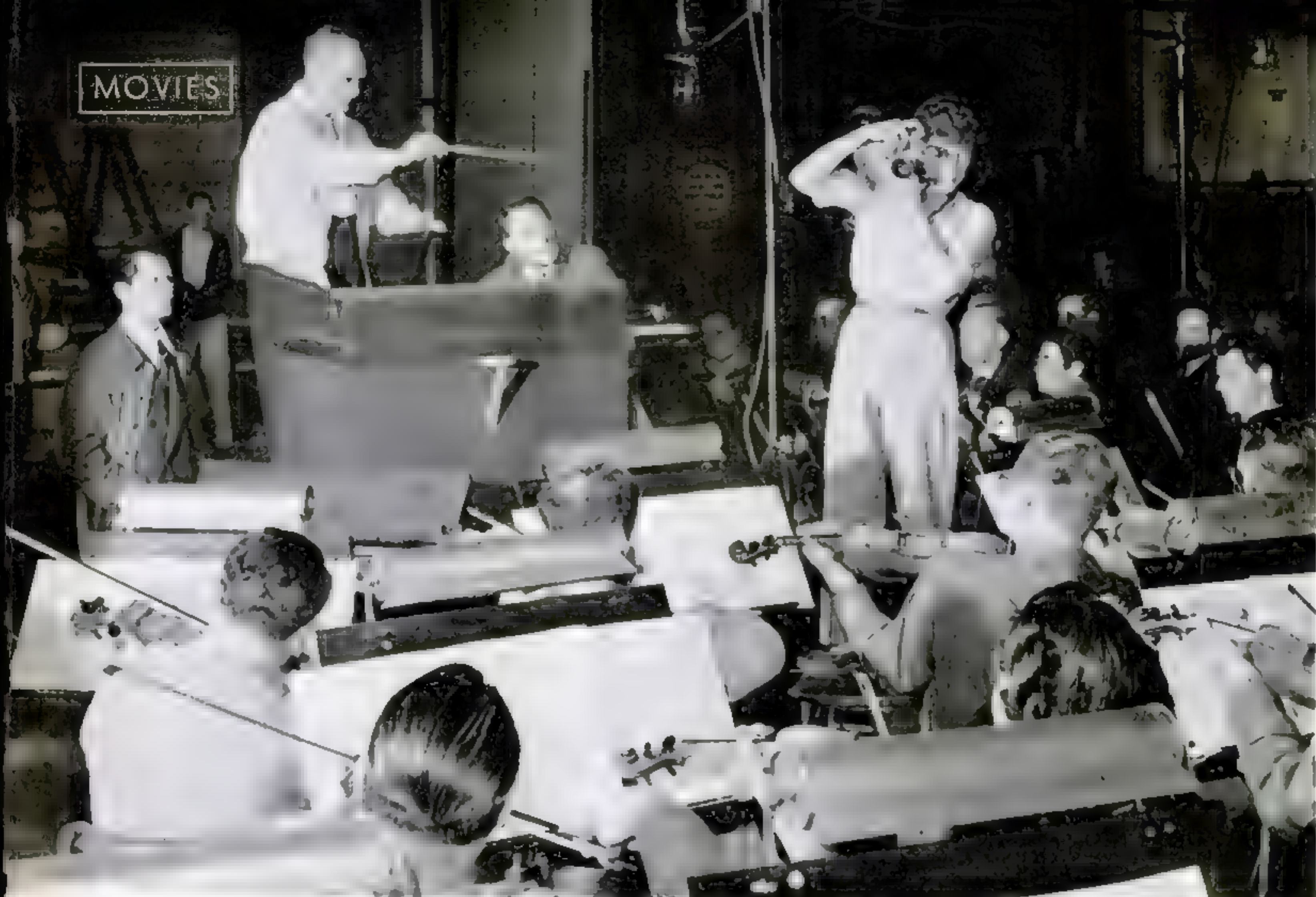
*Many A&P brands (sold only at A&P) bring you savings up to 25% compared to prices usually asked for other nationally known products of comparable quality. These savings are yours because A&P brings these good things direct from their source to you with many unnecessary in-between expenses cut from their cost.

33 Ann Page Foods	A&P Canned Fruits and Vegetables
Eight O'Clock, Red Circle and Bokar Coffees	7 Sunnyfield Cereals
Jane Parker Cakes, Rolls and "Dated" Donuts	White Salt
Marvel "Enriched" Bread	Cleaning Aids
Nectar and Our Own Teas	Sunnyfield Flours
	and many other fine foods

© 1944, The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company



SOLD ONLY AT A&P FOOD STORES



The whole thing started here on the set of *Two Sisters and a Sailor* where Marie Hansen was taking photographs of the studio orchestra led by George Stoll. Producer Joseph Pasternak (notice the baton) saw Miss Hansen and decided she looked good enough to be a movie actress.

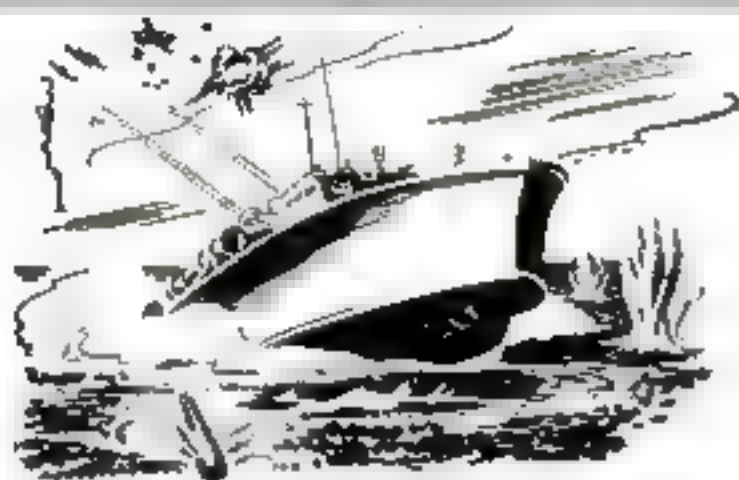
On this assignment Marie took pictures of the glamorized dream girls which have already appeared in *LIFE* (Dec. 20). Little did the girl photographer dream, as she dashed around the studio in slacks and shirt, that she too was going to be glamorized just like those dream girls.



What to do with Hansen's hair was a question requiring attentions of Marie who seemed absorbed in problem, Pasternak who seemed animated by it, and Make-up-man Jack Dawn who seemed worried by it. Session ended by doing hair in much the same way Marie always does it.



The make-up job brought Marie close to one of the profound truths of Hollywood. "About the time the false eyelashes were stuck on a face I no longer recognized," she wrote in her report on the screen test, "I began to muse on the possibility that movie stars are made, not born."



Fresh food on the high seas during long periods away from port depends on compact, efficient refrigeration



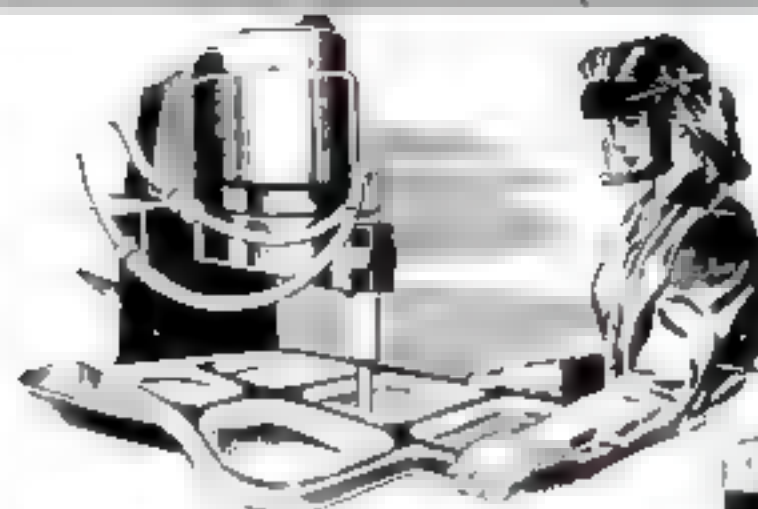
Self-Contained
1/4 h. p. Refrigerating Unit



Cool, clean air protects the life of the wounded in Army hospitals. Special aircraft refrigerators safeguard serums



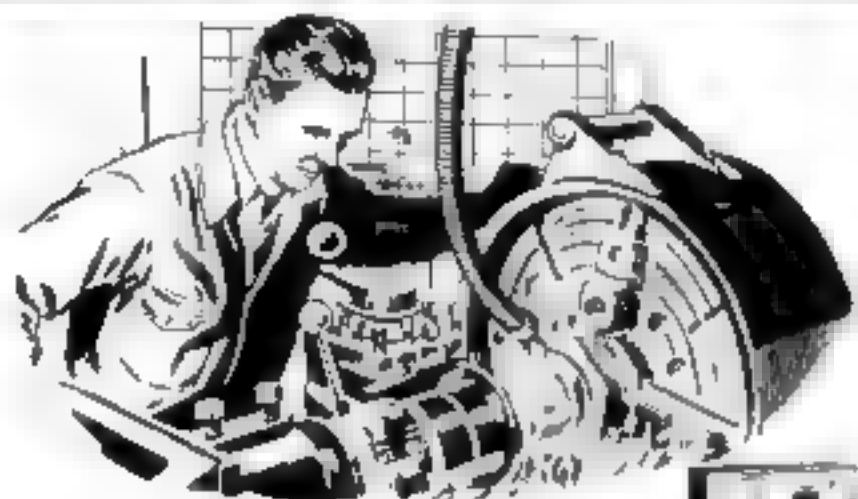
Aluminum
Aircraft Refrigerator



Peak welding efficiency is made possible by cooling of tips with water or brine held always at proper temperature



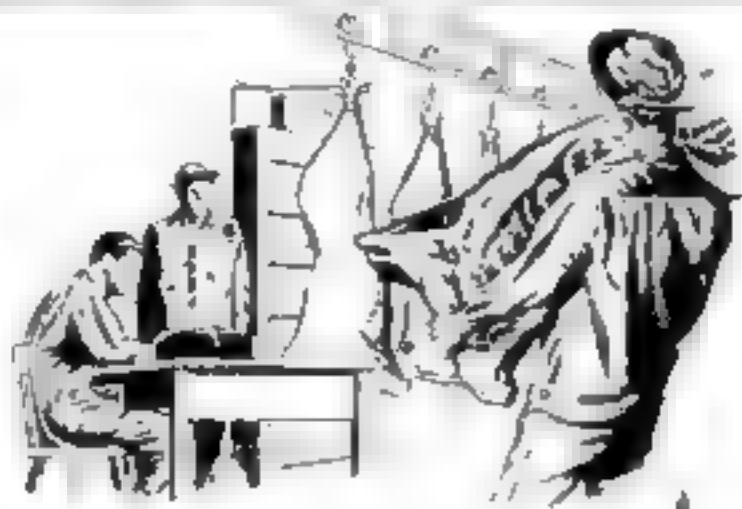
Spot Welder
Tip Cooling Unit



Tool life is increased and rejections are fewer when cutting oils used in high-speed machining are properly cooled



Refrigerating Unit



The health of our armed forces is protected by dependable refrigeration in canteens, buses, and aboard ships



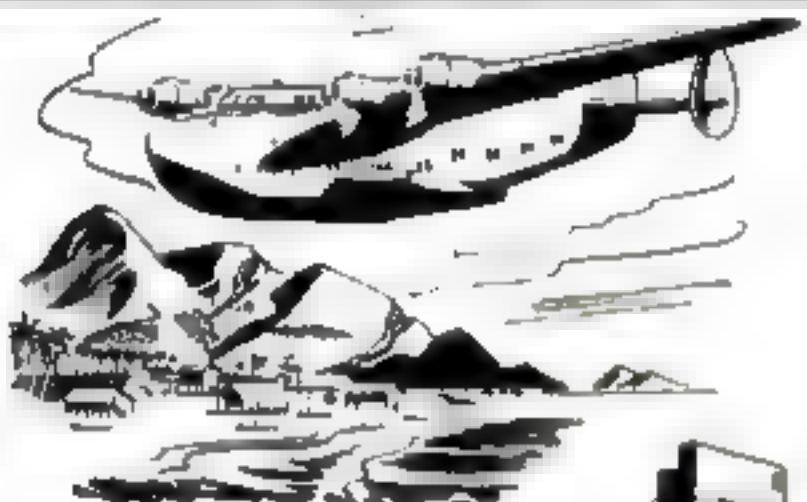
14 Cylinder
Refrigerating Compressor



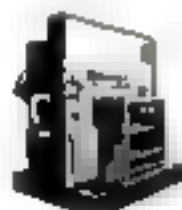
Super accuracy in gauge rooms is possible when air is clean, dehumidified, and held at fixed, constant temperature



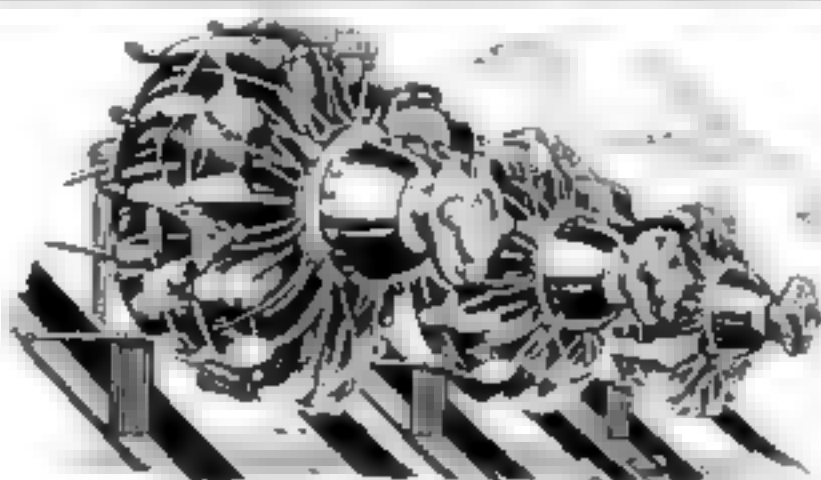
5 h. p. "Packaged"
Air Conditioner



Protection in the tropics against the ravages of humid atmosphere is imperative to preserve food and equipment



Portable Panel
Refrigerating Unit



Identical performance of aircraft engines is assured by tests with carburetor air kept at the same temperature



14 Cylinder
Air Conditioning Compressor



Clean, dry atmosphere is vital for machining sensitive metal surfaces where a spot of rust would ruin products



5 h. p. "Packaged"
Air Conditioner

★ CHRYSLER AIRTEMP AT WAR ★



From tiny, fractional horsepower to big 75 horsepower units, Chrysler Airtemp Radial Compressors are performing a major war job on both the production and battle fronts all over the world.

The science of air control is built around the compressor. Chrysler Airtemp's *exclusive* Variable Capacity Radial Compressor provides a new efficiency and accuracy in indoor climate regulation. The radial cylinders cut in or out automatically, one at a time, to meet varying load requirements. This flexibility eliminates the peaks and valleys resulting from frequent starting and stopping of ordinary compressors . . . holds both temperature and humidity

at a constant, desired level. The Airtemp compressor is so quiet and smooth-running, you can balance a penny on it at 1750 R.P.M.

Years spent in building delicate mechanisms, have developed high-precision, versatile skills at Airtemp, now devoted to war production. Backed by Chrysler Corporation research and engineering, when peace comes, these skills will again create heating, cooling and refrigeration units for homes and commercial use that will set new, high standards of efficiency and performance.

The lessons learned during peace in free competitive enterprise—freedom of the individual to produce and compete—bring strength to a nation at war.

WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Tanks • Tank Engines • Navy Anti-Aircraft Guns • Army Anti-Aircraft Guns • Bomber Fuselage Sections • Bomber Wings • Bomb Racks • Bomb Shackles • Fighter Landing Gears • Aluminum Alloy Forgings • Aluminum Alloy Castings • High-Powered Aircraft Engines • Cycleweld Cement • Wide Variety of Ammunition • Anti-Tank Vehicles • Command Reconnaissance Cars • Troop and Cargo Motor Transports • Ambulances • Weapons Carriers • Gyro-Compasses • Navy Pontoons • Marine Tractors • Harbor Tugs • Marine and Industrial Engines • Smoke Screen Generators • Air Raid Sirens and Fire Fighting Equipment • Powdered Metal Parts • Cantonment Furnaces • Tent Heaters • Refrigeration Compressors • Field Kitchens • and Other Important War Equipment

Chrysler Corporation buys materials or services from over 9,500 subcontractors in 956 towns in 39 states.

Chrysler Corporation

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • AIRTEMP • AMPLEX

BACK THE ATTACK—BUY WAR BONDS

Time in Major Boxes every Thursday, CBS, 8 P. M., E. W. T.



"KISS ME AGAIN WITH YOUR BARBASOL FACE"

YOUR FACE feels smoother and softer, looks cleaner and younger—when Barbasol conquers your beard and wins your skin with those wonderful ingredients that have made it such a favorite around the world. [No wonder pretty little Nellie prefers the man with a silk and satin Barbasol Face.]



TRY BARBASOL! Let its amazing efficiency tell you why more men shave this faster, quicker, sweeter, more skin-protective way than with any other brand on earth. Read the directions on the label. No brush, no lather, no rub-in—just wet your beard, spread on Barbasol, and then begin—to get yourself a finer Barbasol Face. Large size 25¢; Giant size 50¢; Family size 75¢. Tubes or Jars.



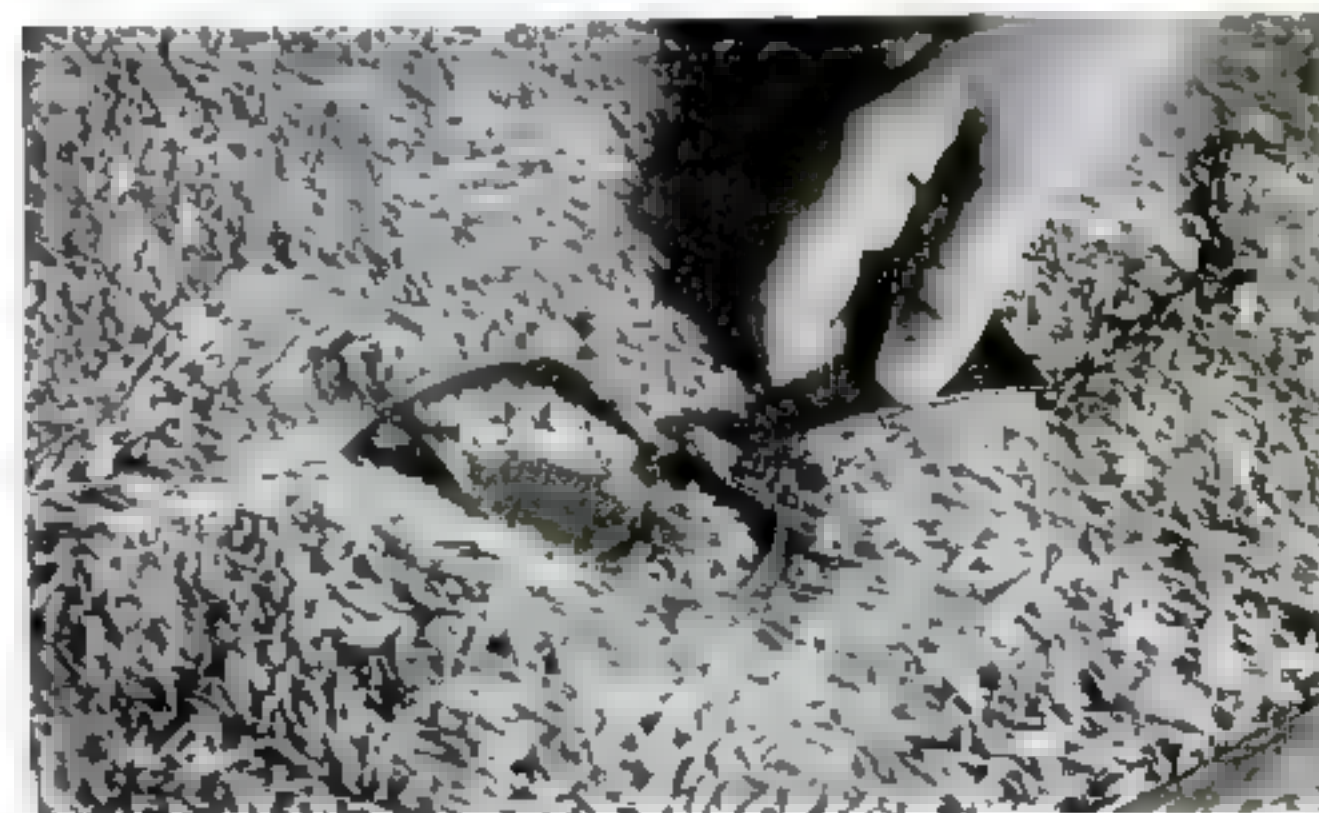
War on Rats (continued)



Farmer tells 4-H Club members how to set rat poison. Bait on rat run is covered by a box with a hole. Box hides rats while eating, gives them false feeling of security.



Trap is set at rathole gnawed in chicken-house wall. When rat steps on cardboard, placed over trigger, the trap is sprung. The bait is used on traps not set in runway.



A grain bin is a good place to catch rats. Here a small-animal trap, such as used for muskrat, is being placed. It is set off when rat touches the small disk in the center



Damaged dairy food is a two-way loss for farmers. Not only do rats eat the food but they also ruin the feed sacks which, if undamaged, can be redeemed for 20¢ each.



Rat trails, the dark streaks at right of the door, are left by animals climbing up the side of a barn. Rats do not enter only from the ground. They will scale a 15-ft. wall.



A hollowed sill beam is removed from a barn after the rats have gnawed into it for a nesting place. Such damage is responsible for many tumble-down farm buildings.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

treat yourself to...

CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY

...and soda



buy war bonds first!

California Grape Brandy 84 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corporation, N.Y.

Tune in "Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival of Music" starring

Marion Gould's Orchestra and Alec Templeton over C. B. S. each Wednesday evening.

"SWAN, OLD BIRD, IS IT TRUE SWANS HAVE FOUR LIVES?"

YOU BET, BABY! Every snowy cake of Swan leads *four* lives all at once! That's 'cause it's *one* soap that does *four* big washing jobs. Look, I'll show you why right in your own home...

1. FIRST PLACE—Swan's your *soap*! Being a war baby, you probably never have had imported castles in your tub—but Swan's just as pure! Heavenly-mild and gentle!

2. SECOND PLACE—Swan's a swell *bath* soap! Just ask your Daddy! (He's that good-looking soldier who let you chew his finger last week-end, remember?) My, how he goes for a rich, quick-lathering Swan bath! So does your Mom!

3. THIRD PLACE—Swan's a great *dish* soap! Suds up fast in one eye-twinkle—and it's so kind to your Mommy's hands. And *she* needs pampering—what with canning and cooking and doing so much more these days! Swan's less wasteful, too: it's firm. Lasts and lasts!

SWAN IS **FOUR**
SWELL SOAPS
IN **(ONE)**



Two convenient sizes—Large and Regular

MADE BY LEVER BROTHERS CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

4. FOURTH PLACE—Swan's grand for *duds*! Just right for the light laundry Mom does—your things and hers! Swan's so gentle it helps 'em last longer. So... now you know why Swan's 4 swell soaps in 1! The only soap any family needs for baby, bath, dishes, and silks!



"OH BOY, OH JOY, OH FOLKS
I'M ON THE AIR!"
says GRACIE ALLEN

It's that lovable,
double-trouble Gracie!
And long-suffering George!

TUNE IN: George Burns
and Gracie Allen.
CBS, Tuesday nights.



UNCLE SAM SAYS: **DON'T WASTE SOAP** 1. Don't leave soap in water. 2. Don't make more lather than you need. 3. Beware of a wet soap dish! Keep it dry.

Pilots love *Pretty noses*

AMERICAN Airlines Flight No. 7 to Chicago is ready on the runway. Cargo aboard; passengers checked; doors locked tight on the silvery-slim ship. But not until Ramp Agent Betty Beach puts her finger on her pretty little nose does the pilot know what he wants to know most of all: that he's ready to roll and leaving on schedule.

Betty Beach is one of the country's thousands of women who've recently gone into necessary civilian service to release a man to fight. And she loves it!

It has meant telescoping her life...making the most of every minute. For her beauty care, she's sticking to DuBarry Beauty Preparations...first introduced to her in the famous Success School Course.

She found how much more effective these co-related preparations are. Each one is scientifically formulated for a special purpose. But all are chemically blended to be compatible, so that they work together to give better results.

How effective co-related DuBarry

Beauty Preparations are has been proven to over 110,000 Success School pupils. Newest of these products is DuBarry Beauty Cake Make-up, which Miss Beach banks on to keep her lovely Success School complexion, in spite of airport winds and dust.

Du BARRY

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS
BY RICHARD HUDNUT

Featured in the Richard Hudnut Salon
and DuBarry Success School 693 Fifth
Avenue, New York...And at Beauty
Cosmetic Counters Everywhere



Sixty-second make-up! DuBarry Beauty Cake gives a brand new, satin-smooth complexion in a minute. It's a combination powder base (for protection) and powder too...and it stays on!



Hides little blemishes and fine lines. DuBarry Beauty Cake makes the skin look wonderfully luminous, provides a flattering, lasting finish in whatever complexion tone you wish. \$1.50.



Apply DuBarry Beauty Cake Make-up with a pad of cotton or a little sponge dampened in water...or DuBarry Foundation Lotion if skin is dry. Smooth on until even. Dust with DuBarry Face Powder for the finishing touch.





Bad use of a painting is shown in picture above. Although the painting has been hung correctly, i. e. centered over the couch at eye level (but well above back of head of anyone sitting on couch), the painting is lost in the confusion of the busy wallpaper.



A good display of the same painting in the same room is shown above. In a room with striking wallpaper, paintings should be hung against solid panels. As a rule, paintings with large masses are more effective in wallpapered rooms than ones with much detail.



Bad arrangement of three related New York scenes by Marinaky is shown above. This steppingstone method of hanging pictures can be found in most American homes and over the bunks of most servicemen. It is ineffective, disturbing and lacks balance.



Good arrangement of the same three pictures is shown above. In this instance, leveling the top edges of frames gives a more pleasing result than if lower edges were even (see p. 44). Latter arrangement would make smaller center picture appear to be sagging.



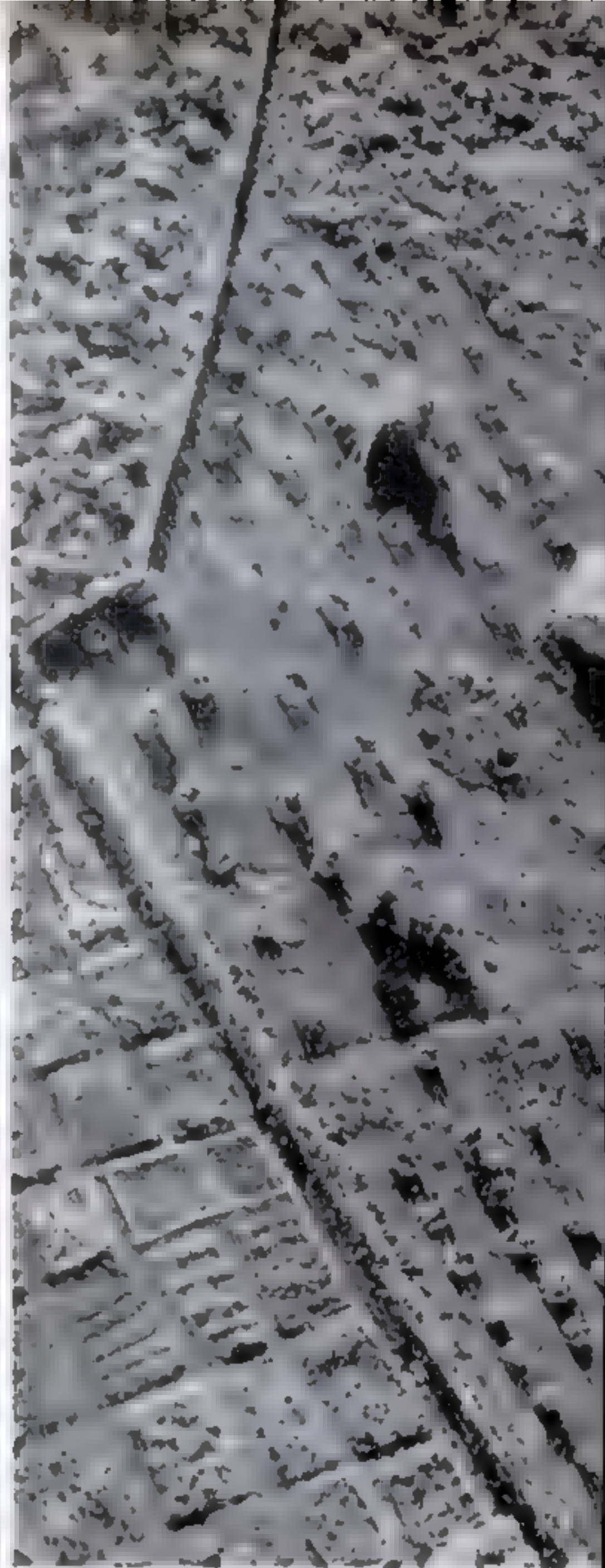
A painting one likes is a valuable addition to any room. There is no such thing as a painting suitable exclusively for a living room, a bedroom, a foyer or a dining room.



"Girl in White Blouse" by Zucker looks equally in place hung over the bedroom chest (at left), by the side of a chair in the living room (above) or over a desk (at right).



A good rule to follow in hanging pictures is to place them flat against the wall (not tilting forward) and as nearly eye level as the objects beneath them will permit.



Coffee and cigarets are requested in this message, which the lost airmen spelled out with parachutes on the grounds of the

mission. A little later, after rescue planes had spotted message, they returned with ample supplies of coffee and cigarets.

The Jolly Roger insignia attracts attention of rescue planes. The numerals mean that men will leave for the emergency



On the grounds of the mission the parachutes are laid out to spell the messages for the planes. This picture was taken by

a crew member who borrowed a camera from the missionary. The country around here was too rough to land a rescue plane

NEW GUINEA RESCUE

The weather was bad in the Southwest Pacific on Oct. 18. American B-24's from the Jolly Roger group at Port Moresby were assigned to strike the Jap base at Rabaul, but they were shut out by masses of cumulus clouds. As a secondary target they tried to hit Cape Gloucester, but it too was cloud-bound. On the way home, as the result of bad weather and engine trouble, one of the big planes started to sideslip and dive. Over a valley with tall mountain ranges on either side the pilot of the plane gave the order to jump. Four of the 10 men went out the camera hatch, other six out the bomb bay. The plane itself crashed against a mountainside.

All 10 of the men landed safely in a wild area of New Guinea. Only the assistant engineer who fell 100 feet to the ground from the limb of a tree was badly hurt. Soon they were discovered by friendly natives and brought to a native village. In return for shinning pieces of metal and cigarets, they were fed and housed



landing strip at 8 a.m. and the "T" means "yes," that the assistant engineer is well enough to be ferried out in a light plane



"No more messages" for now is the meaning of the three X's ("30" in newspapers) under the skull and crossed bombs. The

men are ready to start. Eyes in the skull are formed by two dark-skinned natives who have squatted in the correct places.

LOST AIRMEN ATTRACT ATTENTION WITH PARACHUTES AS PICTURES

The next day three of the crew started out across the jungle toward a Catholic mission called Kerau. There they were cared for by an American missionary and nuns. To attract the attention of rescue planes from Port Moresby, who were searching for them, they drew their group insignia, the skull and crossed bombs, on the ground with their parachutes. The planes spotted it and dropped supplies. For many days thereafter the men on the ground carried on regular communication with the men in the air by means of this unique signal system (*above*).

Eventually the seven other men from the native village arrived at Kerau Mission where they rested for a week. Then the whole party started on a two-day trip to an emergency landing strip nearby. From there on Nov. 11 they were picked up by some Australian Moths (small two-seat planes) and flown 30 miles to a larger air strip. At this point they climbed into an American C-47 transport and were flown to Port Moresby.



The rescued men and the fliers who saved them pose for their picture beside the C-47 which brought them back to Moresby

The Chinese boy is Jack Wu of Vancouver, Wash., a gunner on the B-24. He broke his wrist snapping the prop on a Moth.



FROM HIS BIG CARVED DESK, which once belonged to General Sheridan (commanding general 1883-1885), General

al Marshall directs the destinies of U. S. armies in every theater and governs course of battles around the world. His influ-

ence is felt through all echelons from top to bottom. Behind him here hangs a portrait of his great mentor, Gen. Pershing

GENERAL MARSHALL

Commander and creator of America's greatest army,
he is revered today as its greatest chief of staff

by LINCOLN BARNETT

"I don't see how anyone could have done a better job as chief of staff. In all matters where we have been in contact I have found him at all times sympathetic to the Navy point of view. He is an officer of the highest ability and a great American. This country and its Allies may consider themselves fortunate to have him in the position he has so ably filled. . . . I am happy to count him as a firm friend. In his professional capacity he has no peer. . . ."

These sentiments concerning General George Catlett Marshall were recently expressed by Admiral Ernest J. King, Commander in Chief of the U. S. Fleet. Since history is hardly cluttered with Navy encomiums of Army men (or vice versa), King's words hold a special intrinsic interest. They acquire added significance in view of a wider concert of opinion on the subject of General Marshall.

As is well known, Washington has never been seriously regarded as the "city of brotherly love." In its politically surcharged air insults circulate more freely than praise, hence it might not be hard to find in the capital many important men of whom nobody has a good word to say. This situation is reversed where the Chief of Staff is concerned. Of Marshall no one ever utters a bad word and everyone without exception speaks good. After four years as ranking general of the Army, he appears to have no enemies; and what is more unusual, no critics. His somewhat Olympian position is probably unique in U. S. public life.

Enthusiasm amounting to veneration is, indeed, the coherent reaction of Army, Navy, press, Democrats, Republicans, United Nations officials, and of all who ever met Marshall in any channel of activity. A two-star general on his staff predicts flatly: "One of these days the country is going to wake up and find it has a great man on its hands." Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson declares: "I have watched his every act; and I can tell you he is one of the most selfless men I ever met." Admiral Leahy asserts: "He is completely devoted to winning the war—a man of superlative character attainments, a fine gentleman." And Britain's top officer in Washington, Field Marshal Sir John Dill, states: "All the British authorities who come in contact with him are convinced that whatever opinion he gives and whatever action he recommends have no object other than to advance the common cause."

A matter-of-fact, ex-Wall Street lawyer who is now Assistant Secretary of War, John Jay McCloy, groping one day for a locution with which to express his feelings about the general, finally resorted to metaphor: "I was flying in Alaska last summer," he related. "All around us were white mountain masses. Suddenly through the dusk there loomed a great peak, towering above the others. And as I looked at it I thought to myself: that's just about where Marshall stands with respect to other men. He has stature. He's in a class by himself."

Whether history will echo these accolades may depend on the pattern of months to come. General Marshall's predecessors as chief of staff,

like Grant's Halleck and Pershing's March, have slipped into the limbo of forgotten generals. On the other hand, Marshall's professional achievements are unmistakable and on record. Since Dec. 7, 1941 he has performed tasks unprecedented in military annals. He has built up an army and deployed it on six continents and across two hemispheres. He has activated new kinds of units—air divisions, paratroops, ski troops—such as no former commander ever pictured in dreams. As a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff he has dealt with naval problems and helped evolve the amphibious chapters of this inter-elemental war. As a member of the Combined Chiefs of Staff he has helped coordinate allied operations around the world. He has addressed himself to delicate questions of diplomacy, logistics and psychological warfare. As his armies grew and his theaters expanded, his problems were multiplied by numbers and geography. To cope with such problems has required of Marshall a new kind of military cerebration, a faculty of apprehending new relationships of space and time.

Wherever Marshall may find himself in 1944, there is no doubt that he will remain the nation's No. 1 soldier. His past performance, however superb, cannot of itself explain this undisputed ascendancy. Certain factors of individuality determine why he alone among living Americans should be surrounded by a kind of nimbus of unanimous admiration. Ostensibly, Marshall has little in common with traditional hero types. No one in the Army, for example, ever calls him "The Old Man" or associates him with garish nicknames like "Old Blood and Guts" or "Iron pants." Indeed, Marshall's prestige seems to be in direct ratio to his tendency to self-effacement. He preserves a barrier of reserve which few persons have crossed. He has many friends, but no really intimate ones. His associates do not claim to comprehend all facets of his personality. The emotional responses he evokes are perhaps rather like those evoked by Robert E. Lee who was revered fondly but from afar.

A Democratic General

The Chief of Staff's attitude toward the 8,000,000 men under his command is marked by profound apprehension of the dignity of the individual soldier in a democratic army. When conversing with troops he likes to ask them what schools they attended and what they plan to do after the war. After a visit to Florida not long ago he invited several M. P.'s, who had guarded his quarters and were due for leaves, to fly north with him. Learning their homes were in New York City he asked a transport officer, upon his arrival in Washington, to find them space aboard another plane which would take them to their destination. More recently, when returning from North Africa, he delayed his take-off until a staff officer had rounded up two ambulatory wounded privates to occupy the extra seats in his big transport. "I'm General Marshall," he greeted them. "Glad to have you with us." At an intermediate

base he picked up another passenger, a wounded second lieutenant. Marshall followed up his good deed a few days after his return to Washington by asking a staff officer to telephone Walter Reed Hospital and ascertain how his guests withstood their trip.

Once a sentry failed to salute Marshall when he was strolling through the dusk with his wife. "Young man," said Marshall halting, "how long have you been in the Army?" "Six weeks," the sentry replied. "Haven't you learned in six weeks that you must salute an officer?" Marshall demanded. The sentry shook his head. "I don't see no officer," he drawled. Marshall was startled, but inquired patiently, "Can't you see my hat?" "Looks like any old policeman's hat to me," said the sentry. "Well," Marshall persisted, "can you see the stars on my shoulder straps?" The sentry admitted he had not looked at the general's shoulders. Advising the young man henceforth to keep his eyes peeled for insignia of rank, Marshall added, "Then you'll stay out of trouble." As they walked away, Mrs. Marshall chuckled at her husband's forbearance. "Oh, he was just a dumb boy," Marshall muttered. "He'll learn."

The general's intuitive courtesy and consideration for his fellow men are constants in his temperament and not reserved for soldiers alone. When motoring from his home in Fort Myer to the Pentagon Building he has filled his limousine morning after morning with dazzled government employes and other war workers whom he chanced to intercept en route. One night he was driven to the movies at Fort Myer in the automobile of another general who had been his guest for dinner. When they reached the theater he asked the driver, a WAC, if she would not like to see the picture too. "Go park your car," he said. "There'll be a ticket waiting for you at the box office." A few moments later she was ushered down the aisle and seated, to her amazement, with Marshall and her boss in the special section reserved for the chief of staff.

Blunt in argument and inexorable in the enforcement of his commands, Marshall takes pains to avoid unnecessary slights and to palliate accidentally wounded feelings. On a recent trip to New York he noticed, as he left his plane at LaGuardia Field, that a colored porter who approached to pick up his luggage had been forestalled by a soldier who reached it first. Driving away from the airport he asked an accompanying officer if he had given the porter a tip. The officer, surprised, admitted that he had not. Although they were by this time several hundred yards from the field, Marshall ordered the car around and waited while the thwarted porter was located and appropriately recompensed for his frustration.

Few men can testify before a Congressional hearing without entangling themselves in at least one legislator's bad graces. The ultimate proof of Marshall's standing in Washington is that even on Capitol Hill his popularity has grown steadily since the difficult days when he first began appearing before committees to plead

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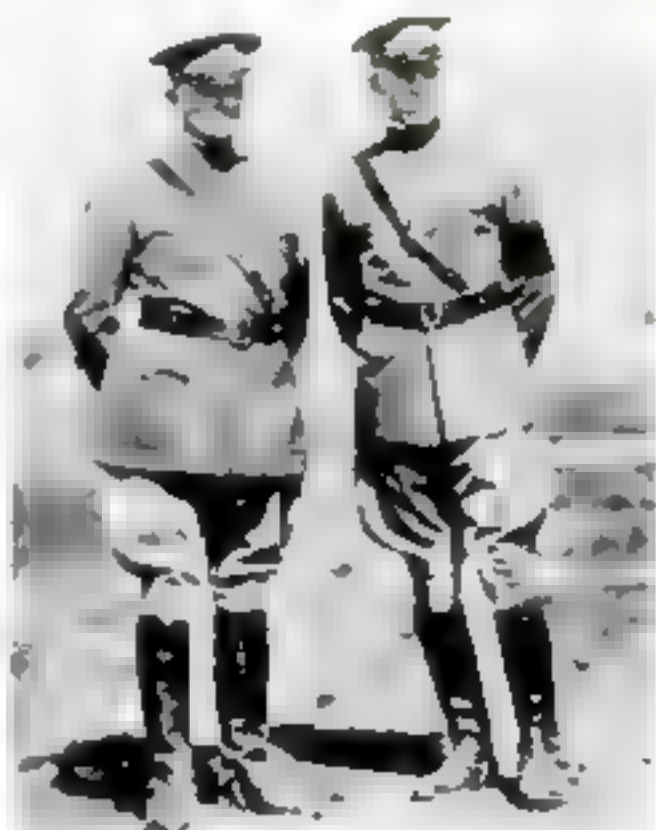
1 George Marshall was born and reared in Uniontown, Pa. His father was a coke-and-coal operator.



2 At V. M. I. he was a sober, conscientious young man, wound up as cadet captain and star tackle.



3 A lieutenant for 14 years, Marshall (at right) is shown here during 1910 maneuvers. Bearded officer is Major General Fred Grant, son of Ulysses.



4 In France he won respect of Pershing (left) who made him his aide in 1919.



5 In hour of final victory, Marshall (arrow) rode under the Arc de Triomphe only a few

yards behind his commander. He had arrived in France with first AEF units, won DSM,

temporary rank of colonel. After war he reverted to majority, served in U. S., China.

GENERAL MARSHALL (continued)

for funds to keep his little Army alive. It is not always easy for a professional soldier to regard his fellow men with a Jeffersonian eye, or preserve enthusiasm for Constitutional procedure in time of war. Brigadier General Wilton B. Persons, legislative liaison officer, says Marshall "has the finest appreciation of the position of the Army in a democracy of anyone I ever knew." Members of both Houses and both parties trust him as they trust no other witness, being persuaded he has no axes to grind, no personal ambitions, no motives save the welfare of the Army and the safety of the U.S.

At hearings he is never mysterious or pompous, egotistical or dramatic. His candor is disarming, his veracity unquestionable. He avoids politics and oratorical clichés. He has an engaging way of imparting military information and then entreating his listeners to preserve his disclosures. Driving from his office to Capitol Hill he crams his brain with statistical data thrust hurriedly at him by staff experts. When testifying he speaks informally in quick pleasant tones, employing no notes, relying simply on a prodigious memory which is the envy of his associates. He outflanks hostile questioners by his impressive mastery of facts and accurate historical analogies, by the cogency of his arguments and the decisiveness of his stated views. When appearing to oppose the Wheeler Bill granting exemption to pre-Pearl Harbor fathers, he won his case at the very outset of his testimony by cunningly pointing out that "if you cut our forces now you inflict a much heavier loss than we anticipate suffering from the Germans or Japanese."

During hearings on the Selective Service Act a friendly Congressman tried to assist Marshall by getting him to admit that "the Army is not big enough and good enough—in fact is not an army at all." Unwilling to emphasize his need for the draft at cost of deprecating the U.S. Army, Marshall adroitly replied: "I might say my relief of mind would be tremendous if we just had too much of something besides patriotism and spirit." In striking contrast with the often disordered syntax of Congressional orators who have questioned him, Marshall's extemporaneous utterances read, in stenographic transcript, with the grace and lucidity of studied rhetoric. His sentences are always grammatical. On occasion he achieves authentic eloquence.

He Has No Mental Ceiling

Neither warmheartedness, however, nor a gift of handling men necessarily complete the sum of talents that makes up a great general. In every profession the indispensable asset, without which others become mere ornaments of personality, is intellectual capacity. In appraising Marshall's mental resources, observers emphasize the almost palpable development of his intellect under pressure of war and the serenity with which he has accepted cumulative challenges to his ability. "It is not enough to say that he meets his responsibilities," a general close to Marshall declares. He rises with them. He seems to have no mental ceiling." And Secretary Stimson once observed, "You've no idea of the admiration I've had during all these months in witnessing the constant mental growth of General Marshall." But Marshall's professional intelligence is no sudden by-product of his recent service as chief of staff.

Four decades of military experience have gone into the moulding of Marshall's mind.

Part of Marshall's present respect for the importance of Congressmen may be due to the fact he knows of it from personal experience. For just 47 years ago the future Chief of Staff failed to gain admittance to West Point because he could not get a single member of the House of Representatives to vouch for him. His father, a coke-and-coal operator of Uniontown, Pa., a great grandnephew of Chief Justice Marshall, and a Union militia veteran of the Civil War, was a Kentuckian by birth and a Democrat. Uniontown's congressman was a Republican. As a result George Marshall went to Virginia Military Institute.

At school Marshall exhibited few evidences of incipient global mentality. He won no academic honors in Uniontown and on one unhappy Sunday was relieved of his position as organ pumper in St. Peter's Episcopal Church. The cause, according to his own account, in a letter to St. Peter's current pastor, was "failing to provide air at a crucial moment, having become deeply engaged in a Nick Carter novel." In his freshman year at V. M. I. Marshall ranked but 35th in his class. He was graduated 15th, however, and in his senior year became cadet captain, made the football team, and was named All-Southern tackle.

Marshall made his first dent on Army bigwigs in 1908, when he was graduated from the Staff College at Fort Leavenworth at the head of his class and with grades so impressive that he was retained to serve there as an instructor—though only a lieutenant—for the following two years. While serving in the Philippines Lieutenant Marshall was suddenly detailed during maneuvers to



6 In 1938 he was assigned to General Staff by Chief of Staff Gen. Malin Craig (left).



7 In prewar summers he vacationed at Fire Island with stepdaughter (left) and wife.



8 Surf casting was favorite prewar sport. He is also good swimmer and horseman.



9 He loved to visit Gettysburg and discuss historic tactics with military colleagues.



10 Chief of staff's quarters at Fort Myer have also housed Gen. Marshall's predecessors, MacArthur and Craig.



11 Marshall & Secretary Stimson work in harmony. Between them exists cordial relationship based on mutual esteem.



12 With friend and partner, Admiral King, he leaves the White House Nov. 9, 1942, day after African landings.

draw up a field order for the defense of Manila. When the maneuvers ended, Major General J. Franklin Bell (Chief of Staff, 1906-1910) convened a group of his officers. "I have seen a great many plans for the defense of Manila," Bell declared. "But the best plan that I have seen, the most complete, the most concise, and the most effective, I hold in my hand. It is written in pencil and was dictated in the field by a lieutenant of infantry unexpectedly called from other duty. . . . This lieutenant is one of those rare men who live and dream in their profession—a soldier who is not satisfied with daily duty superbly done. Gentlemen, I know this young officer well. . . . Keep your eyes on George Marshall. He is the greatest military genius of America since Stonewall Jackson."

Since the Army's memory is long, the mantle of Jackson has hovered about Marshall's shoulders through the years, though superficially the two generals have little in common except audacity and Virginia Military Institute where Stonewall taught artillery tactics and natural philosophy between 1851 and 1861. Jackson was only 37 at Bull Run. Marshall was 63 on Dec. 31, 1943. Jackson was a superlative classic tactician who maneuvered forces never exceeding 50,000 men between the peninsula and the valley. Marshall's titanic armies range the world. In certain qualities of mind, however, Marshall resembles Jackson. Like Stonewall's, his decisions are swift. Like Jackson too, Marshall is a naturally audacious general. Members of his staff assert that when strategic issues are being determined he is never on the side of his cautious advisors. He is an advocate of offensive action as the chronology of World War II reveals.

Shortly before America's entry into the last

war, another remarkable compliment was paid Marshall by Major General Johnson Hagood, who was then commanding a training camp at Salt Lake City. In making out efficiency ratings for members of his staff, Hagood wrote of Marshall, his adjutant: "This officer is well qualified to command a division with the rank of major general, in time of war, and I would like very much to serve under his command."

Marshall won his first enduring honors, in the shape of a DSM late in World War I when he planned and directed the transfer of some 600,000 troops, together with all their supplies, from St. Mihiel to the Meuse-Argonne sector, entirely by night, in utter secrecy and within a period of two weeks. He had sailed for France with the initial American convoy in June 1917 and had tasted his first fire with a Moroccan division of the French Army two months later. It was in the fall of 1918 that as Assistant Chief of Operations of the U. S. First Army he executed his logistical masterpiece. Since the legend of this exploit has at times been garbled, to Marshall's recurring embarrassment, General Pershing's own memoirs provide the best account.

"The Able Direction of Col. Marshall"

"Our concentration," Pershing wrote, "required the entrance into the area of three corps headquarters with corps troops, 15 divisions, and several thousand army troops. All movements were made under cover of darkness, by rail, autobus and marching. Approximately 220,000 men were moved out of the sector and 600,000 into it, making a grand total of 820,000 men handled."

"As in the concentration prior to St. Mihiel,

the route and length of each day's march for each unit had to be prescribed in order to prevent road congestion and insure the necessary daily delivery of supplies. It was a stupendous task and a delicate one to move such numbers of troops in addition to the large quantities of supplies, ammunition and hospital equipment required." (In a footnote, Pershing itemizes, among matériel involved: 3,980 guns, 40,000 tons of ammunition, supplies for 34 evacuation hospitals, 93,032 horses.) "That it was carried out in the brief period available without arousing the suspicions of the enemy indicates the precision and smoothness with which it was calculated and accomplished. . . . It seldom happens in war that plans can be so precisely carried out as was possible in this instance. The details of the movements of troops connected with this concentration were worked out and their execution conducted under the able direction of Colonel George C. Marshall."

After the Armistice Marshall served for five years as aide-de-camp to General Pershing, returning with him to the United States in the fall of 1919. It was during his pleasant months of postwar duty with America's dwindling forces overseas that Marshall first encountered Winston Churchill, then Secretary for War and Air, under circumstances which they recalled on reencountering each other 22 years later at the Atlantic Charter meeting off Newfoundland. Marshall had been detailed to accompany Churchill at a review of American troops in England. Specially chosen for their splendid stature, the soldiers marched with a brilliance that filled Marshall with pride in his fellow countrymen, but his enthusiasm froze when he saw Mr. Churchill contemplating them with a glum and disapprov-

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COMBINED CHIEFS OF STAFF (of British and U. S. armies, navies) meet once a week to map highest strategy. Marshall sits fifth

from right. Britain's top soldier in U. S., Field Marshal Dill sits third from left. U. S. officers (from right) Admirals Horne, King, Leahy.

GENERAL MARSHALL (continued)

ing eye. When the parade was over, Churchill, turning to Colonel Marshall, shook his head, sighed, and said: "What a magnificent body of men—doomed never to have another drink!"

Having reverted to his permanent rank of major in 1920, it took Marshall another 13 years to recapture his colonelcy. During this period he served in China, at Fort Benning, and in Chicago as senior instructor of the Illinois National Guard. The U. S. public heard little of him until 1937 when the Russian trans-polar fliers landed at Vancouver Barracks, Wash., where Marshall, promoted to brigadier general, was commanding the 3d Infantry Brigade. On this occasion he received some ill-natured attention from the local press by enforcing the Russians' desire for an interval of privacy and rest. Since they needed clothes, Marshall lent them his own pajamas and had a neighboring department store send around 50 suits for their selection. When the Russians finally got around to granting newspaper interviews they extolled the good food they had enjoyed for three days and singled out for especial praise Mrs. Marshall's way of preparing eggs. The eggs in question had actually been prepared by the Marshalls' Norwegian cook who, moreover, had written home about the visitors in the house and felt injured when she found they had not given credit where it was due. On discovering her disappointment, Marshall summoned the cook from her kitchen, presented her to his guests and explained that she, not his wife, was responsible for the distinguished eggs.

In the summer of 1938, Marshall was summoned to Washington as chief of the war plans division of the General Staff. In the spring of 1939, the retiring Chief of Staff, General Malin Craig, took leave of absence, whereupon President Roosevelt jumped Marshall over the heads of 20 major generals and 14 brigadiers and made him acting chief of staff. How much General Pershing had to do with Marshall's sudden elevation, only Pershing and the President know. No one has ever denied the often-published, often-quoted statement attributed to the General of the Armies that "Marshall was the finest officer of World War I."

When Marshall went home and told his wife the President had made him acting chief of staff, she asked him what he had said. Marshall recalled that his words were: "I feel deeply honored, sir, and I will give you the best I have." A few months later, on the evening of August 31, 1939—the date of General Craig's formal retirement—the Marshalls dined at the home of Justice Harlan F. Stone. During dinner the General was called

to the telephone. Hitler's armies were at the borders of Poland. At 3 a. m. Marshall was awakened at home by another phone call. "Well, it's come," he told his wife, and dressing hurriedly, went to his office. When he returned home the following night he was Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army and a four-star general.

Now that America's huge Army is approaching peak strength, few remember that Marshall's first labor was to create that Army. In the summer of 1939 when he became acting chief of staff and war was only weeks away, the Army had on its rolls 174,000 trained enlisted men. A year later, when France had fallen and Britain lay in mortal peril, Marshall still had but 264,000 troops with which to defend the western hemisphere (or that portion of it above "the bulge," as more sedentary thinkers deemed adequate). Those months are now euphemistically described by men in the War Department as "the awkward period." Though the higher policies of war or peace were in the hands of the President and the Congress, it was Marshall's job to do the best he could with the means at hand and that job he performed with consummate skill.

The cornerstone of his achievement was passage of the Selective Service Act in the fall of 1940. "Getting the draft in the U. S. in time of peace was nothing short of a miracle," General Persons declares. "Every now and then we sit back and wonder how the hell we got it. We always come back to the same answer. George Marshall got it."

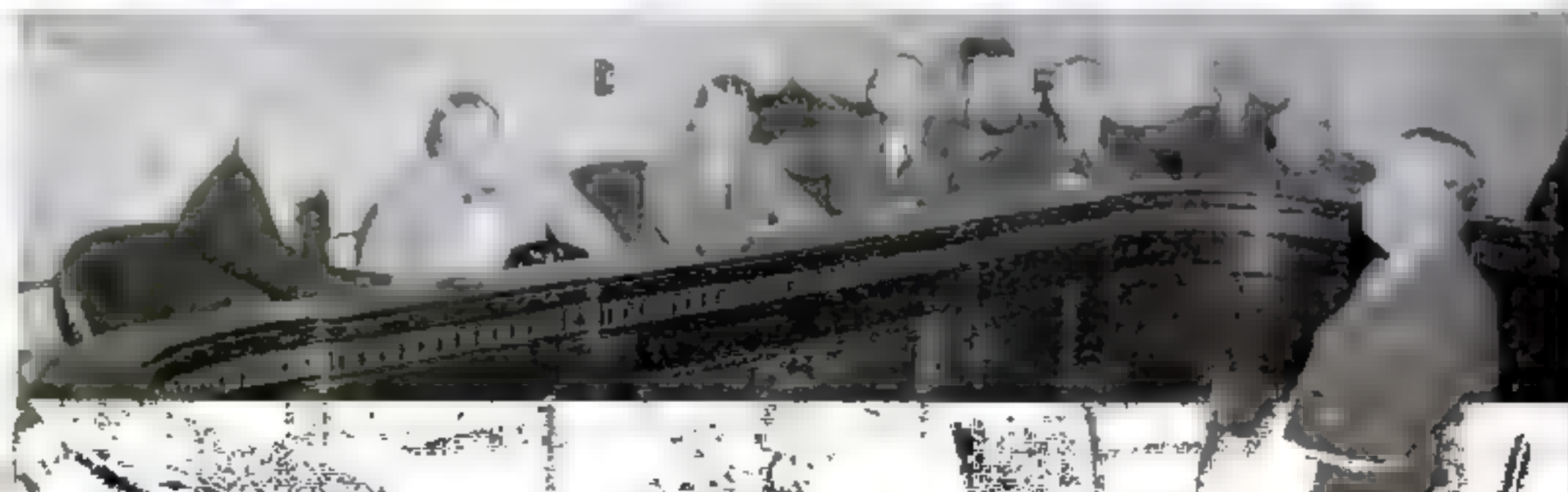
To acquire an army by democratic process, to sell Congress and country on the necessity of having one, was Marshall's first labor. His second began with paralyzing immediacy on Dec. 7, 1941 when suddenly, with only an incipient army of 1,500,000 green troops, he was faced with planetary war. It was his compound and concurrent task to retrieve U. S. forces from disaster, to improvise defensive strategy against a fast-moving foe, and to accelerate the expansion of America's nascent Army.

The rapidity with which the U. S. moved from a desperate war of survival into a series of offensive operations is something only the perspective of history can adequately emphasize. During the transitional phase between Pearl Harbor and Guadalcanal, Marshall's military labors were of incalculable complexity. Troops destined for the Pacific had to be trained for jungle fighting; troops slated for North Africa had to undergo training in desert combat and tank tactics; troops bound for the Aleutians had to be inured to cold weather. There were shipping and supply riddles to be solved. It was necessary to appraise personnel and weed out torpid and incompetent officers in an intra-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

CONGRESS'S FAVORITE WITNESS, Marshall testifies before the Senate Military Affairs Committee on drafting of 18-year-

olds. Chairman (second from left) is Senator Reynolds who was no pre-war friend of Army; has announced he would not run for re-election.





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GENERAL MARSHALL (continued)

Army housecleaning that brought heartbreak to many a general's old friends—including some of Marshall's. Amid this tumult, beset by appeals and advice from all quarters of the four winds, Marshall preserved his equanimity and methodically planned for battles to come. When the time came, he wrested initiative from the enemy, despite stupendous transport difficulties, through bold deployment of his effectives. On Aug. 7, 1942 the Marines landed in the Solomons. On Nov. 8, on the other side of the world, American troops swarmed across the beaches of North Africa. As Stonewall Jackson had done in the Shenandoah Valley on a different scale, Marshall had concentrated his limited forces in areas of his own choosing and struck with consummate timing and effect. By skilful application of the classic principle of mass, he was able to mount an unbroken crescendo of offensives in all theaters, beginning but three months after Corregidor's fall.

For two years now, Marshall has been the architect of campaigns unique in world history, fought along supply lines extending 56,000 miles around 360 degrees of longitude, and from the Tropic of Capricorn to the Arctic Sea. Although field commanders like Eisenhower and MacArthur direct operations in their own theaters, it is Marshall in the last analysis, who ultimately governs the scope and scale of all their battles by determining, within the war rooms in Washington, the amount of force to be employed, the time and place of assault, the disposition of supplies. His influence permeates all echelons from top to bottom, and is reinforced at frequent intervals by his dramatic appearances at farflung battlefronts—such as marked his recent 35,000-mile flight, via Cairo and Teheran, around the world.

Profiting from the mistakes of World War I, he has been relentless in preventing recurrence of the congestion in depots and ports of embarkation which caused enormous grief in 1917. Even more valuable, according to Army men, has been his insistence on coordination among services and among allies. From the very first he emphasized the necessity of unity of command—not simply in the high command, but in every combat theater. "It was almost a fetish with him," a member of his staff recalls. As a result, the Combined Chiefs of Staff were functioning within a month after Pearl Harbor. Today for the first time in history allies and services are coordinated in actual fact. The fellowship which lubricates the operations of interlocking staffs in every arena wells directly from the Combined Chiefs in Washington. Differences which sometimes arise at their weekly meetings dissolve invariably in friendly agreement. The cordiality of their councils is ascribed in great measure, by both British and American participants, to the good faith engendered by Marshall. No less notable is the goodwill now existing between our Army and Navy.

An Emotional Reaction

Rarely given to irritability and never to temper, Marshall succeeds, without ever appearing to drive, in exacting the fullest energies of the men around him. "You can go into his office feeling tired and discouraged," a general on his staff reports, "and when you walk out, you're ready to take on any s.o.b. who comes along if you think it's going to help George Marshall. He gives you inspiration, that's all. It's an emotional reaction." One evening early in 1942 Marshall showed up unexpectedly at Eighth Air Force Headquarters in England. After talking to General Eaker, Marshall asked to meet his staff. "There were only a few of us there at the time," an officer who was present relates, "because we had just set up in England. We were an advance echelon sent over to study with the RAF, and we hadn't yet seen any of our planes. We all felt very strange and new and far from home. Well General Marshall came in and shook hands and gave us a little talk. He spoke for a bit about the Philippines, then he told us what we could expect, and assured us the War Department was all behind us. He was very friendly and frank. When he talked he didn't stare vaguely into the distance. He looked each one of us in the eye, in turn. It made you feel like he was talking right to you. Well, I can tell you the morale of our group shot up about 1,000%. We felt ready for anything."

Marshall dislikes much of the ceremony concomitant to his office. When he goes to Army stations and encampments, C.O.'s are forewarned to muster no guards of honor, arrange no special favors and to provide him only with regulation board and lodging in the local "Hotel De Gink" (visiting officers' quarters). He wears minimum decorations and, unwilling to have any officer serving him exclusively, has no aide-de-camp. Tasks that would normally be performed by his aide are divided among several staff assistants, all of whom have other duties.



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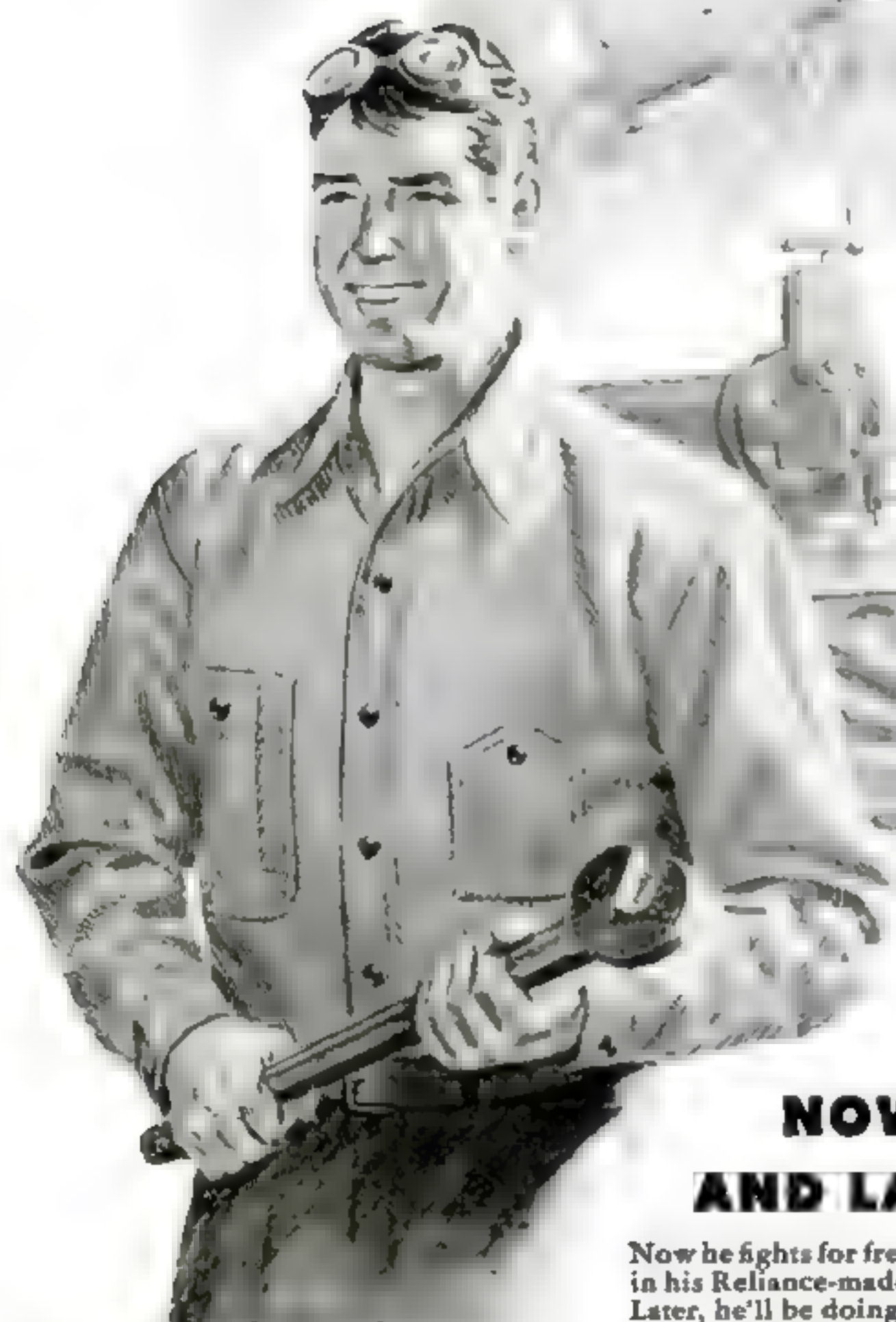
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GENERAL MARSHALL (continued)

Marshall rarely makes speeches, rarely issues public pronouncements and rarely has his picture taken. He squelched proposals to elevate him to the un-American rank of field marshal, observing drily that he had no wish to be called "Marshal Marshall." His biennial reports to the Secretary of War (written and edited in their entirety by Marshall alone in moments borrowed from busy working days) are notable for the absence of the first person singular. He refuses to have pictures of himself on view in his office or home: an oil painting of the general, salvaged by his wife, is stored ignominiously in the attic. Last spring a sculptor executed a bronze bust of Marshall upon commission from Virginia Military Institute. A replica of the bust was delivered to the General's house one morning a few weeks ago, while Mrs. Marshall was chatting with a luncheon guest who happened to arrive a little ahead of his host. "This is a fine piece of work," the guest remarked appreciatively. "I'm glad to hear you say that," responded Mrs. Marshall, "because I can tell you just exactly what my husband will say as soon as he lays eyes on it. He's going to say, 'Who brought that in?' " A few moments later the General arrived and spied the *objet d'art*. "Who brought *that* in?" he exclaimed. Then, when the others laughed, he added firmly: "When are you going to have it moved?"

In his operations as a desk general these last years, Marshall has achieved a kind of administrative efficiency business executives would do well to study. He has shown exceptional judgment in delegating authority to well-chosen individuals who do not recoil from responsibility. Hence his *modus operandi* hinges in great measure on what Army men call "completed staff work." That is to say, the documents which go to his desk are so organized as to impose on him a minimum of reading and writing. Lengthy reports are briefed or abstracted to give him a quick summary when he lacks time for perusal of the whole. Memos and queries are phrased in such a way that he need only write "O.K. G.C.M." to indicate his decisions. Alternative travel or appointment schedules are so composed that he can note his preferences with a single check or stroke of his pen. "When something comes back to us with a comment in the margin," a member of his staff declares, "we know that in some way we have failed."

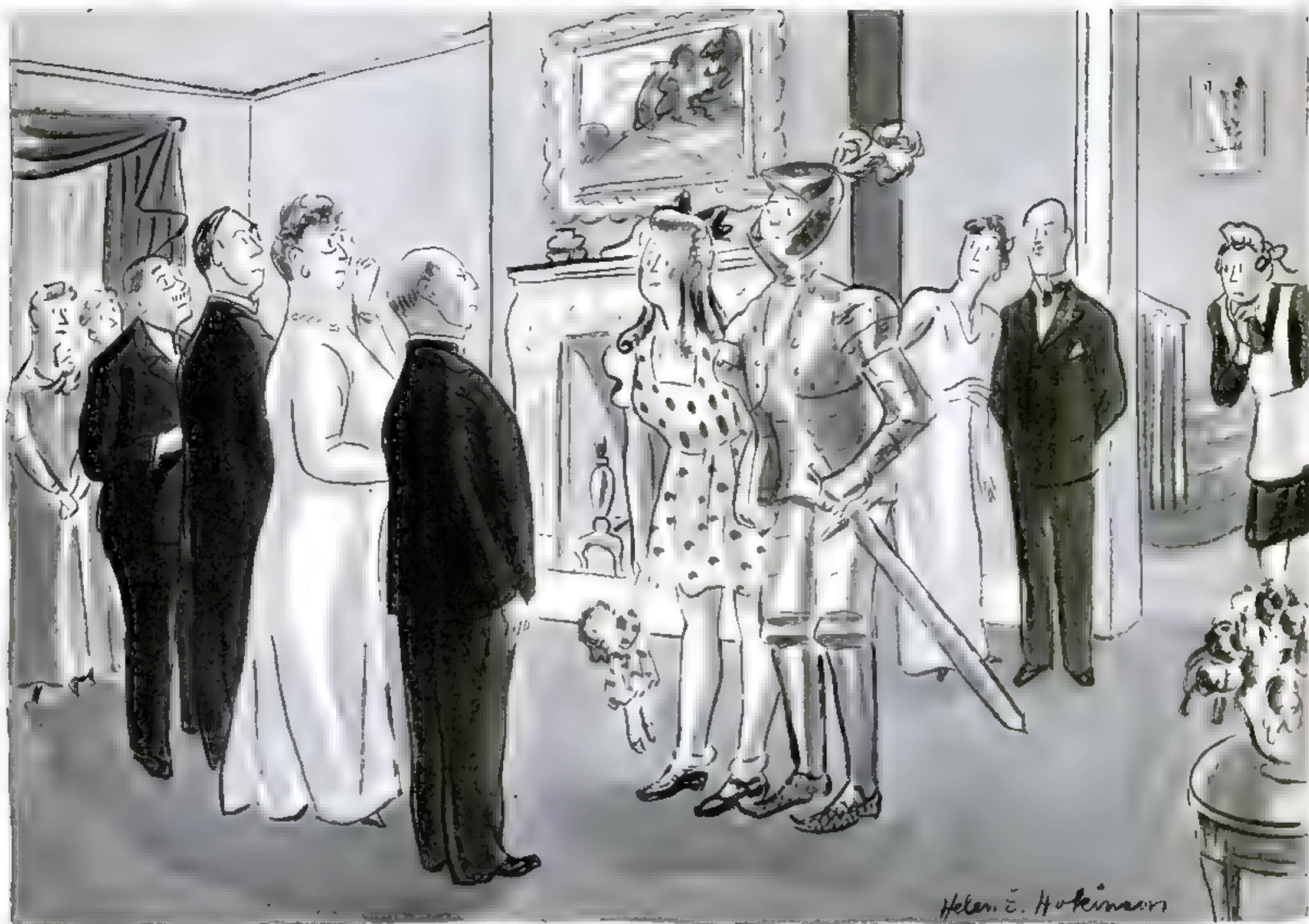
Although his staff acknowledges only admiration for the swift precision of Marshall's working habits they concede that in one or two small matters he may fall short of perfection. He is sometimes, for example, bad on names. It is not that he forgets them, but rather that he adheres to original misapprehensions. Some time ago a young stenographer emerged from the General's office looking pleased with herself and confessed to the officer who was then secretary of the General Staff, a Colonel Young, that she had just enlightened Marshall on two counts. "He was dictating a memo to Lieutenant Colonel 'McCarty'," she reported, "so I informed him the name was McCarthy. Then I took occasion to add that my name was not Mason but Nason." "Hell," snapped the Colonel, "while you were on the subject why didn't you tell him that my name is Young and not Taylor?"

Marshall's staff also protests that with the opening of the Pentagon Building he began to require of them something akin to clairvoyance in the matter of his appointments. On any given day they would know what visitors were slated to see him, but they could never anticipate the topflight generals—like Arnold, McNarney, Handy or McNair—who would walk into his presence unannounced.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44



THE GENERAL'S STUDY is a cheerful sun porch on second floor of house. Here he breakfasts with wife. On chaise longue in corner he relaxes after lunch at home.



the Joneses are always balled up!

OH, THE JONESES are wonderful. They *never* get things right. For instance, it was quite characteristic of them to get the dates crossed for the Fancy Dress Ball and the reception for the new minister.



Or like the time that Mrs. Jones, who is a kindly, well-meaning soul, made up that beautiful bouquet of goldenrod for a neighbor of hers who was sick—with hayfever.

So, when the Joneses assured me that Postum was just a coffee substitute, and I found myself admitting that that had always been my understanding, too—I thought twice and said to myself,

"Whoa..."

If the Joneses are always getting things all mixed up—they *must* be wrong about Postum, and so maybe I've been wrong about Postum, too! Just to be on the safe side I think I'll try it for myself and see.



That's how I discovered that, actually, Postum isn't a substitute for *anything*—but a darned delicious drink in its own right. Taste like coffee? Why should you expect it to taste like coffee, any more than you'd expect coffee to taste like tea?

Postum, I found to my delight, has a robust, distinctive flavor all its own. Something so special,

so heart-warming it always brings you back for a second cup. So if you haven't got on to Postum, yet, take a tip from me—the first swell-tasting sip



will have you rolling up your eyes in what amounts to ecstasy.

P. S. Postum is economical, too. Costs only ¼ a cent a cup to make. Two forms: Postum, the kind you boil, drip, or percolate...and Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup by adding boiling water. A product of General Foods.

TUNE IN The Aldrich Family, Thursday nights, NBC Network. One of America's great radio programs, written by Clifford Goldsmith, sponsored by Postum.

postum
one of America's great mealtime drinks





"MY HANDS MADE
ME FEEL AS OLD
AS GRANNY"



"I was making a 'howling success' of my husband's business. But... I wanted to 'howl' over my hands! No longer 'pale hands I love,' but dreadfully rough, red, and old-looking! Why, they made me feel as old as my own great-grandmother!"

"I'd heard the old saying that a woman's age shows in her hands. But, with my old-looking hands—well, say it isn't so! I have to wash my hands a thousand times a day, seems as if. But I wanted them to stay soft, smooth, and young-looking!"



"Was there any way at all, I wondered frantically, to win back the 'young look' my work-roughened hands had lost? What would work best? Here I was, in my late twenties, and still looking young—all but my hands! What to do about them!"



"My cousin's a nurse—and one day it struck me that *her* hands had even more reason than *mine* to be rough and old-looking. Yet they weren't! Her 'secret'—Pacquins—is my 'secret' now. And my hands? Smooth, young-looking once more!"

**DO YOUR HANDS LOOK OLDER
THAN YOUR TRUE AGE?**



Then try **Pacquins**
HAND CREAM

• Of course you don't want rough, red, old-looking hands! Try Pacquins—a non-greasy, fragrant white cream originally designed for doctors and nurses who scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day. See for yourself if Pacquins doesn't make your hands smooth out *faster*, feel smoother *longer*. Use Pacquins for wrists, elbows, and ankles, too. It won't rub off on clothes.

Pacquins HAND CREAM
At any drug, department, or ten-cent store

GENERAL MARSHALL (continued)

at odd hours. Since three doors lead into the Chief of Staff's office from various directions, no one ever knows precisely who is inside. And, because he dislikes being pecked at, Marshall refuses to have his office doors pierced to provide the tiny peepholes through which most Pentagon secretaries can survey their bosses at work. At the same time, any junior officer who ventures to open one of the doors just a crack to peer furtively inside is invariably disconcerted by hearing Marshall call "Come in, please," before he can withdraw. Whereupon he is likely to find himself interrupting a conference with the Secretary of War, who has a connecting office, or with half a dozen generals who may have materialized via Marshall's private elevator from another floor. He will then have to state his business with as much brevity and aplomb as he can command in such an audience.

Military colleagues who envy Marshall's tranquillity under pressure, his even temper and unruffled presence, attribute it to a curious kind of fatalism with which he regards his own decisions. Once he has made up his mind on something, he rarely recapitulates. Thus it is possible for him to turn imperturbably away from an operational conference involving undertakings of utmost gravity and address himself to entirely unrelated matters with complete concentration and never a backward glance or tremor of inner misgiving. Mrs. Marshall says, "Whenever I worry about something that has happened, he tells me, 'You're wasting your time. When a thing is done, it's done. You can't change it. Even God can't change it, so why worry?'"

A Kind of Hellenic Moderation

Only one year away from the Army's traditional retirement age, Marshall practices a kind of Hellenic moderation in his living routine. He is an early riser, a light but healthy eater who can digest anything but shrimps (to which he is so violently allergic he has been known to lose consciousness after eating them) and a firm believer in the efficacy of a few minutes of rest after luncheon. It has been his daily custom, through all his months in Washington, to lunch at home each noon and then relax for a quarter hour on a couch in his upstairs study. When luncheon guests are present, Mrs. Marshall remains below with them. If there are none she joins the General and sits quietly by his side while he reads or listens to whatever sedative music the radio can produce. Almost always he will drop off to sleep for five minutes before rousing and returning to his desk in the Pentagon Building. "I think these little naps refresh me," he has often told his wife, "more than anything I know."

Unlike most professional Army men, Marshall is not a cardplayer. In the evenings he likes to read, talk, or attend a picture show and be in bed by 9 p. m. His taste in movies and books is catholic. His interest in history, particularly military history, is profound, as Field Marshal Dill discovered one day, when incognito and garbed in civilian clothes, the General escorted him around Gettysburg, describing in minute detail the tactics of Meade and Lee, while a guide tagged incredulously along behind. Mrs. Marshall declares she has not been able to enjoy the American countryside from a purely aesthetic standpoint since a transcontinental motoring trip with the General some years ago. "Now," she says, "I see cannon behind every rock."

General and Mrs. Marshall, both widowed, were married 13 years ago when he was serving as assistant commandant of the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Ga. His first wife, a sweetheart of his V. M. I. days, had died in 1927. A year or so later, returning by ship from Honolulu, Marshall met Mrs. Katherine Boyce Tupper Brown, widow of a Baltimore lawyer, graduate of Hollins College, Virginia, and a former Shakespearean actress who had once trouped with Sir Frank Benson. They met again at a dinner party in Columbus, Ga., and again, some months later, in Baltimore. Their wedding took place October 16, 1930 in Baltimore's Emmanuel Protestant Episcopal Church.

On the evening of their arrival in Fort Benning, a few days later, the commandant honored the new bride by introducing her to the military society of the post at an elaborate reception which has provided the Marshalls with their favorite family joke. Since his wife was new to the Army, Marshall gave her a thorough briefing that she might appear well-informed on military matters and local gossip. To this end he adduced a prompting system he had found useful as Pershing's aide in the early '20's when he would stand by the General in receiving lines, whispering cues in his ear as individual

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

You'll never see their Faces —

¶ But you'll thank these thousands of women for telling you why they switched to Modess

¶ "So soft!" "So comfortable!"
"So utterly safe!" say 8 out of 10 letters!

You'll never know who they are, or where they live.

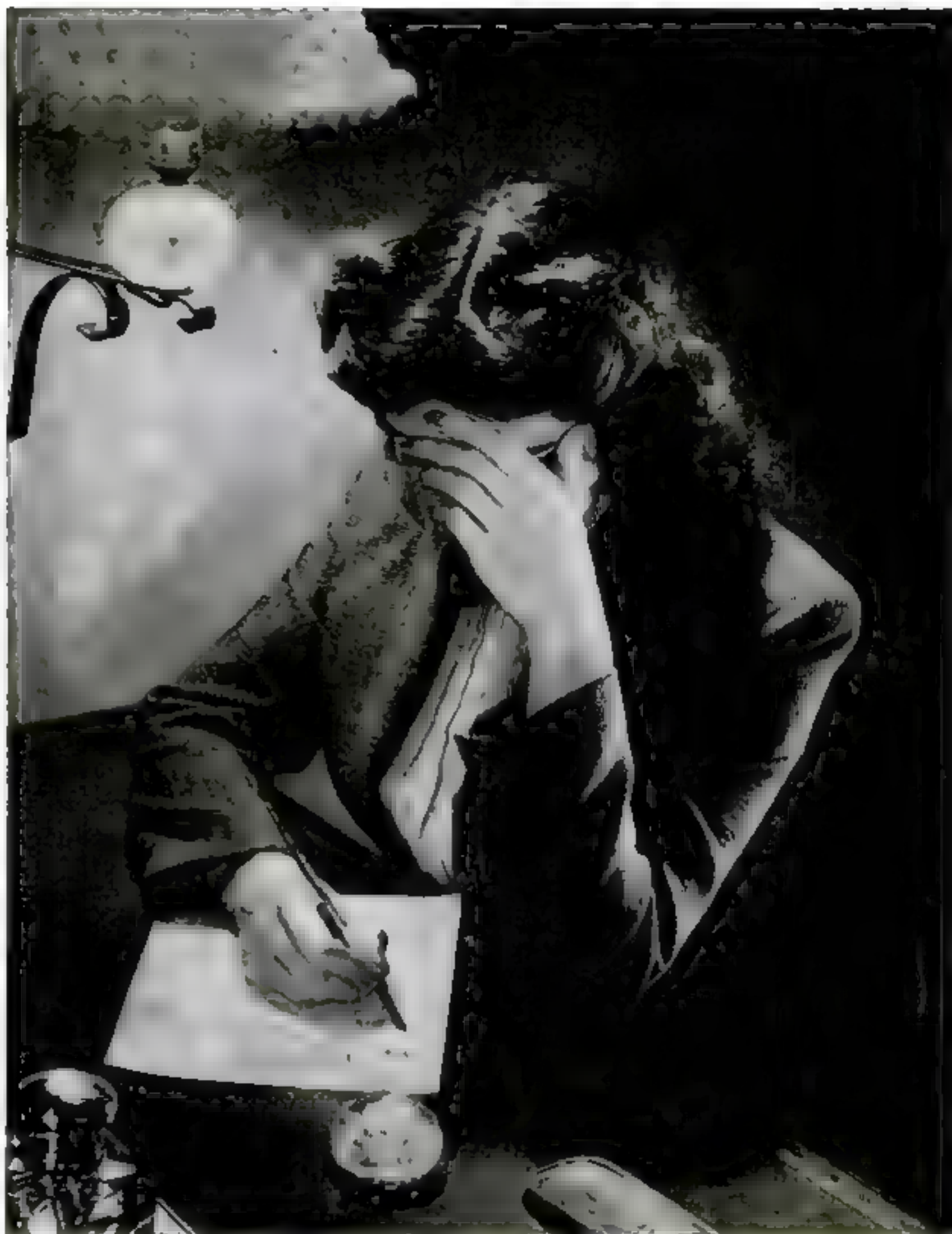
Yet 10,086 women—from all across the country—have done you one of the best turns in the world. Here's why...

They had the courage to write—frankly and freely—on a most intimate subject, so that other women could benefit by their experience. Simply, and with complete honesty, these women told *why* they're glad they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins.

During the past few months letters have been coming in from women who had been users of practically every other type and kind of pad. An independent, impartial concern read the letters. And here are the returns:

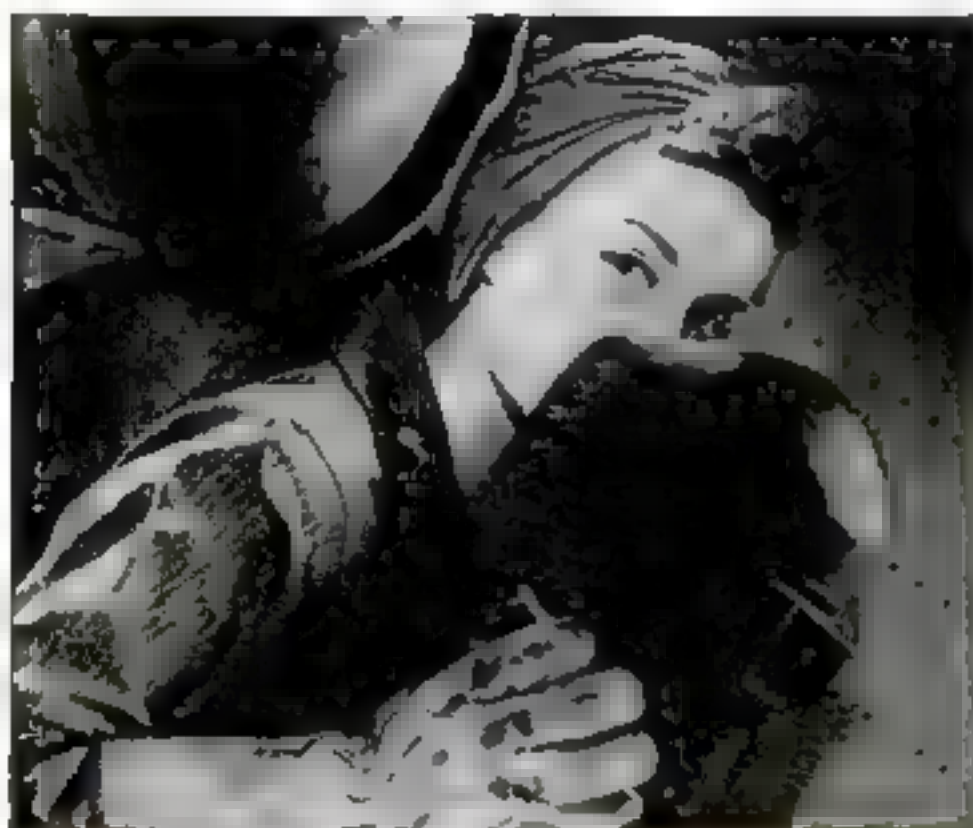
8 out of 10 women said they're glad they switched to Modess because of its wonderful softness and comfort—its absolute safety!

Read what some of these letters said!



"Modess never chafes. I feel comfortable even after wearing it for hours," writes Miss R.C. Yes! Downy-light Modess adjusts itself to your own body without bulky discomfort. No hard tab ends. No telltale outlines.

"Safer than any other brand for me," Mrs. D.C. enthusiastically praises Modess. The triple, full-length shield at the back of every Modess napkin gives full-way protection—not just part-way, as some napkins give.



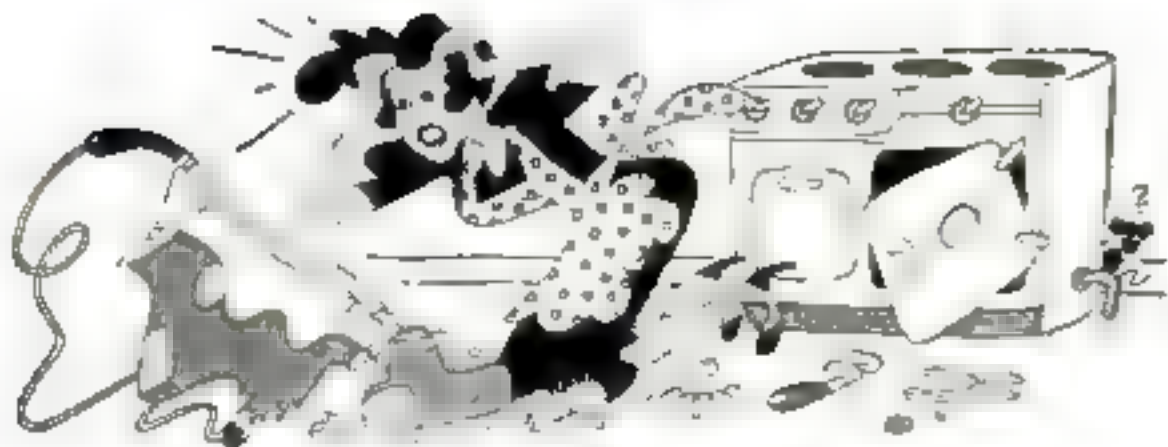
"Its downy softness guarantees all-day comfort!" says Miss M.A. And no wonder! Thanks to its softspun filler, Modess is *softer*—so different from the close-packed, layer-type pads. Is it any wonder, then, that thousands *more* women are switching to Modess all the time?

Aren't you busier than ever before? Wouldn't you welcome *more* softness, *more* protection? If you haven't tried Modess recently why not switch *now*, and see for yourself what a tremendous difference a softer, safer napkin can make?

Discover the Difference!
Switch to



MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky oversize napkins unnecessary. In boxes of 12 napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. **MODESS JUNIOR** is for those who require a slightly narrower napkin. In boxes of 12.



Got to make the old stuff do?
'Cause they aren't making new?
Want to grumble and stew?



WELL, LAUGH IT OFF WITH
LIPTON'S !



BOY OH BOY! FOLKS SAY I'M A FINER TEA!
IT'S MY MARVELOUS, SLOW-RIPENED
FLAVOR THEY LIKE! I'M RICHER, I'M
MELLOW, I'M BETTER-TASTING!
THAT'S WHY MORE PEOPLE DRINK
LIPTON TEA THAN ANY OTHER BRAND!

In packages and tea bags

AVOIDED! (because your hair is gray?)

*Clairol banishes every trace of gray or graying
hair... swiftly, surely, beautifully

Have your friends stopped phoning you... visiting you... or asking you to parties? Don't blame them... they don't mean to snub you *deliberately*! It's just that everyone automatically thinks of a gray-haired woman as a chaperon... rather than a companion.

But once you've let Clairol give young-looking color radiance to your hair, how they'll change! They may be a little jealous of you, but they'll never dare leave the most exciting, vital woman they know out of their plans!

CLAIROL IS DELIGHTFUL—Your hair luxuriates in a froth of iridescent bubbles. And quickly—almost before you know it—it's clean, silky soft and permanently colored. Every trace of gray hair has vanished!

CLAIROL IS DEPENDABLE—Each of Clairol's 23 natural-looking shades is laboratory-controlled, produced under the supervision of skilled specialists. Clairol shades are uniform, always assuring a perfect match.

CLAIROL KEEPS YOUR SECRET—because it completely avoids that "tattletale," brassy, ugly look of old-fashioned dyes. NO OTHER PRODUCT gives such natural-looking results.



REFUSE SUBSTITUTES that can't give you Clairol's beautiful results. Better Beauty Shops feature genuine Clairol. A Clairol treatment costs you no more!

FREE... "11 Secrets for Beautiful Hair." This booklet tells you how to give your hair radiant beauty... scientifically. Just write:

CLAIROL, INC., DEPT. L-21, P.O. BOX 1455
STAMFORD, CONN.

*Caution: Use only as directed on the label



GENERAL MARSHALL (continued)

guests filed past. For example, when he muttered, "Mexico," Pershing would smile knowingly and remark: "Ah, yes, you served with me in Mexico, didn't you?" Marshall gave his bride a list of similar cue words in advance of her Benning debut. About 1,000 guests were present. The commandant stood on one side of Mrs. Marshall calling off names, Marshall on the other whispering things like "China," and "Flowers," to which she would respond with: "You knew my husband in China, didn't you?", and "Thank you so much for the lovely flowers." One of the last ladies to arrive was the happy mother of a new set of triplets, and by this time Mrs. Marshall was groggy from her effort. When the cue word, "Triplets," sounded in her ear, she said: "Thank you so much for your lovely triplets!"

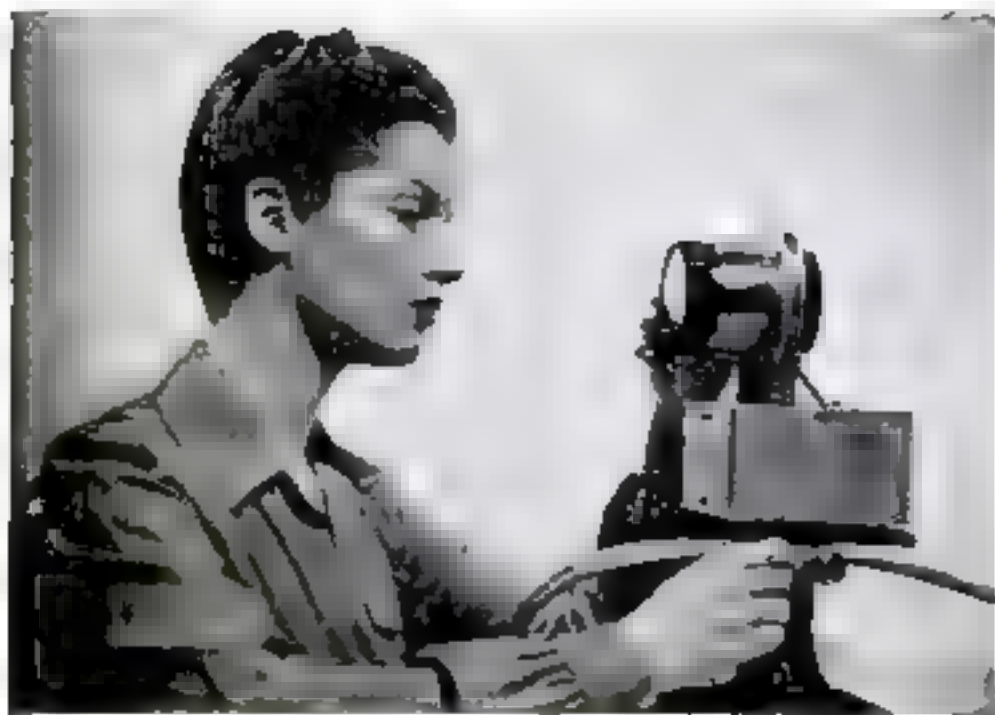
For these last four years the Marshalls have been familiar figures strolling through the Fort Myer reservation or canoeing on the Potomac when evenings were mild. And except for the hours when the General rides his chestnut gelding, Prepare, along the riverbanks, he devotes all his off-duty hours to his wife. Breakfast is with them a special rite, for it is the only meal of any day when they know they will be together and alone. Even Mrs. Marshall's children never dream of breakfasting with their mother and stepfather on visits to Fort Myer.

Since Marshall has never admitted any friend to terms of close familiarity, his only real confidante is the gentle gracious lady who is his wife. With her the General can think out loud. If he comes home agitated by some solemn problem of the war he will stride up and down his study, or through the twilight in Arlington, articulating his thoughts while she watches him and listens in silence. Though he might talk for an hour or more without respite, she will never attempt to comment or reply. "Sometimes," Mrs. Marshall explains, "he simply has to give voice to things. It's his brain working out loud and seeking relief." He could never thus soliloquize in the presence of his staff. But alone with Mrs. Marshall, his questions and dilemmas bubble to the surface. When he has talked himself out the curtain falls. Restored to inner and outer composure he will not mention the war again, nor will his wife. On only a few occasions of ineffable crisis has Mrs. Marshall ever found her husband utterly silent and beyond speech. One such time was Dec. 7, 1941.

For the General the kaleidoscope of history has spun so swiftly, so blindingly, there has been no time for him to view in retrospect the great events through which he has lived. In his big red house on Fort Myer are signed photographs of Dill and Giraud, standing amid Chinese chests and screens and other mementos of his Asiatic service in the inter-war years. Upstairs in his study hang pictures of the historic conference at Casablanca and a menu from the state banquet served aboard the *Augusta* at the Atlantic Charter meeting. Few men have witnessed so many momentous chapters of this momentous age. Yet the chapters have succeeded one another in such swift sequence that Marshall can scarcely encompass them in whatever introspective moments he attains. To his wife neither his responsibilities nor his glories have come as surprise. She was not amazed when the President made him acting chief of staff in 1939, because from the day of their marriage people had told her, "Some day your husband is going to be chief of staff." Nor is she overwhelmed now by the inscrutable horizons of the months to come.



MRS. MARSHALL is a charming gracious lady who is the General's exclusive confidante and companion of his off-duty hours. Pershing was best man at their wedding.



WAR WORKER—Muriel Lunger and her mother have both taken war jobs at Bendix. Muriel is testing altimeters, her mother is on the assembly line.

OFFICIAL WAR MESSAGE

There's a war job for you—in a plant, store, office, restaurant, in transportation, community services. Take it—to help shorten the war. Check local Help Wanted ads for specific needs in your area. Then get advice from the local United States Employment Service.



ENGAGED, HAPPY—"Hold that engaged look," orders their Navy friend, as pretty Muriel and her fiancé smile up at his camera. A snapshot taken on last summer's vacation.



MURIEL LUNGER'S BEAUTY is serene and poised. Small and slight, her eyes are a dreamy grey-blue, her hair light gold, her soft-smooth Pond's complexion fine-grained as a rose petal.

HER RING—the diamond is set in platinum with a small diamond either side. The slender band is gold.

SHE'S ENGAGED!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

Charming Muriel Lunger daughter of the well-known Mr. and Mrs. William S. Lunger of Washington, D. C., engaged to Raymond W. Hitchens of Baltimore—he, too, has an essential war job at Bendix, in the plant-protection department.

WAKING UP AT 8:30 P. M., eating lunch at 3 in the morning, going home when most of us are just starting our day, seems quite natural to Muriel now. She's simply reversed her clock.

"I've discovered one thing," she says. "Long hours working on a war job have made me extra fussy about how I look. I love slipping into something pretty at home, and adore creaming my face with Pond's to help smooth away tiredness and make my skin feel all glowy—and so clean and soft!"

Copy Muriel's soft-smooth beauty care, like this: SMOOTH on snowy-white Pond's Cold Cream and

pat briskly, gently to work its softening creaminess all over your face and throat. This softens and releases dirt and make-up. Now—tissue off. See how clean and sweet you look!



"RINSE" with more Pond's for extra cleansing and softening. Whirl your Pond's coated fingertips around in little spirals—out over your eyebrows, up over your cheeks, around your nose and mouth. Tissue off again.

Give your face this twice-over Pond's creaming every night, every morning—and for daytime clean-ups! You'll love how beautifully clean, how much softer your skin will feel.

It's no accident lovely engaged girls like Muriel, noted society beauties like Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels and Britain's Viscountess Milton are so devoted to Pond's Cold Cream. Get your Pond's today! Have your first delightful Pond's creaming tonight!

Today many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price

THERE'S A GLASS SHORTAGE NOW—SO BUY ONE BIG POND'S JAR INSTEAD OF SEVERAL SMALL ONES, IT SAVES GLASS NOW NEEDED FOR FOOD JARS.

ARE YOU BACKING OUR FIGHTERS?



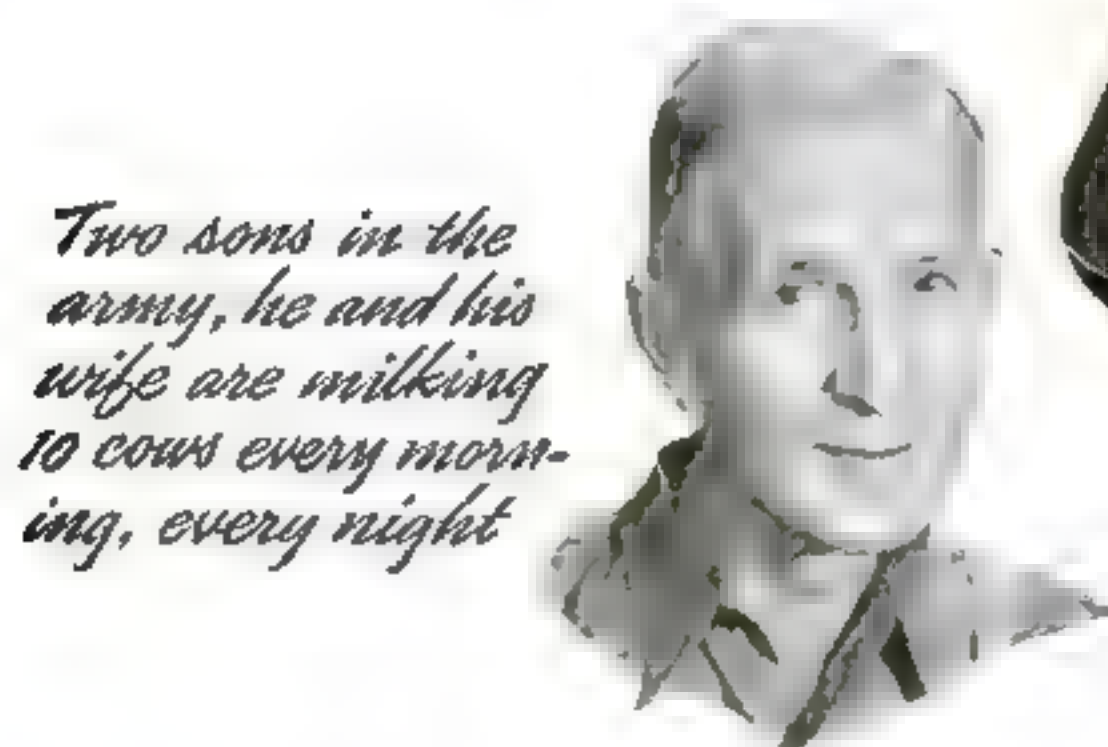
She "saved up" for a new sofa... and bought War Bonds instead



He sold \$26 worth of War Stamps on his newspaper route in one week



He hasn't missed a day or been late once in 6 months on his munitions job



Two sons in the army, he and his wife are milking 10 cows every morning, every night



He's a six-time donor to the blood bank



She reported a scoundrel who offered her meat "without payin' ration points"



She raised and put up 116 cans of fruit and vegetables



Twice a week after work he puts in 8 hours on his airplane spotter's post

No one can tell you how, as a civilian, you can do your share in the winning of this war. It's up to you and your conscience... your conscience that prods you for an answer to one question—"Are you backing up our fighters with everything you've got?"

They offer their lives for you and your loved ones!

★ ★ ★

The next time you look into little children's faces, wonder about their future.

The next time you join in on The Star Spangled Banner, wonder what life would be if Old Glory waved no more "O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The next time... NO, listen now to that voice within you. "Are you really... are you really a fighter-backer?"

THIS MESSAGE IS PUBLISHED ON BEHALF OF THE WAR EFFORT BY

The Seven-Up Bottlers of America





FOREST LAWN CLAIMS WORLD'S LARGEST SET OF WROUGHT-IRON GATES, BIGGER EVEN THAN BUCKINGHAM PALACE'S

FOREST LAWN

The great gates above guard the entrance of an extraordinary burial ground —Forest Lawn Memorial-Park, the "happy cemetery" in Glendale, Calif. Beyond the gates stretch 303 acres of smooth green lawn, unmarred by tombstones. Bright flowers bloom in the grass. Fountains splash, recorded music plays and the landscape is dotted with bronze and marble statues. Birds sing in the trees whose leaves never fall because they are evergreen. A \$4,500,000 Mausoleum-Columbarium, inspired by the Campo Santo in Genoa, rises in majestic arches and terraces against the sky. Here "no signs of sorrow linger" and here some 87,000 people, including many movie notables, have been laid to rest.

Forest Lawn's founder and present head is Dr. Hubert Eaton, who prefers to be known simply as "The Builder." Former mining engineer and burial plot salesman, he decided early in his career that most cemeteries were depressing because they looked like marble orchards full of ghosts. He acquired Forest Lawn in 1917, promptly abolished headstones in favor of bronze tablets laid flat in the grass. He formulated "The Builder's Creed" which is carved on a huge stone slab and which begins, "I believe in a

happy eternal life." He built three nondenominational churches which are copies of historic British shrines. They are almost as popular for weddings and baptisms as they are for funerals. Today, Forest Lawn offers complete undertaking service and three methods of burial: entombment in the Mausoleum, inurnment in the Columbarium or interment in one of the cemetery sections with such names as

Dawn of Tomorrow, Sweet Memories, Everlasting Love and Resurrection Slope.

Forest Lawn is big business in Southern California. Its net sales are said to be more than \$2,000,000 a year. Its advisory board includes a Bank of America vice president, a Southern Counties Gas vice president, three directors of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, the president of the University of Southern California, and Charles G. Dawes, ex-Vice President of the U.S. Bruce Barton calls it "a first step up toward Heaven" and prominent people all over the country have arranged to rest there when they die. Its advertising theme in newspapers, on billboards, on the radio: "Everything at time of sorrow, in one sacred place, under one friendly management, with one convenient credit arrangement and a year to pay."



HUGE SIGN STANDS BY THE ROAD OUTSIDE GATES

FOREST LAWN (continued)



BRONZE TABLETS that mark Forest Lawn graves are barely visible in grass but reflect low light on an overcast day (above). When grounds are not bathed in California sunshine,

they lie under a vapor compounded of fog and gas from the industrial sections of Los Angeles. Remains of the old cemetery with headstones have been masked by shrubbery and drooping trees.

THE NEWEST FEATURE OF THE CEMETERY IS THE GARDENS OF MEMORY, ENCLOSED BY STONE WALL AND VERY EXCLUSIVE





CHURCH OF THE RECESSIONAL is reproduction of Parish Church of St. Margaret, Ruttingdon, England. Other Forest Lawn churches are Wee Kirk o' the Heather, re-

construction of Annie Laurie's kirk, and Little Church of the Flowers (scene of Ginger Rogers' first marriage) modeled after church in Buckenham, a village where C. S. Lewis wrote his *Flora*.

THE OWNERS OF PLOTS OR UNDERGROUND CRYPTS RECEIVE GOLDEN KEYS TO OPEN THE LOCKED BRONZE DOOR AT RIGHT



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

FOREST LAWN (continued)



"LAST SUPPER" window attracts hundreds of visitors who hear lecture by black-robed narrator, see trick lighting

effects. "The Builder" ordered window from an Italian artist who worked seven years to render famed painting in stained

glass. It is in Mausoleum's Memorial Court of Honor, flanked by copies of Michelangelo sculptures resting on the sarcophagi.

IT'S WORKS OF ART ARE VARIED

Forest Lawn strives to be a "place of inspiration and enjoyment for the living as well as a noble resting place for the departed." It shuns works of art that show sorrow, suffering or death. There is no Crucifixion in Forest Lawn. For years "The Builder" has searched far and wide for a happy portrayal of the Saviour. He has inspected more than 1,000 possibilities by both past and present artists and will persevere until he satisfies his conception of a Christ "who smiles and loves you and me."

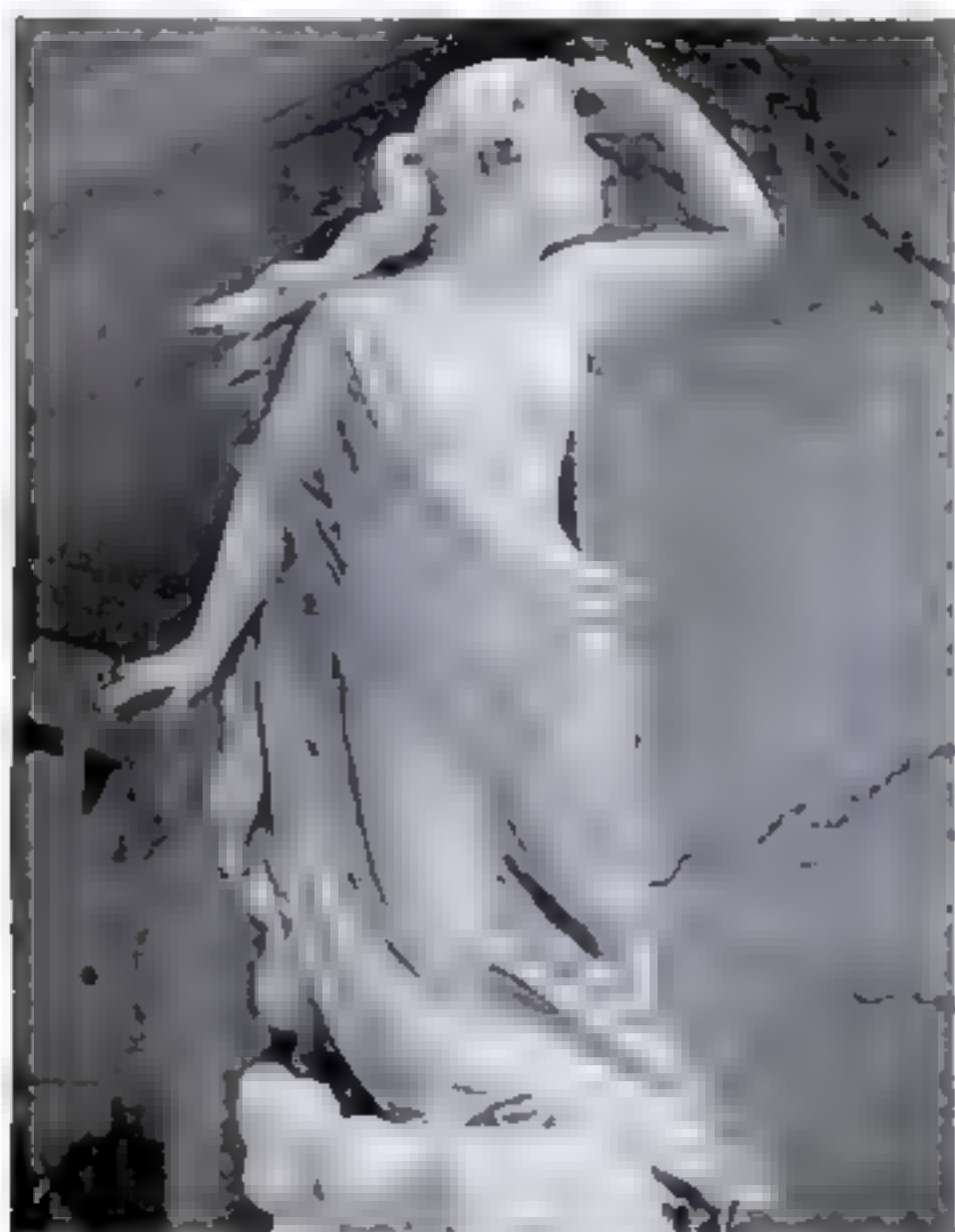
Visitors to Forest Lawn see only pleasant sights. On the grounds and in the buildings are a host of statues suggesting such earthly joys as marriage and motherhood, and some reproductions of European masterpieces. Most are for sale as individual memorials. Some other showpieces are *The Mystery of Life*, a mammoth marble group of 22 infants, adults and oldsters who gaze in wonder at the birth of a chick and the wooing of a pair of doves; a 10-ton replica of Michelangelo's *David* (see p. 75) and an 87-ft. Tower of Legends that

is actually a sculptured shell for a large water tank. A section of the park called Babyland and "shaped like a mother's heart" is reserved for the burial of infants. At Christmas the little graves are decorated with tinseled trees and toys, at Easter with rabbits and colored eggs. Forest Lawn is always developing and will soon open another children's section, which will be called Lullabyland.

Residents of nearby Los Angeles and Hollywood are apt to take Forest Lawn for granted. But visitors from other parts of the world find it a source of great marvel. They stream past the gates and the information booth at the rate of about 1,100 a week. Affable attendants make them welcome and offer to point out the spots of interest. From a distance they hear the strains of *I Love You Truly* and similar tunes. They are asked only to observe a few simple rules: cars must not be driven at more than 20 m.p.h., children and dogs must be restrained, radios must be tuned low, spectators are not allowed at funerals, and picnics are taboo.



"GOLDEN WEDDING," a contemporary work, has been bought for family section, is in Sanctuary of Meditation.



"MEROPE, THE LOST PLEIAD" is near Columbarium. It has niche in base, is used as insurnment memorial.



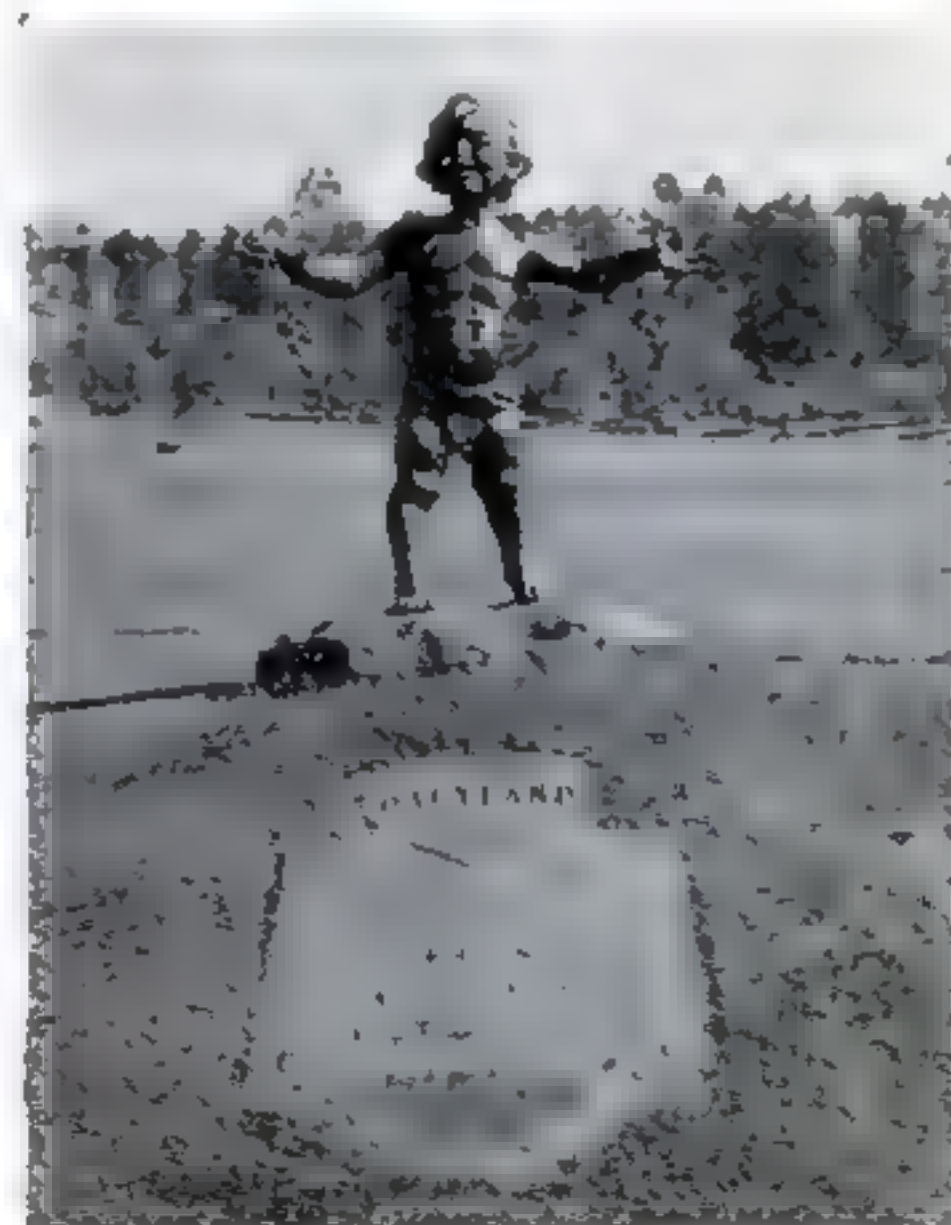
"THE THREE GRACES" is copy of Antonio Canova's group. It tops marble sarcophagus which contains two crypts.



"CONFIDENT FAITH" represents a blind girl feeling her way. Like most of the Forest Lawn sculpture, it is for sale.



A HONEYMOON PAIR touring Forest Lawn admire *Motherly Tenderness*, one of a series on different kinds of love.



ENTRANCE TO BABYLAND is marked by bronze infant and poem about songs "your little one has often sang."



BY DUCK POOL, just inside gates, stands *The Bather*, a bronze nude. White ducks and swans swim about in pond.



JEAN HARLOW has a neoclassical chamber purchased for \$25,000 by William Powell who was to have been her fourth

husband. Body of Will Rogers lies in a Forest Lawn receiving vault until his widow decides on permanent resting place.

JOB ("WANNA BUY A DUCK") PENNER lies in marble sarcophagus beneath glass window on Mausoleum's



KING C. GILLETTE, inventor of safety razor whose face still appears on the wrappers of Gillette razor blades, lies in private mausoleum with bronze gates and stained glass altar piece.



MARIE DRESSLER, who died in 1934, has poem hanging on crypt. It starts, "Her face is like a god's come back to life..."



FLORENZ ZIEGFELD was entombed at Forest Lawn despite New York's ex-Mayor Jimmy Walker's plea he be sent East.



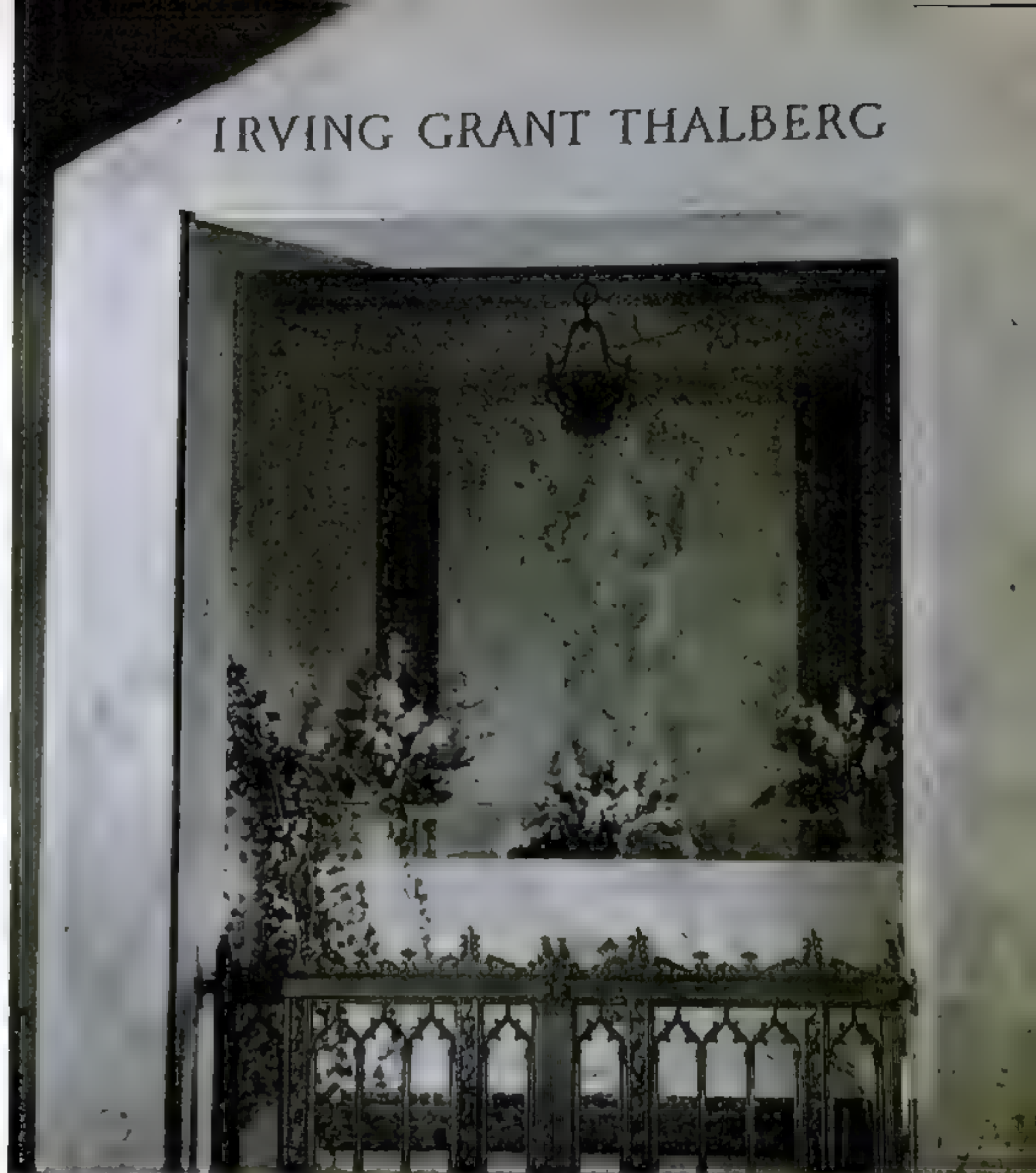
TOM MIX is buried in silver coffin under an



JOHN GILBERT was cremated and ashes



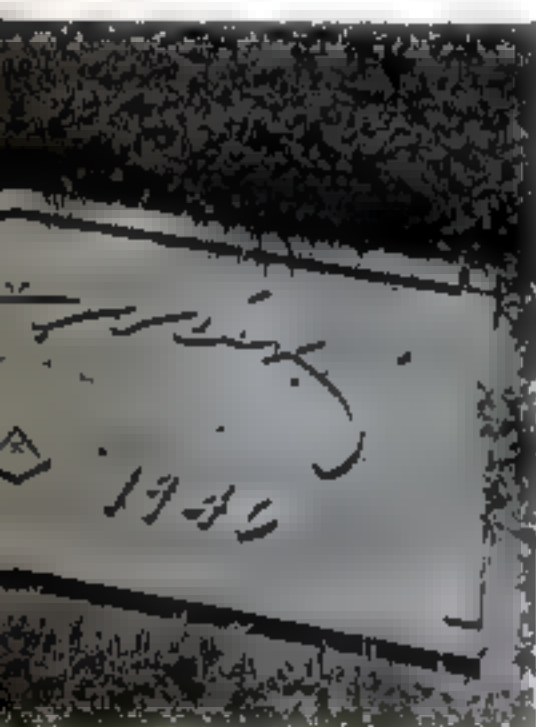
Grand Staircase. Jack and Lotie Pickford are in family crypts owned by their sister Mary, who plans to be buried there too.



IRVING GRANT THALBERG

IRVING GRANT THALBERG has private mausoleum (\$50,000). Ushers at his funeral included Douglas Fair-

banks Sr., who died three years later, was also buried in Forest Lawn. But widow later moved him to Hollywood Cemetery.



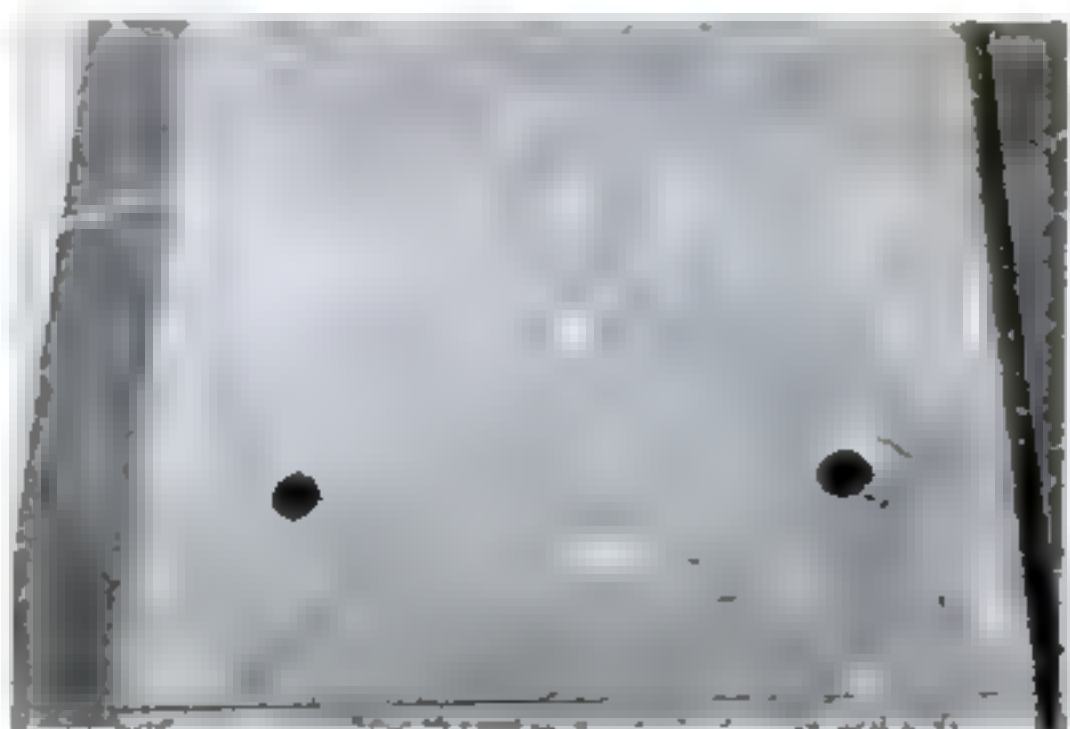
"autograph memorial" in the Whispering Pines.



CAROL LOMBARD GABLE, killed in air-line crash two years ago, wanted only simple burial. Mother is in the next crypt.



were buried. Tablet like this costs \$65, lot \$250.



LON CHANEY lies behind unmarked slab. Family removed name three years after he died because too many fans visited tomb.



EDWARD L. DOHENY JR., oil tycoon's son who was shot by his secretary in 1920, reposes on Sunrise Slope under temple and altar imported from Rome's Basilica of Santa Sabina.

FOREST LAWN



CHRISTENINGS are on Sundays only, when churches are open to public. Above: lady is baptized in West Kirk of the Kirk, where parents were married four years ago.



FAMILY ROOM in Little Church of the Flowers has transparent one-way curtains so that bereaved see flower-banked casket and watch minister conducting service (though people in church can't see them).



FUNERAL INSURANCE IS SOLD HERE

IT OFFERS TOTAL SERVICE

Forest Lawn provides the practical necessities and sentimental accessories of life's great moments from the cradle to the grave. Most elaborate and comprehensive are the arrangements for death. Customers of Forest Lawn's mortuary and cemetery may make just one telephone call, whereafter all details are handled for them. Minimum burial prices are \$345 for a plot (about 9x4 ft. on a lower slope), \$375 for a crypt in the Mausoleum, \$60 for cremation urn and niche are extra. Undertaking charges are included in casket prices, which run from \$100 for cloth-covered wood up into the thousands for toolled bronze or silver. Forest Lawn also supplies funeral cars, burial clothes and

floral pieces from its own nurseries. To help people transfer all this before they need it, there is an insurance office on the grounds. *By*

On an average day there are 16 funerals at Forest Lawn, all between the hours of 9 a.m. and 3:30 p.m. After that the churches are reserved for weddings, of which there are about four a day. There is no fee for the use of the churches but bridal couples pay an "assistance charge" that ranges from \$10 to \$75 and more for a wedding with flowers, music, candles, white satin bows and several informal attendants. Baptisms are free. Such services supposed to create goodwill for Forest Lawn among prospective customers for funerals.



CASKETS ARE DISPLAYED with the prices plainly marked. After preparation, bodies are taken to rose and ivory Slumber Rooms where relatives may sit with them.



LADY ATTENDANTS in mortuary include embalmers (for women and children), hairdressers, cosmeticians (above). Rubber mats in foreground keep stretcher wheels locked as make-up is applied.



THE 13,006th WEDDING took place recently in the Wee Kirk o' the Heather when Pfc Robert Lee married Melba Adkins in simple 815 ceremony. Afterward they sat in Wishing Chair

"which bodes success for everyone exchanging bridal kisses there. The religious ceremonies are performed by ministers from outside churches who may be of any creed or denomination.



FOREST LAWN EMPLOYEES MEET IN AUDITORIUM, TALK AND SING *ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS AND PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA*

ITS STAFF IS CHEERFUL, ITS PLANS ARE BIG

Forest Lawn's employees are expected to be tactful, reverent and, above all, cheerful. To foster the "Forest Lawn spirit," they attend monthly get-togethers *tabore* when they sing and discuss business problems. They get bonuses for suggesting improvements such as more drinking fountains for visitors. "The Builder" gives a turkey dinner for them at Christmas. Of the 612 employees, 140 are women—hostesses, morticians, saleswomen. Also on the sales staff are retired clergymen and former football players. The Rev. R. A. Erdine, who officiated at the Winkler wedding ceremony, spent a few months selling space in Forest Lawn.

Ground space will probably be sold out within 25 years. But future plans include building "the most unique cathedral in the world," with room for 70,000 more tombs in its buttresses and a skyscraper columbarium if the trend toward cremation continues. Also on the books is a helicopter heliport for flying funerals.



SALESMAN shows model of crypts to friends of Memory. Caskets for burial are sealed in concrete "caskets."



PEP TALK for "pre-need" sales staff of 50 men and women is given by sales manager who awards prizes for high quotas.



STAFF ARCHITECT works on plans for cathedral that will provide extra burial space, be central for staff funerals.



AT FEET OF COLOSSAL "DAVID"
THE BUILDER SITS AND DREAMS

Life Goes to a Party for a Submarine Crew

They spend a pleasant evening in an imaginary underwater kingdom peopled with mermaids and models

A moving picture company's conception of underwater heaven was the scene of a party given a month ago by Warner Brothers at the Navy's New London, Conn., submarine base. There were all the things a sailor might be expected to dream about but never see—

mermaids, exotic gardens, 40-fathom soda fountains. New York models and pretty girls from Connecticut College for Women were on hand to help the boys enjoy these lush surroundings, and tables loaded with lobsters and pastries contributed a touch of reality to the

fantasy. Reason for the party was the commissioning of a new submarine, whose crew members were guests, and the forthcoming release of Warner's submarine picture titled *Destiny on Tonga*. An orchestra of servicemen provided music worthy of the professional setting.



Commander Carl Johnson, commanding officer of the newly commissioned ship, cut a submarine-shaped cake frosted in

blue and gold with "Good Hunting" festooned on its side. The tiny mounted guns were salvaged for the commander's young

daughters. Despite youthful appearance, many of boys shown here are already veterans of several years' undersea service.



"Winnie and Minnie," comely mermaids were present with Neptune (a chief boiler roomer) to congratulate submariners

on completing requirements for active duty. Mermaids' likenesses are painted at 100-ft. depth in the base diving tower.

The boys meet them face to face upon completing that test, traditionally kiss them before searching for the surface again.



Submarine Officer Lieut. Robert E. Williams and Madelon Mason "logged in" before entering the submarine kingdom. A colorful entrance mural depicted luxurious scenes to be found underwater.



Connecticut College girls matched numbers with sub crew to find partners for the evening. Girls from the school in nearby New London frequently attend parties at the base.

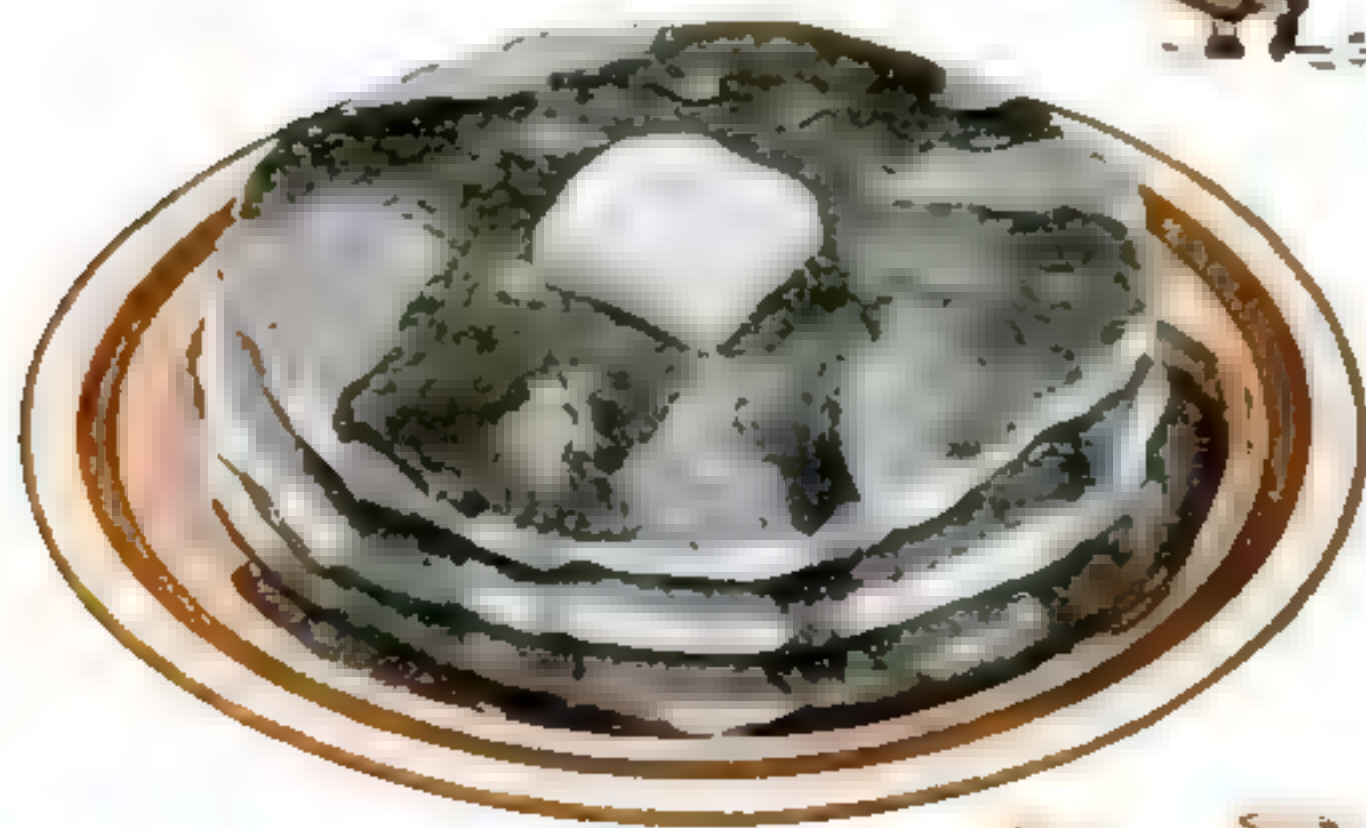
1
THE PANCAKES ARE COMING, HOORAY, HOORAY
Salute this gent; he's KERNEL WHEAT
Who makes each bite a flavor treat

2
THE PANCAKES ARE COMING, OH HAPPY DAY
KERNEL CORN, this sturdy figger,
Radiates real pep and vigor

3
THE PANCAKES ARE COMING, SO TENDER AND LIGHT
Such light ones KERNEL RICE creates
You've got to pin 'em to the plates!

4
A TREAT IN THE MORNING OR NOON OR NIGHT
Appetites, however shy,
To ten-shun snap, for KERNEL RYE

5
The FOUR KERNEL flavor
(To be specific)
Of Pillsbury's Pancakes
Is — umm — terrific!

PILLSBURY'S
Pancake Flour

Ready-Prepared—with or without Buckwheat



PILLSBURY'S PANCAKE FLOURS REQUIRE NO RATION POINTS!

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Submarine combat pin is worn by Chief Pharmacist's Mate Lassiter, who has been in Navy 13 years. Dolores Rodriguez examines miniature subs fashioned in silver.



Japanese periscope from captured submarine is part of equipment at New London school. Torpedoman Homer Christie here shows Beverly Chambers how it operates.



Astride a torpedo, Dolores Hopewood and Ensign Frank Woodridge pose in front of Gilmore Hall, named for submarine commander who gave his life to save his ship.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10



If each of our girls had 10 hands . . .

. . . all the people who were given LIFE subscriptions for Christmas would by now have received their gift announcements—and this issue of LIFE. And all the subscribers who have sent in renewals or address changes or payments would have been taken care of promptly.

But our girls (bless their hearts!) are the regular two-handed variety. And they work in Chicago, one of America's most critical war production areas—which means that, in spite of all our efforts, we have not been able to add to their number.

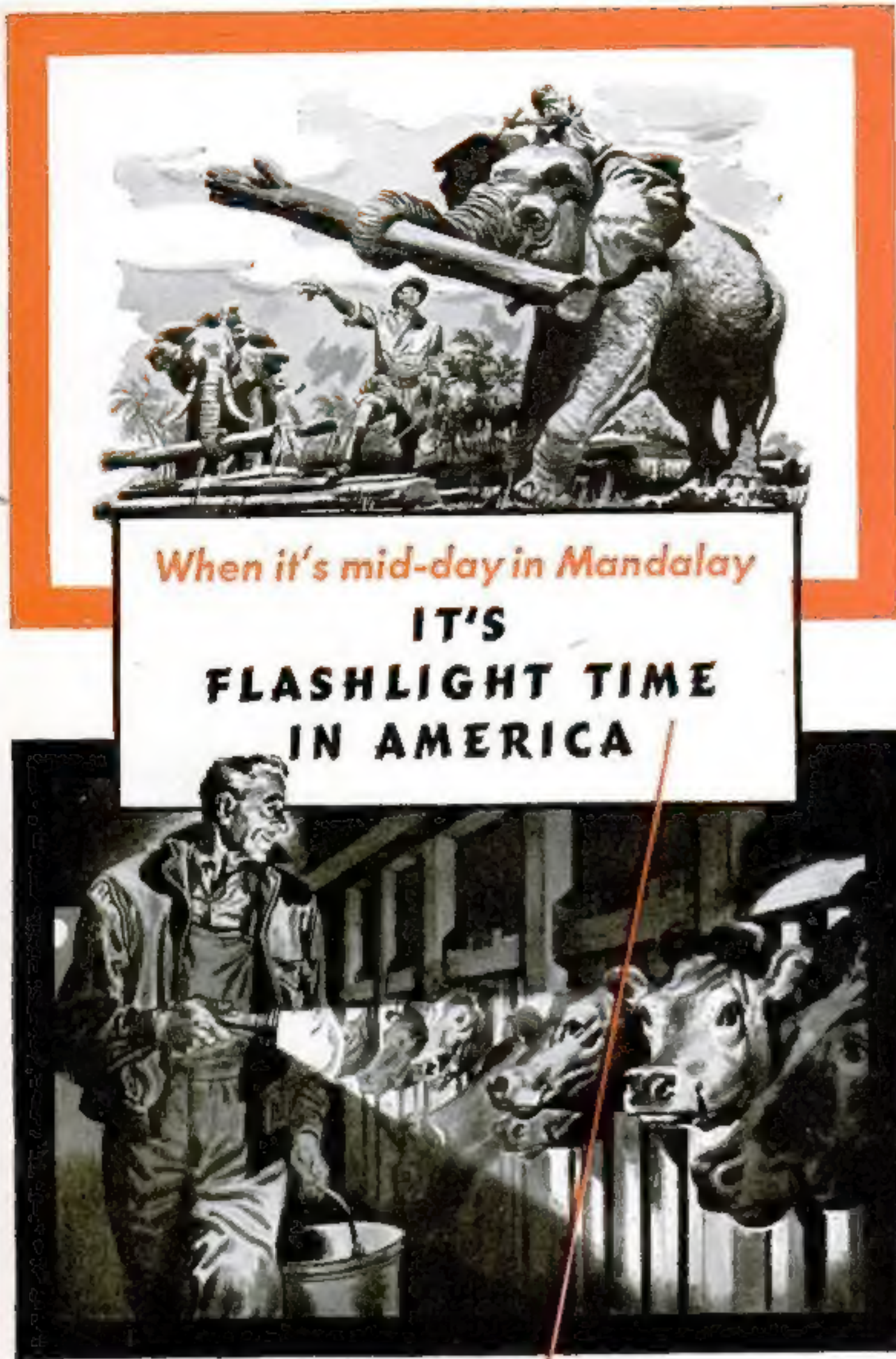
As a result, our understaffed fulfillment department—handling a greater number of renewal and new subscriptions than ever before, further hampered

during the two weeks before Christmas by an unprecedented rush of late orders—has not yet been able to enter every new LIFE gift subscription—has not yet been able to catch up with address changes and the recording of renewals.

We are working day and night—and even the Sunday after Christmas and New Year's—to get caught up with all the details of our busiest subscription season.

If your gifts of LIFE failed to arrive on time or if you have been inconvenienced—due to our woman-power shortage . . . or the war-born slowness of the mails . . . or the rush of late orders—our sincere apologies.

LIFE



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Bond would like you to have a flood of instant *dependable* light for all your "flashlight-time" tasks.

But right now, speeding Victory means we cannot serve you as thoroughly as we have heretofore. First, there's scarcity of "critical" materials. Second, there's the urgent demand for Bond flashlight batteries by vital war industries.



This means no Bond flashlights—and mighty few batteries for you. When peace comes, you'll have all you want. Bond Electric Corporation, New Haven, Conn., Division of Western Cartridge Company.

BOND BATTERIES ARE SPEEDING VICTORY
 Ear-marked for vital needs, much of our production is headed straight to airplane assembly plants, shipyards, and other war plants.



PROTECTION FROM DUSK TO DAWN



"Sub" states are demonstrated by pretty girls and submariners against background of small ships. The lad in the bottom picture appears carried away by his assignment.

It's a feather in your cap when you buy that Extra War Bond

First among fine whiskies

THREE FEATHERS *Very Special Reserve*

ALL OUR DISTILLERIES ARE CONCENTRATING 100% ON THE PRODUCTION OF WAR ALCOHOL • Oldetyme Distillers, Inc., Aladdin, Pa., Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60% cane products neutral spirits.



“Man, that’s **fine** tobacco”

...that’s **LUCKY STRIKE**
tobacco!

yes, LUCKY STRIKE
means fine tobacco



L.S. / M.F.T.